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THE BUILDING OF A RAILWAY.

By Thomas Curtis Clarke.

THE world of to-day differs from that of Napoleon Bonaparte more than his world differed from that of Julius Cæsar; and this change has chiefly been made by railways.

Railways have been known since the days of the Romans. Their tracks were made of two lines of cut stones. Iron rails took their place about one hundred and fifty years ago, when the use of that metal became extended. These roads were called tram-roads, and were used to carry coal from the mines to the places of shipment. They were few in number and attracted little attention.

The modern railway was created by the Stephensons in 1830, when they built the locomotive "Rocket." The development of the railway since is due to the development of the locomotive. Civil engineering has done much, but mechanical engineering has done more.

The invention of the steam engine, by James Watt, in 1773, attracted the attention of advanced thinkers to a possible steam locomotive. Erasmus Darwin, in a poem published in 1781, made this remarkable prediction:

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."

The first locomotive of which we have any certain record was invented, and put in operation on a model circular railway in London, in 1804, by Richard Trevithick, an erratic genius, who invented many things but perfected few. His locomotive could not make steam, and therefore could neither go fast nor draw a heavy load. This was the fault of all its successors, until the competitive trial of locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in 1829. The Stephensons, father and son, had invented the steam blast, which, by constantly blowing the fire, enabled the "Rocket," with its tubular boiler, to make steam enough to draw ten passenger cars, at the rate of 35 miles an hour.

Then was born the modern giant, and so recent is the date of his birth that one of the unsuccessful competitors at that memorable trial, Captain John Ericsson, is still living and actively working in New York. Another engineer, Horatio Allen, who drove the first locomotive on the first trip ever made in the United States, in 1831, still lives, a hale and hearty old man, near New York.

The earlier locomotives of this country, modelled after the "Rocket," weighed five or six tons and could draw, on a level, about 40 tons. After the American improvements, which we shall describe, were made, our engines weighed 25 tons, and could draw, on a level, some sixty loaded freight cars, weighing 1,200 tons. This was a wonderful advance, but now we have the "Consolidation" locomotive, weighing 50 tons, and able to draw, on a level, a little over 2400 tons.

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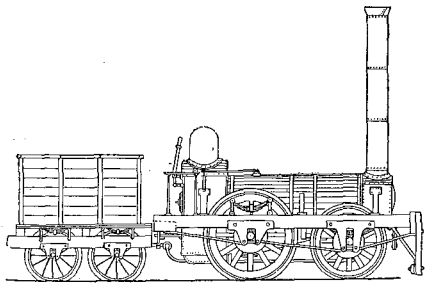
And this is not the end. Still heavier and more powerful engines are being designed and built, but the limit of the strength of track, according to its present forms, has nearly been reached. It is very certain we have not reached the limit of the size and power of engines, or the strength of the track that can be devised.*



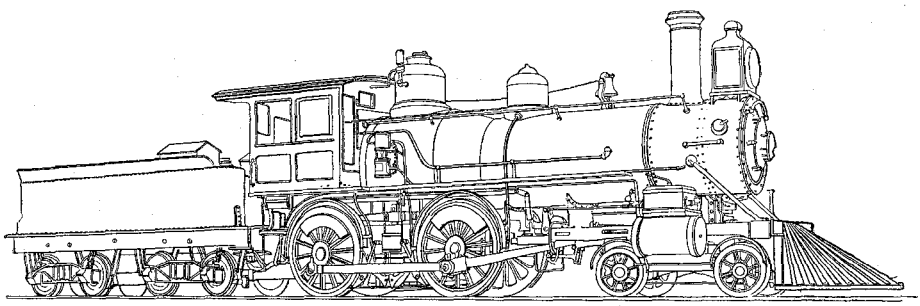
First Locomotive.

After the success of the "Rocket," and of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the authority of George Stephenson and his son Robert became absolute and unquestioned upon all subjects of railway engineering. Their locomotives had very little side play to their wheels, and could not go around sharp curves. They accordingly preferred to make their lines as straight as possible, and were willing to spend vast sums to get easy grades. Their lines were taken as models and imitated by other engineers. All lines in England were made with easy grades and gentle curves. Monumental bridges, lofty stone viaducts, and deep cuts or tunnels at every hill marked this stage of railway construction in England, which was imitated on the European lines.

As it was with the railway, so it was with the locomotive. The Stephenson type, once fixed, has remained unchanged (in Europe), except in detail, to the present day. European locomotives have increased in weight and power, and in perfection of material and workmanship, but the general features are those of the locomotives built by the great firm of George Stephenson & Son, before 1840.

When we come to the United States we find an entirely different state of things. The key to the evolution of the American railway is the contempt for authority displayed by our engineers, and the untrammelled way in which they invented and applied whatever they thought would answer the best purpose, regardless of precedent. When we began to build our railways, in 1831, we followed English patterns for a short time. Our engineers soon saw that unless vital changes were made our money would not hold out, and our railway system would be very short. Necessity truly became the mother of invention.

The first, and most far-reaching, invention was that of the swivelling truck, which, placed under the front end of an engine, enables it to run around curves of almost any radius. This enabled us to build much less expensive lines than those of England, for we could now curve around and avoid hills and other obstacles at will. The illustration opposite shows a railroad curving around



Locomotive of To-day.

* An elaborate article on "Locomotives and Cars," written by M. N. Forney, author of the "Catechism of the Locomotive," and fully illustrated, will appear later in this series.

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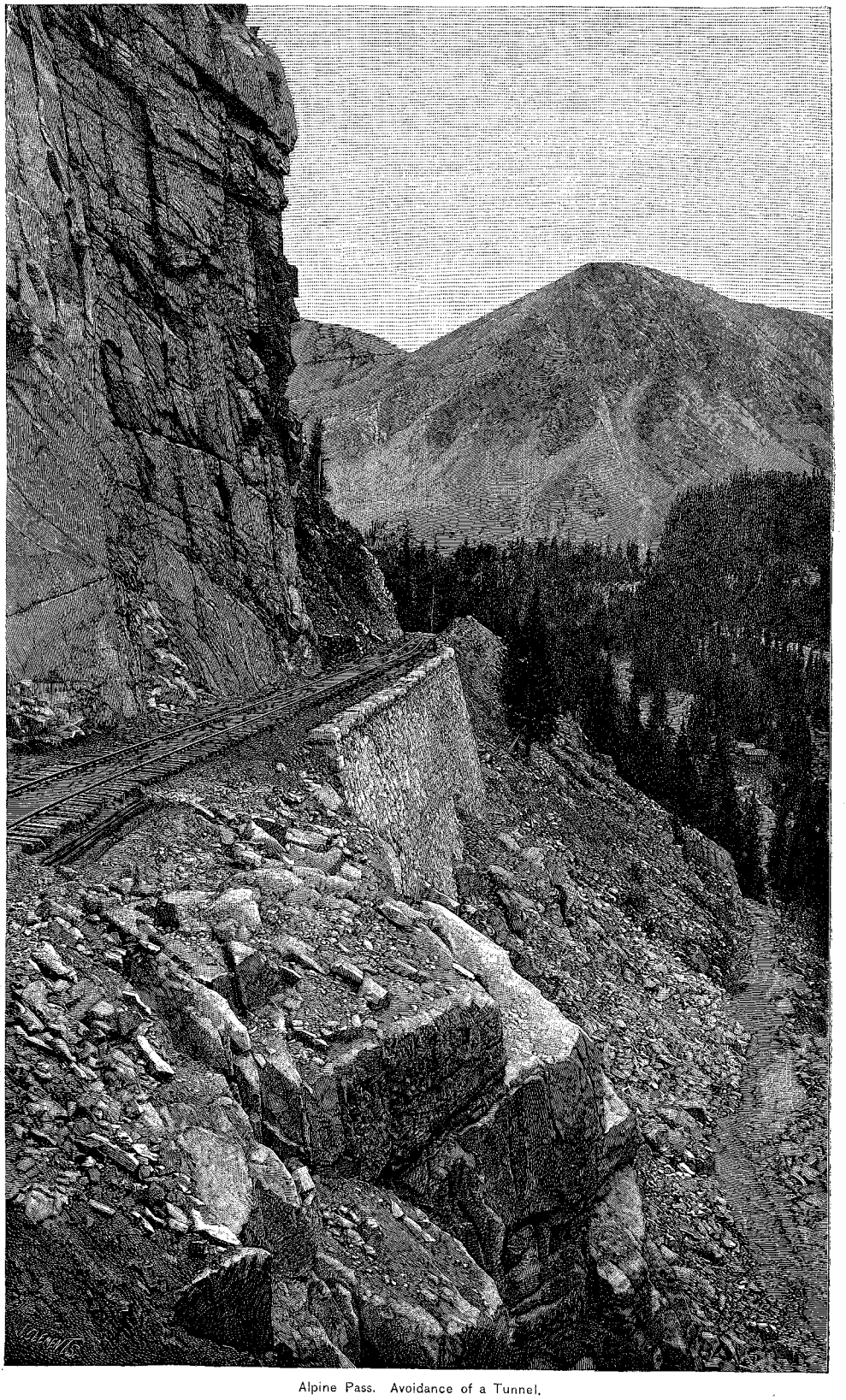

Alpine Pass. Avoidance of a Tunnel.

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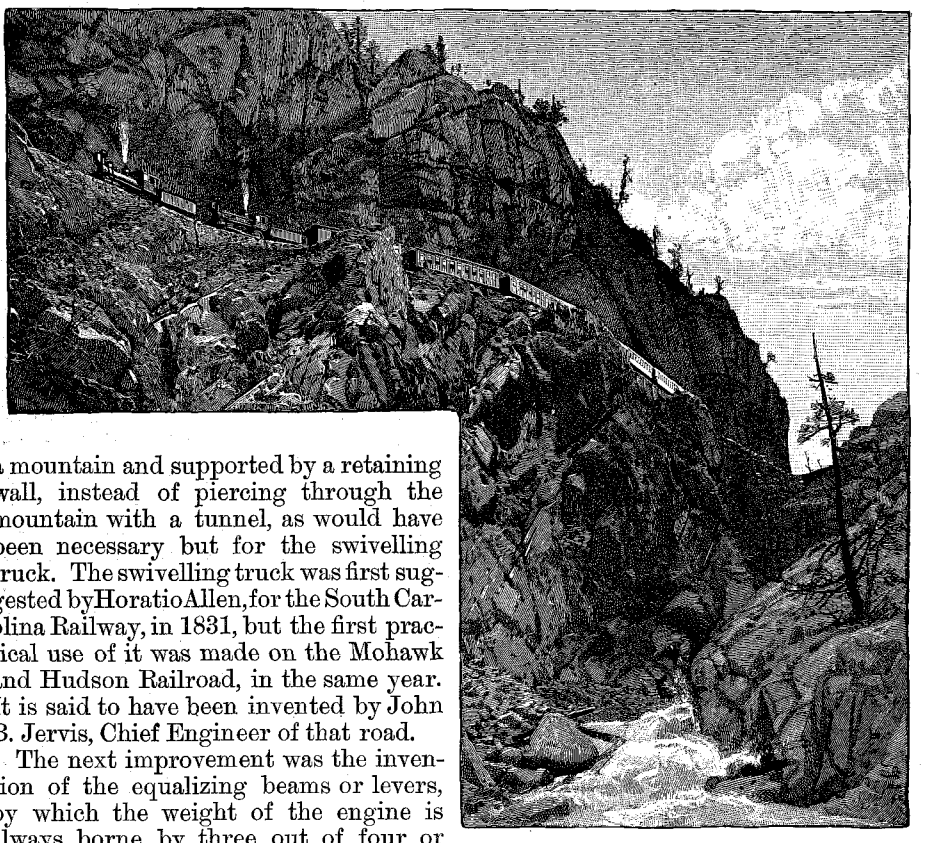

Mountain Railroad.

a mountain and supported by a retaining wall, instead of piercing through the mountain with a tunnel, as would have been necessary but for the swivelling truck. The swivelling truck was first suggested by Horatio Allen, for the South Carolina Railway, in 1831, but the first practical use of it was made on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, in the same year. It is said to have been invented by John B. Jervis, Chief Engineer of that road.

The next improvement was the invention of the equalizing beams or levers, by which the weight of the engine is always borne by three out of four or more driving-wheels. They act like a three-legged stool, which can always be set level on any irregular spot. The original imported English locomotives could not be kept on the rails of rough tracks. The same experience obtained in Canada when the Grand Trunk Railway was opened, in 1854–55. The locomotives of English pattern constantly ran off the track; those of American pattern hardly ever did so. Finally, all their locomotives were changed by having swivelling trucks put under their forward ends, and no more trouble occurred. The equalizing levers were first used by Rogers, in 1844.

These two improvements, which are absolutely essential to the success of railways in new countries, and have been adopted in Canada, Australia, Mexico, and South America, to the exclusion of English patterns, are also of great value on the smoothest and best possible tracks. The flexibility of the American machine increases its adhesion and enables it to draw greater loads than its English rival. The same flexibility equalizes its pressure on the track, prevents shocks and blows, and enables it to keep out of the hospital and run more miles in a year than an English locomotive.*

Equally valuable improvements were made in cars, both for passengers and freight. Instead of the four-wheeled English car, which on a rough track dances along on three wheels, we owe to Ross Winans, of Baltimore, the application of a pair of four-wheeled swivelling trucks, one under each end of the car, thus enabling it to accommodate itself to the inequalities of a rough track

* The statistics of ten leading English and ten leading American lines, given by Dorsey, show the following results: 1. The cost per year of the rations, wages, fuel of an American locomotive is $5,590: of an English locomotive, $3,080. 2. Average yearly number of train miles run by American locomotive, 23,928; English locomotive, 17,539. 3. Yearly earnings: American locomotive, $14,860; English locomotive, $10,940, although the English freight charges are much greater than those of the United States.

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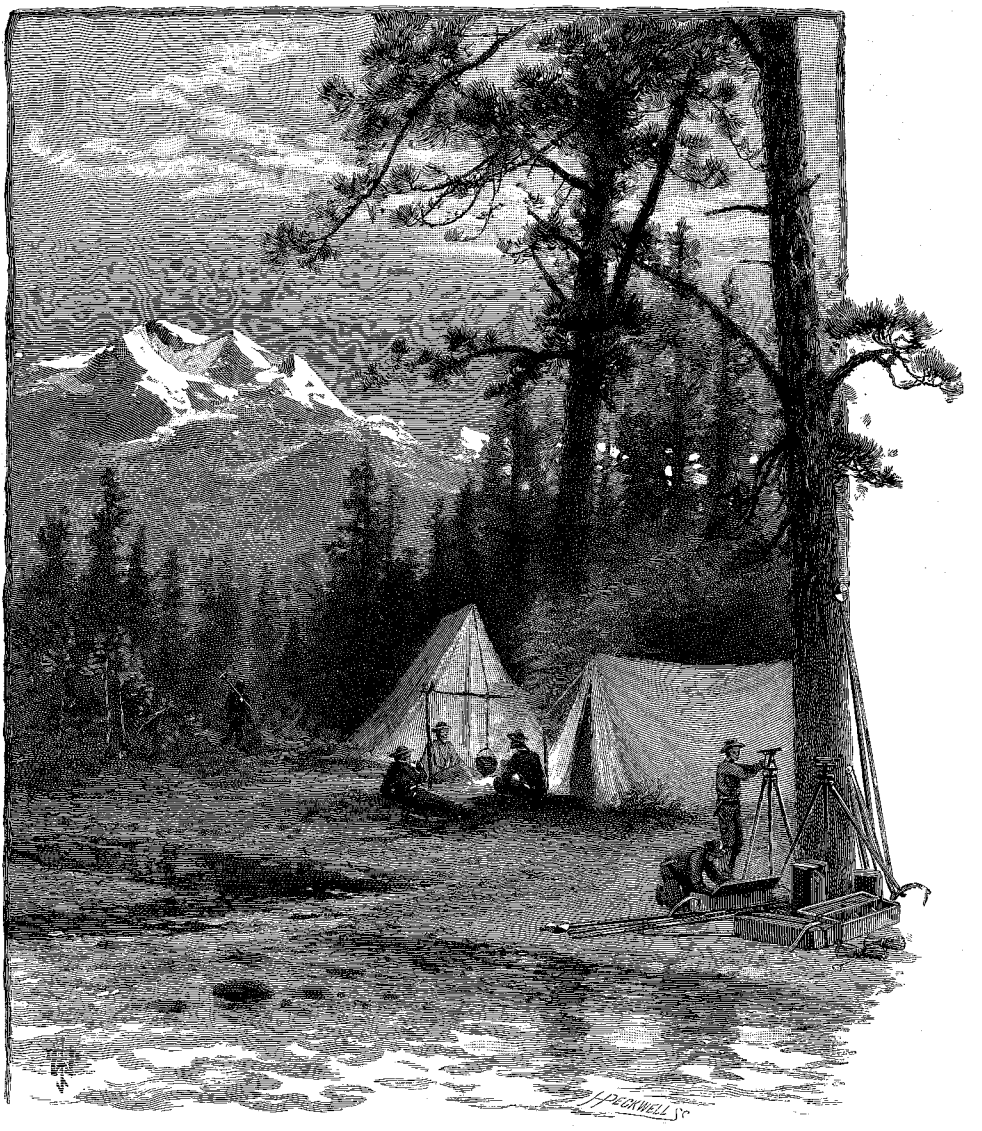

Engineers' Camp.

and to follow its locomotive around the sharpest curves. There are, on our main lines, curves of less than 300 feet radius, while, on the Manhattan Elevated, the largest passenger traffic in the world is conducted around curves of less than 100 feet radius. There are few curves of less than 1,000 feet radius on European railways.

The climbing capabilities of a locomotive upon smooth rails were not known until, in 1852, Mr. B. H. Latrobe, chief engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, tried a temporary zigzag gradient of 10 per cent.—that is 10 feet rise in 100 feet long, or 528 feet per mile—over a hill about two miles long, through which the Kingwood tunnel was being excavated. A locomotive weighing 28 tons on its drivers took one car weighing 15 tons over this line in safety. It was worked for passenger traffic for six months. This daring feat has never been equalled. Trains go over 4 per

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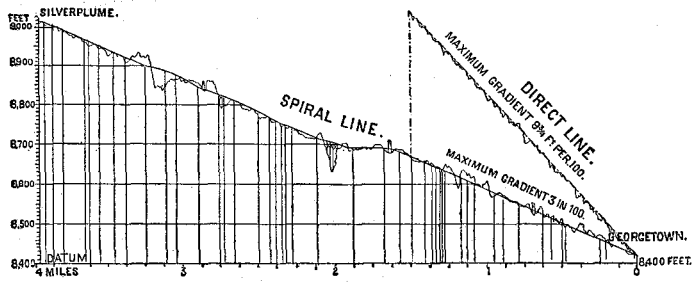
cent. gradients on the Colorado system, and there is one short line, used to bring ore to the Pueblo furnaces, which is worked by locomotives over a 7 per cent. grade. These are believed to be the steepest grades worked by ordinary locomotives on smooth rails.

Another American invention is the switch-back. By this plan the length of line required to ease the gradient is obtained by running backward and forward in a zigzag course, instead of going straight up the mountain. As a full stop has to be made at the end of every piece of line, there is no danger of the train running away from its brakes. This device was first used among the hills of Pennsylvania over forty years ago to lower coal cars down into the Nesquehoning Valley. It was afterwards used on the Callao, Lima, and Oroya Railroad in Peru, by American engineers, with extraordinary daring and skill. It is now employed to carry the temporary tracks of the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad over the "Stampede" Pass, with grades of 297 feet per mile, while a tunnel 9,850 feet long is being driven through the mountains.

Plan of Big Loop.

With the improvement of brakes and more reliable means of stopping trains upon steep grades, came a farther development of the above device, which was first applied on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado, and has since been applied on a grand scale on the Saint Gothard road, the Black Forest railways of Germany, and the Semmering line in the Tyrol. This device is to connect the two lines of the zigzag by a curve at the point where they come together, so that the train, instead of going alternately backward and forward, now runs continuously on. It becomes possible for the line to return above itself in spiral form, sometimes crossing over the lower level by a tunnel, and sometimes by a bridge. A notable instance of this kind of location is seen on the Tehachapi Pass of the Southern Pacific, where the line ascends 2,674 feet in 25 miles, with eleven tunnels, and a spiral 3,800 feet long.

The "Big Loop," as it is called, on the Georgetown branch of the Union Pacific, in Colorado, between Georgetown and a mining camp called Silver Plume, has been chosen to illustrate this point. The direct distance up the valley is 1¼ miles and the elevation 600 feet, requiring a gradient of 480 feet per mile. But by curving the line around in a spiral, the length of the line is increased to 4 miles and the gradient reduced to 150 feet per mile. Zigzags were used first for foot paths, then for common roads, lastly for railways. Their natural sequence, spirals, was a railway device entirely, and confirms the saying of one of our engineers: "Where a mule can go, I can make a locomotive go." This may be called the poetry of engineering, as it requires both imagination to conceive and skill to execute.



Profile of the Same.

There is one thing more which distinguishes the American railway from its English parent, and that is the almost

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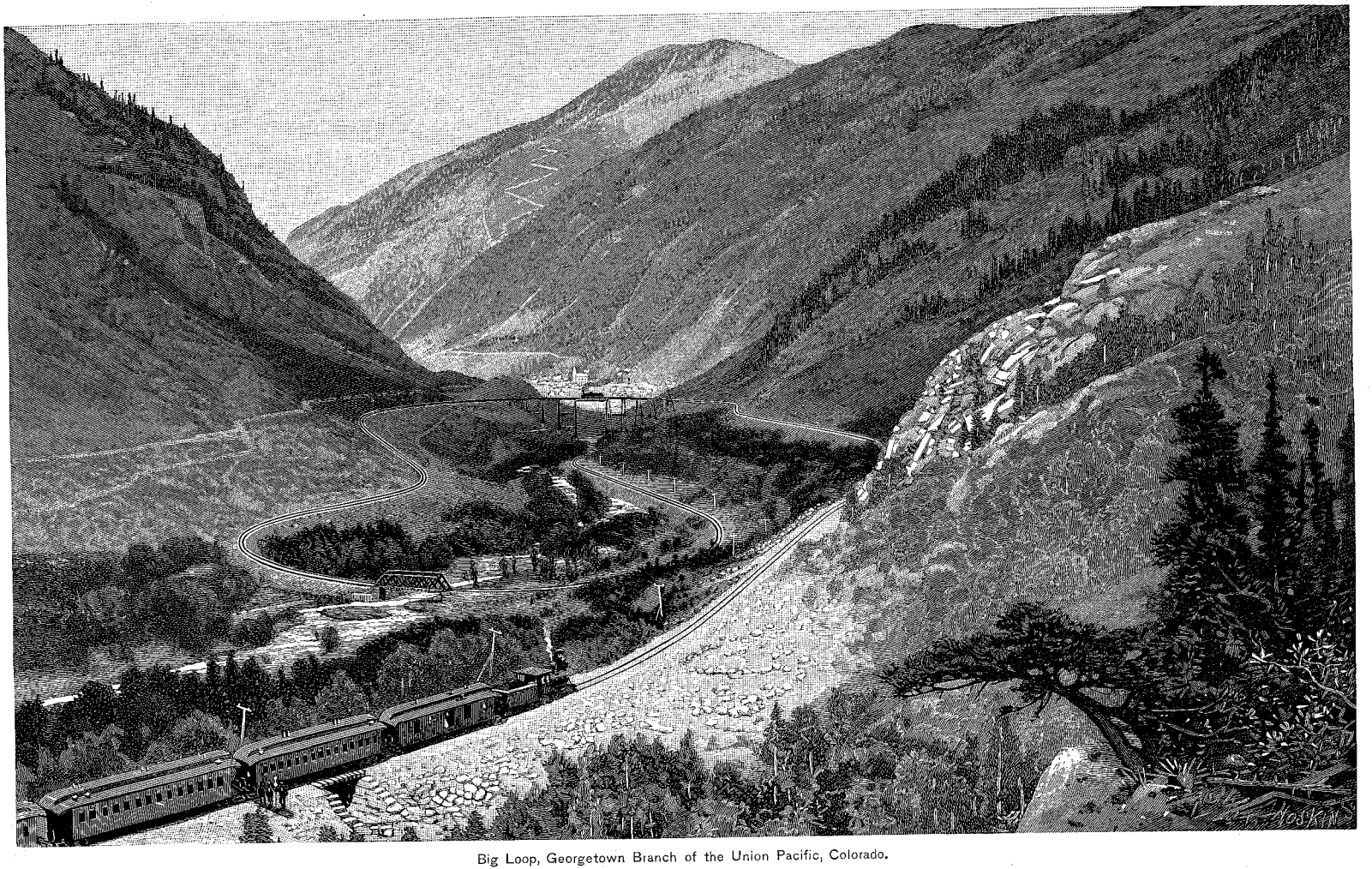

Big Loop, Georgetown Branch of the Union Pacific, Colorado.

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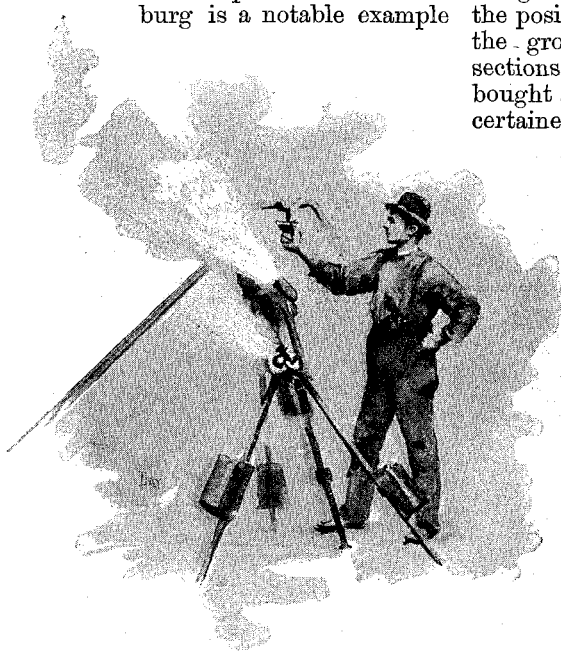
uniform practice of getting the road open for traffic in the cheapest manner and in the least possible time, and then completing it and enlarging its capacity out of its surplus earnings, and from the credit which these earnings give it.

The Pennsylvania Railroad between Philadelphia and Harrisburg is a notable example of this. Within the past few years it has been rebuilt on a grand scale, and in many places re-located, and miles of sharp curves and heavy gradients, originally put in to save expense, have been taken out. This system has been followed everywhere, except on a few branch lines, and upon one monumental example of failure—the West Shore Railroad, of New York. The projectors of that line attempted in three years to build a double-track railroad up to the standard of the Pennsylvania road, which had been forty years in reaching its present excellence. Their money gave out, and they came to grief.



Rock Drill.

II.

We have thus briefly reviewed the development of our railways to show what they are, and how they came to be what they are, before describing the processes of building, in order that the reasons may be clearly understood why we do certain things, and why we fail to do other things which we ought to do.

In the building of a railway the first thing is to make the surveys and locate the position of the intended road upon the ground, and to make maps and sections of it, so that the land may be bought and the estimates of cost be ascertained. The engineer's first duty is to make a survey by eye without the aid of instruments. This is called the "reconnoissance." By this he lays down the general position of the line, and where he wants it to go if possible. Great skill, the result of long experience, or equally great ignorance may be shown here. After the general position of the line, or some part of it, has been laid down upon the pocket map, the engineer sends his party into the field to make the preliminary survey with instruments.

In an old-settled country the party may live in farm-houses and taverns, and be carried to their daily work by teams. But a surveying party will make better progress, be healthier and happier, if they live in their own home, even if that home be a travelling camp of a few tents. With a competent commissary the camp can be well supplied with provisions, and be pitched near enough to the probable end of the day's work to save the tired men a long walk. When they get to camp and, after a wash in the nearest creek, find a smoking-hot supper ready—even though it consist of fried pork and potatoes, corn bread and black coffee—their troubles are all forgotten, and they feel a true satisfaction which the flesh-pots of Delmonico's cannot give. One greater pleasure remains—to fill the old pipe, and recline by the camp fire for a jolly smoke.

A full surveying party consists of the front flag-man, with his corps of axe-men to cut away trees and bushes; the tran-

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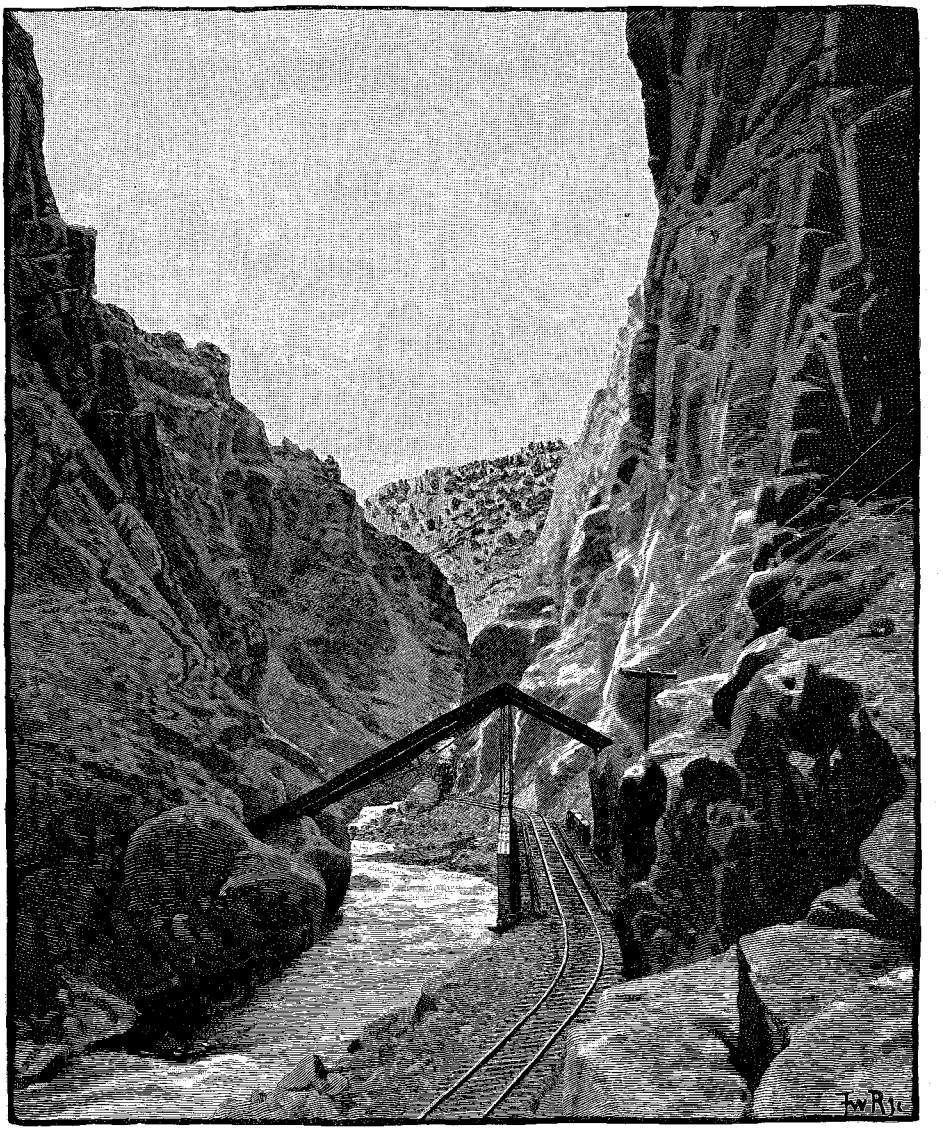

Royal Gorge Hanging Bridge, Denver and Rio Grande, Colorado.

sit-man, who records the distances and angles of the line, assisted by his chain-men and flag-men; and lastly the leveller, who takes and records the levels, with his rod-men and axe-men. The chief of the party exercises a general supervision over all, and is sometimes assisted by a topographer, who sketches in his book the contours of the hills and direction and size of the water courses.

One tent contains the cook, the commissary, and the provisions; another tent or two the working party, and another the superior engineers, with their drawing instruments and boards. In a properly regulated party the map and profile of the day's work should be plotted before going to bed, so as to see if all is right. If it turns out that the line can be improved and easier grades got, or other changes made, now is the time to do it.

After the preliminary lines have been run, the engineer-in-chief takes up the different maps and lays down a new line, sometimes coinciding with that

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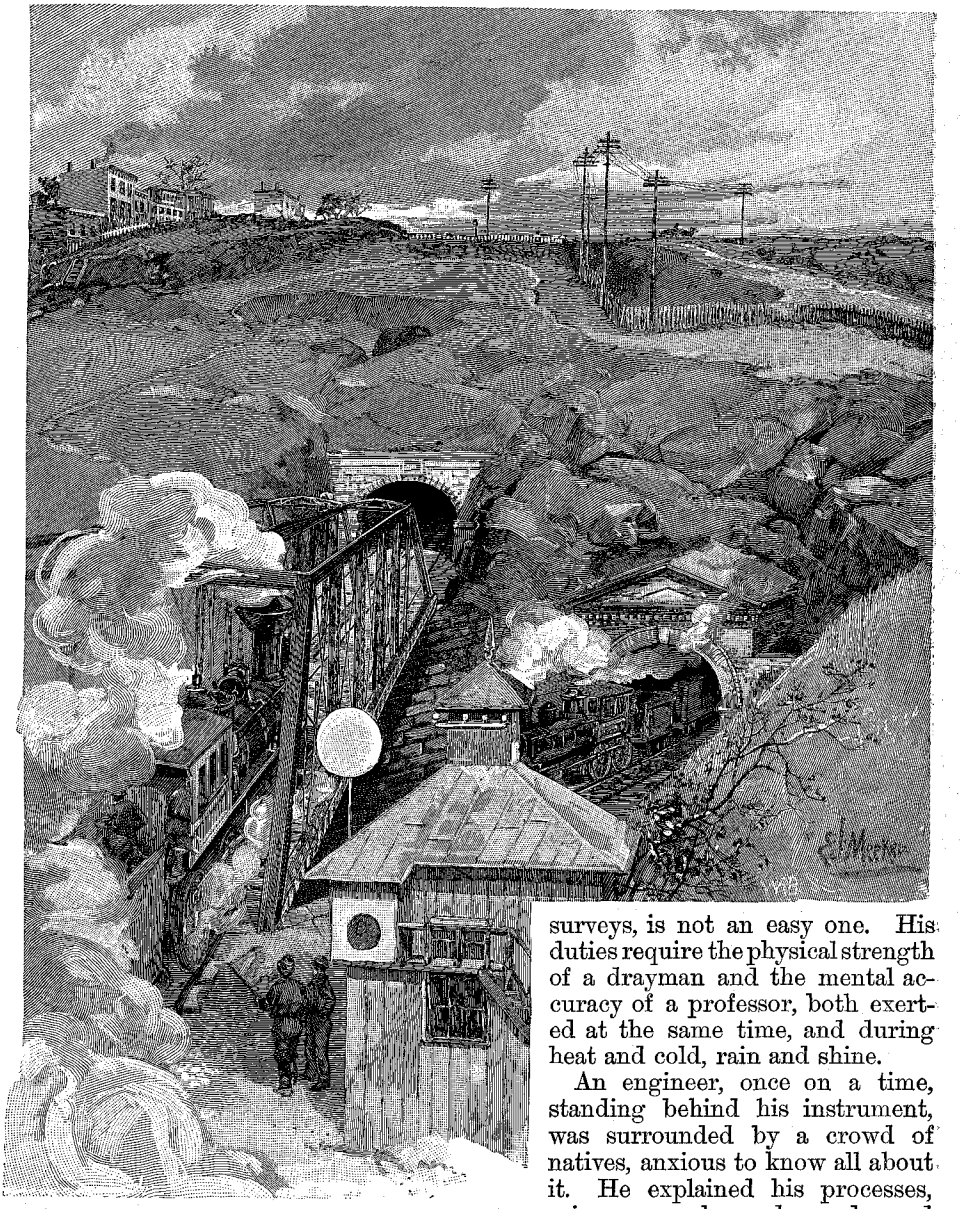

Bergen Tunnels, Hoboken, N. J.

surveyed, and sometimes quite different. The parties then go back into the field and stake out this new line, called the "approximate location," upon which the curves are all run in. In difficult country the line may be run over even a third or fourth time; or in an easy country, the "preliminary" surveys may be all that is wanted.

The life of an engineer, while making surveys, is not an easy one. His duties require the physical strength of a drayman and the mental accuracy of a professor, both exerted at the same time, and during heat and cold, rain and shine.

An engineer, once on a time, standing behind his instrument, was surrounded by a crowd of natives, anxious to know all about it. He explained his processes, using many learned words, and flattered himself that he had made a deep impression upon his hearers. At last, one old woman spoke up, with an expression of great contempt on her face, "Wall! If I knowed as much as you do, I'd quit ingineerin' and keep a grocery!"

A large part of the financial difficulties of our railways results from not taking time enough to properly locate the line. It must be remembered that a

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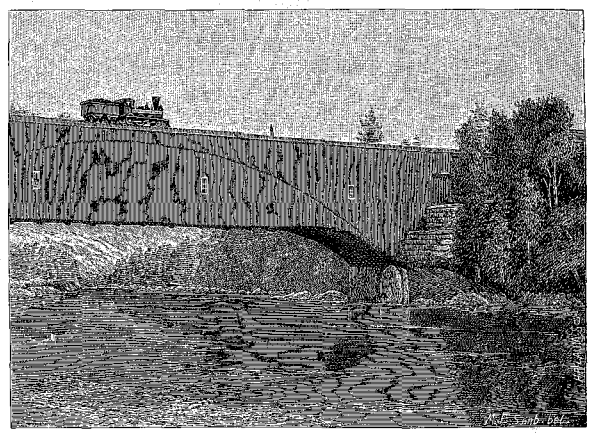
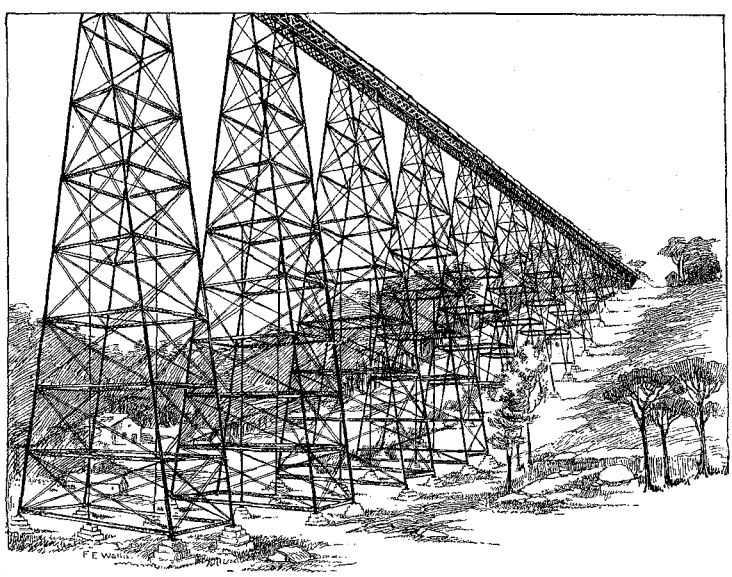
cheaply constructed line can be rebuilt, but with a badly located line nothing can be done except to abandon it entirely.

It is well therefore to consider carefully what is the true problem of location. It is so to place and build a line of railway that it shall get the greatest amount of business out of the country through which it passes, and at the same time be able to do that business at the least cost, including both expenses of operating and the fixed charges on the capital invested. The mere statement of this problem shows that it is not an easy one. Its solution is different in a new and unsettled country from that in an old-settled region. In the new country, the shortest, cheapest, and straightest line possible, consistent with the easiest gradients that the topography of the land will allow, is the best.



Old Burr Bridge.



Kinzua Viaduct; Erie Railway.

The towns will spring up after the road is built, and will be built on its line, and generally at the places where stations have been fixed.

In a mountainous country, like Colorado, the problem is how to reach the important mining camps, regardless of the crookedness and increased length given to the line. The Denver and Rio Grande has been compared to an octopus. This is really a compliment to its engineers. It sucks nutriment from every place where nutriment is to be found. To do this it has been forced to climb mountains, where it was thought locomotives could never climb.* In one place, called the Royal Gorge, the difficulties of blasting a roadbed into the side of the mountain were so great that it was thought expedient to carry the track upon a bridge, and this bridge was hung from two rafters, braced against the sides of the gorge (see p. 651). In surveying some parts of the lines the engineers were

* An article by Mr. John Bogart, State Engineer of New York, describing in detail a number of wonderful engineering feats in railway construction, will appear later in this series.

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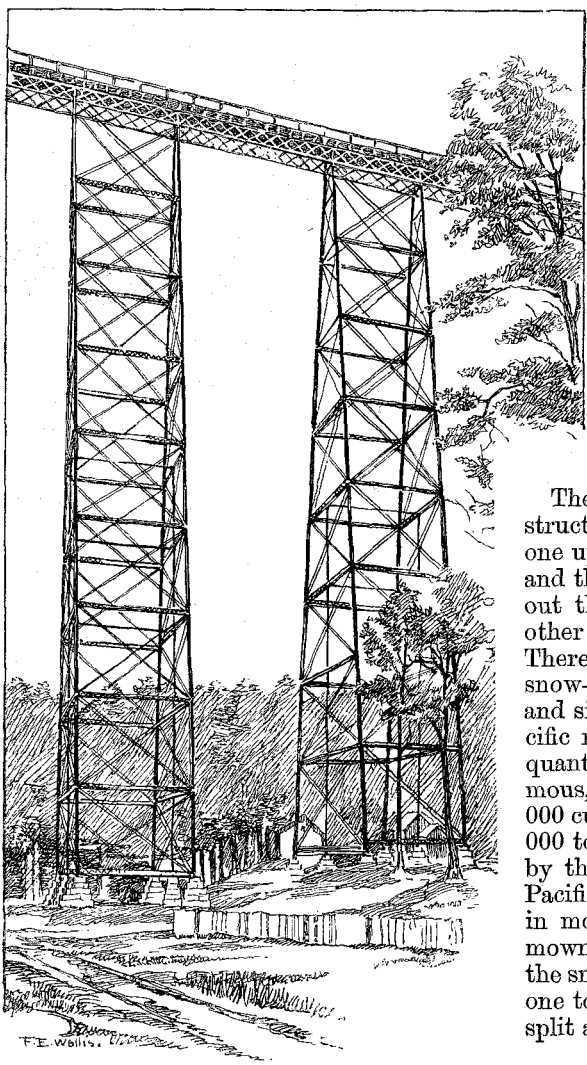
suspended by ropes from the top of the mountains and made their measurements swinging in mid-air.

The problem of location is different in an old-settled country, where the position of the towns as trade-centres has been fixed by natural laws that cannot be overruled. In this case the best thing the engineer can do is to get the easiest gradient possible consistent with the topography of the country, and let the curves take care of themselves; always to strike the important towns, even if the line is made more crooked and longer thereby; to so place the line in these towns as to accommodate the public, and still be able to buy plenty of land; also to locate for under or over, rather than grade crossings.



Kinzua Viaduct.

Now that the Westinghouse system of power-brakes on freight trains does away with the necessity of allowing head-room for brakesmen on the tops of the cars, two roads can cross each other with a vertical distance apart of but 13 or 14 feet, instead of 20 feet, and there is now no excuse for not adopting crossings at separate levels. In all countries, old and new, mountainous and level, the rule should be to keep the level of track well above the surface of the ground, in order to insure good drainage and freedom from snow-drifts.

The question of avoidance of obstruction by snow is a very serious one upon the Rocky Mountain lines, and they could not be worked without the device of snow-sheds—another purely American invention. There are said to be forty miles of snow-sheds on the Canadian Pacific and sixty miles on the Central Pacific railway. [Pp. 656–657.] The quantity of snow falling is enormous, sometimes amounting to 250,000 cubic yards, weighing over 100,000 tons, in one slide. It is stated by the engineers of the Canadian Pacific, that the force of the air set in motion by these avalanches has mown down large trees, not struck by the snow itself. Their trunks, from one to two feet in diameter, remain, split as if struck by lightning.

After the railway line has been finally located, the next duty of the engineers is to prepare the work for letting. Land-plans are made, from which the right of way is secured. From the sections, the quantities are taken out. Plans of bridges and culverts are made; and a careful specification of all the works on the line is drawn up.

The works are then let, either to one

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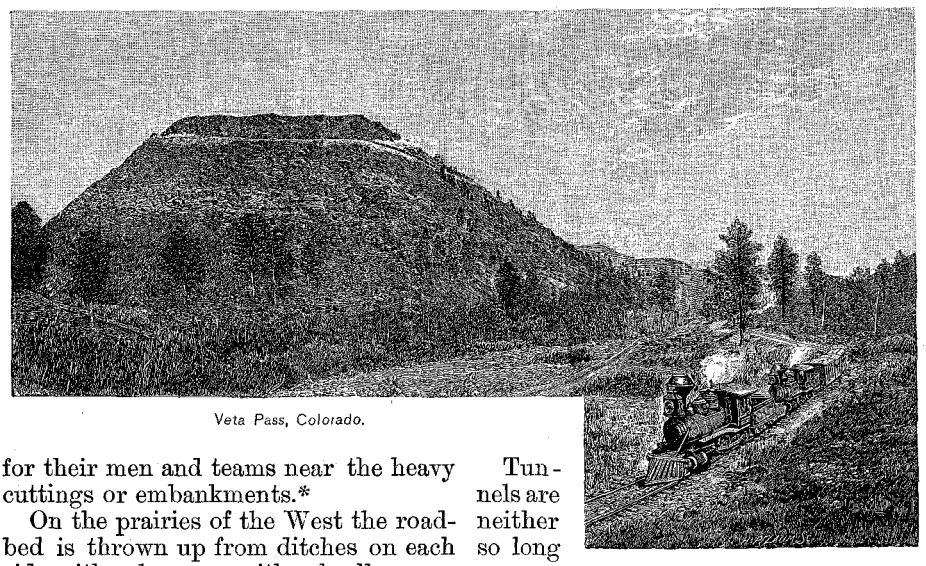
large contractor or to several smaller ones, and the work of construction begins. The duties of the engineers are to stake out the work for the contractors, make monthly returns of its progress, and see that it is well done and according to the specifications and contract. The line is divided into sections, and an engineer, with his assistants, is placed in charge of each. Where the works are heavy, the contractors build shanties for their men and teams near the heavy cuttings or embankments.*



Veta Pass, Colorado.

On the prairies of the West the road-bed is thrown up from ditches on each side, either by men with wheelbarrows and carts, or by means of a ditching machine, which can move 3,000 yards of earth daily. In this case the track follows immediately after the embankment, and the men live in cars fitted up as boarding-shanties and moved forward as fast as required. If the country contains suitable stone, the culverts and bridge abutments are built by gangs of masons and stone-cutters, who move from point to point. But the general practice is to put in temporary trestle-work of timber resting upon piles, which trestle-work is renewed in the shape of stone culverts covered by embankments, or iron bridges resting on stone abutments and built after the road is running.

The pile-driver plays a very important part therefore in the construction of our railroads, and has been brought to great perfection. It is worked by a small boiler and engine, and gives its blows with great rapidity. It drags the piles up to leaders and lifts them into place by steam power, so that it is worked by a small gang of men. Finally, it is as portable as a pedler's cart, and as soon as it has finished one job it is taken to pieces, packed upon wagons, and moved on to the next job.

Tunnels are neither so long nor so frequent upon American railways as upon those of Europe. The longest are from two to two and a half miles long, except one, the Hoosac, about four miles. Sometimes they are unavoidable. The ridge called Bergen Hill, west of Hoboken, N. J., is a case in point. This is pierced by the tunnels of the West Shore, of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and of the Erie, the last two of which, as shown on page 652, are placed at different levels to enable one road to pass over the other.

It is by our system of using sharp curves that we avoid tunnels. It may be said, in general terms, that American engineers have shown more skill in avoiding the necessity of tunnels than could possibly be shown in constructing them. When we are obliged to use tunnels, or to make deep cuttings in rocks, our labors are greatly assisted by the use of power-drills worked by com-

* It is the custom to take out heavy cuttings by means of the machine called a steam shovel, which will dig as many yards in a day as 500 men. [P. 658.]

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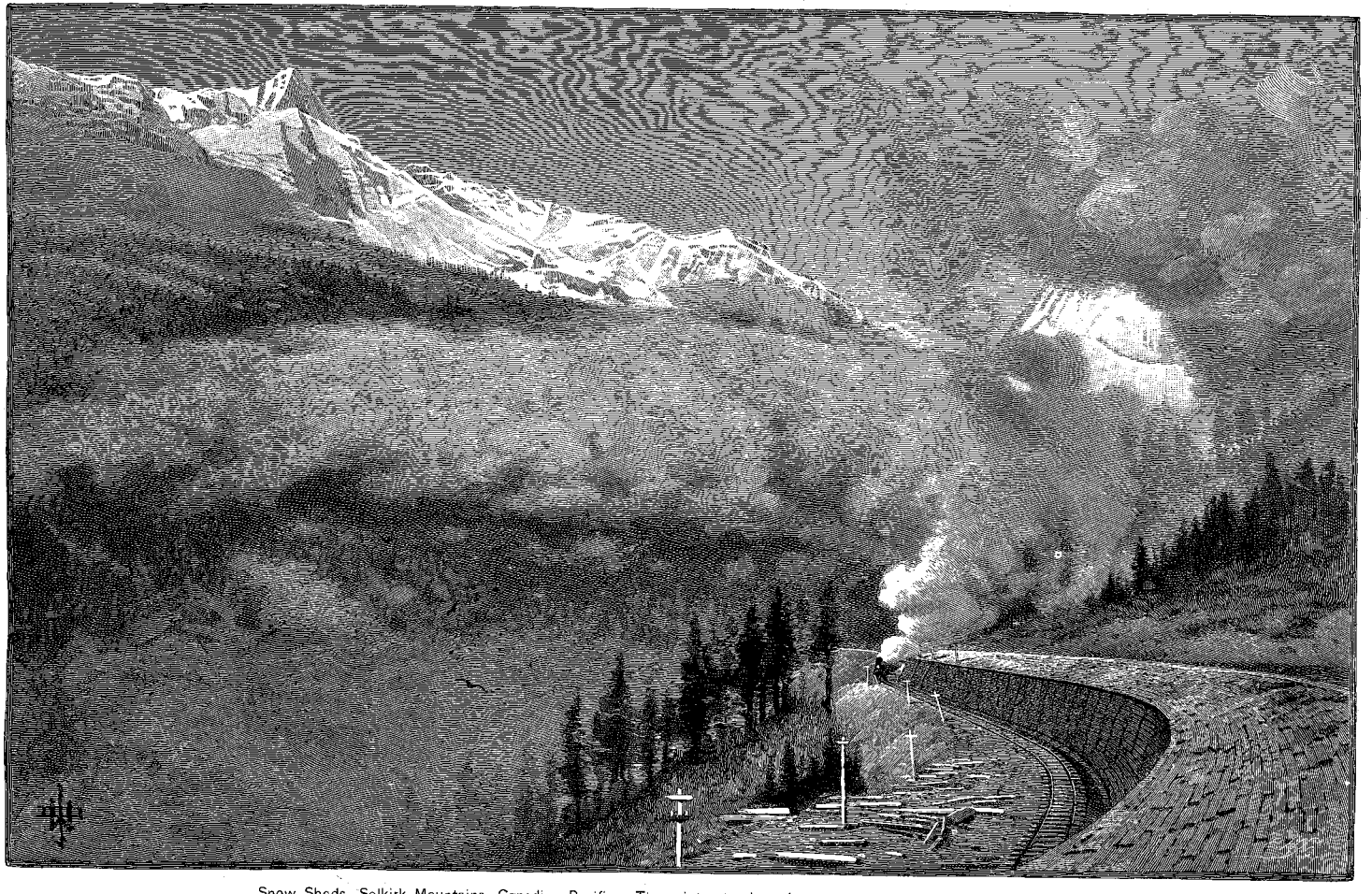

Snow Sheds, Selkirk Mountains, Canadian Pacific. The winter track under cover; the outer track for summer use.

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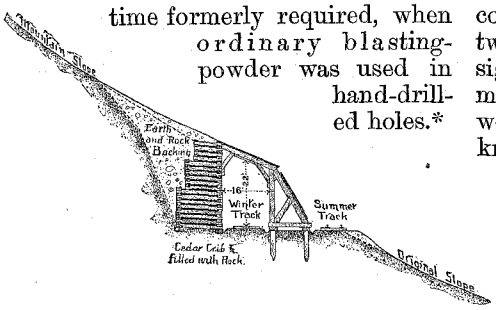
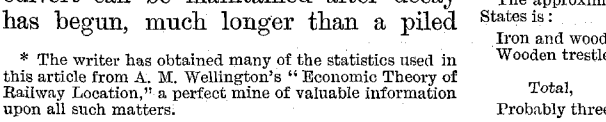
pressed air and by the use of high explosives, such as dynamite, giant powder, rend-rock, etc. Rocks can now be removed in less than half the time formerly required, when ordinary blasting-powder was used in hand-drilled holes.*



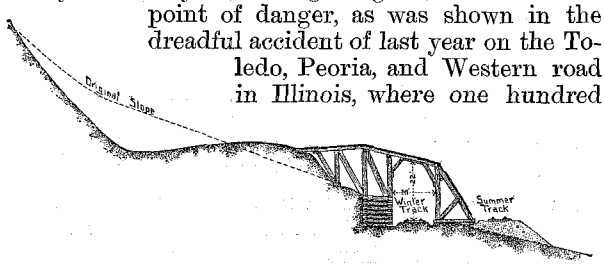
Sections of Snow Sheds.

III.

From data furnished by Mr. D. J. Whittemore, chief engineer of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul system (which had a total length of 5,688 miles on Jan. 1, 1888), the length of open bridges on these lines was $115\frac{91}{100}$ miles, and of culverts covered over with embankment $39\frac{2}{10}$ miles. "Everything," says Mr. Whittemore, "not covered with earth, except cattle guards, be the span 10 or 400 feet, is called a bridge. Everything covered with earth is called a culvert.—Wherever we are far removed from suitable quarries, we build a wooden culvert in preference to a pile bridge, if we can get six inches of filling over it. These culverts are built of roughly squared logs, and are large enough to draw an iron pipe through them of sufficient diameter to take care of the water. We do this because we believe that we lessen the liability to accident, and that the culvert can be maintained after decay has begun, much longer than a piled bridge with stringers to carry the track. Had we good quarries along our line, stone would be cheaper. Many thousands of dollars have been spent by this company in building masonry that after twenty to twenty-five years shows such signs of disintegration that we confine masonry work now only to stone that we can procure from certain quarries known to be good."



Mr. Whittemore is an engineer of great experience, skill, and judgment, and there is food for much reflection in these words of his. First—that it is better to use temporary wooden structures, to be afterward renewed in good stone, rather than to build of the stone of the locality, unless first-class. Second—that a structure covered with earth is much safer than an open bridge; which, if short and apparently insignificant, may be, through neglect, a most serious point of danger, as was shown in the dreadful accident of last year on the Toledo, Peoria, and Western road in Illinois, where one hundred and fifty persons were killed and wounded, and by the equally avoidable accident on the Florida and Savannah line, in March, 1888. Had these little trestles been changed to culverts covered with earth, many valuable lives would not have been lost.



It is a safe estimate that there are 208,749 bridges of all kinds, amounting in length to 3,213 miles, in the United States.*

* The writer has obtained many of the statistics used in this article from A. M. Wellington's "Economic Theory of Railway Location," a perfect mine of valuable information upon all such matters.

* The amount of permanent wood and iron truss bridges, and of temporary wooden trestles on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul is as follows:

Truss bridges,	700	spans, average 93 feet,	$12\frac{4}{5}$ miles.
Trestle "	7,196	" " 77 "	$103\frac{1}{10}$ "
Total,	7,896		$115\frac{9}{10}$ "

The approximate total number of bridges in the United States is:

Iron and wood truss bridges,	61,562 spans,	1,086 miles.
Wooden trestles,	147,187	2,127 "
Total,	208,749	3,213 "

Probably three-fourths of the truss bridges are now of

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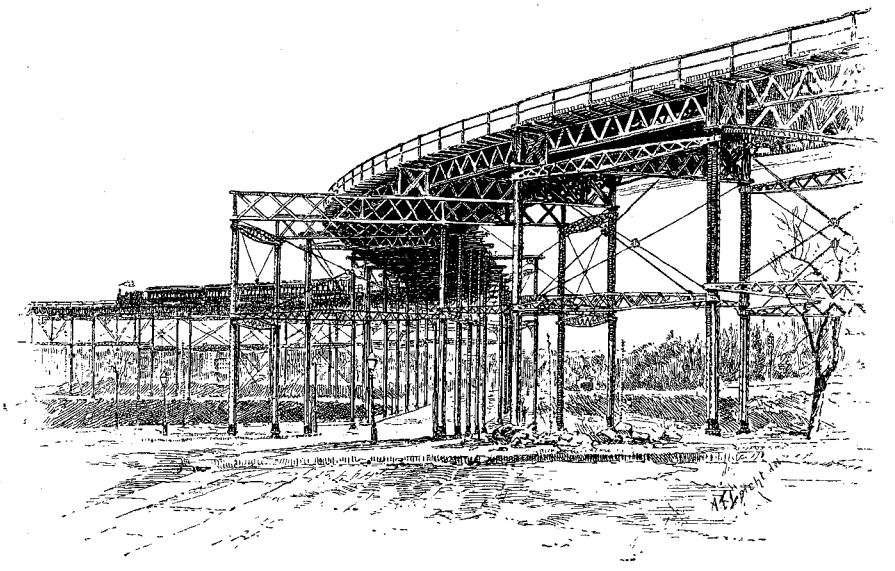
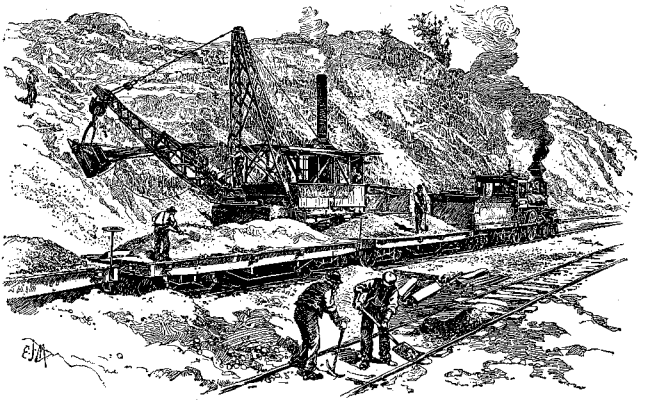
The wooden bridge and the wooden trestle are purely American products, although they were invented by Leonardo da Vinci in the sixteenth century. From the above statistics it will be seen how much our American railways owe to them, for without them over 150,000 miles could never have been built.



Manhattan Elevated Railway, New York.

The art of building wooden truss-bridges was developed by Burr & Wernwag, two Pennsylvania carpenters, some of whose works are still in use after eighty years of faithful duty (p. 653). A bridge built by Wernwag across the Delaware in 1803 was used as a highway bridge for forty-five years, was then strengthened and used as a railway bridge for twenty-seven years more, and was finally superseded by the present iron bridge in 1875.

These old bridge-builders were very particular about the quality of their timber, and never put any into a bridge less than two years old. But when we began to build railways, everything was done in a hurry, and nobody could wait for seasoned timber. This led to the invention of the Howe truss, by the engineer of that name, which had the advantage of being adjustable with screws and nuts, so that the shrinkage could be taken up, and which had its parts connected in such a way that they were able to bear the heavy concen-



Steam Excavator.

iron or steel, and may be considered perfectly safe so long as the trains remain upon the rails and do not strike the side trusses. The wooden trestles are a constant source of danger from decay or burning or from derailed trains, and should be replaced by permanent structures as fast as time and money will allow.

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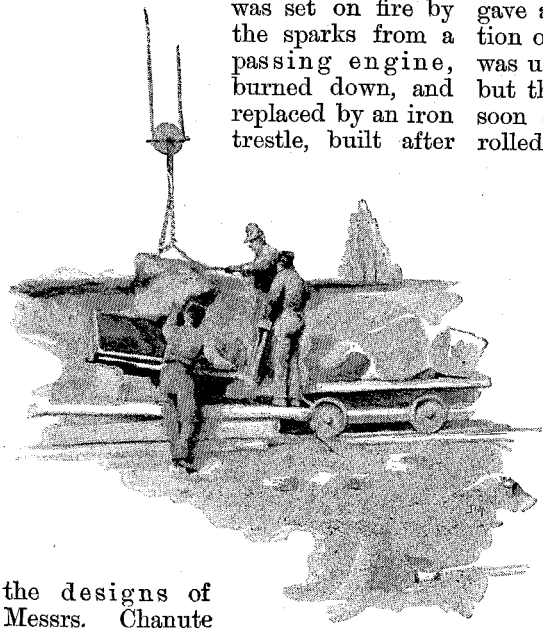
trated weights of locomotives without crushing. This bridge was used on all railways, new and old, from 1840 to about 1870. Had it been free from liability to decay and burn up, we should probably not be building iron and steel bridges now, except for long spans of over 200 feet; and as the table on page 657 shows, the largest number of our spans are less than 100 feet long.

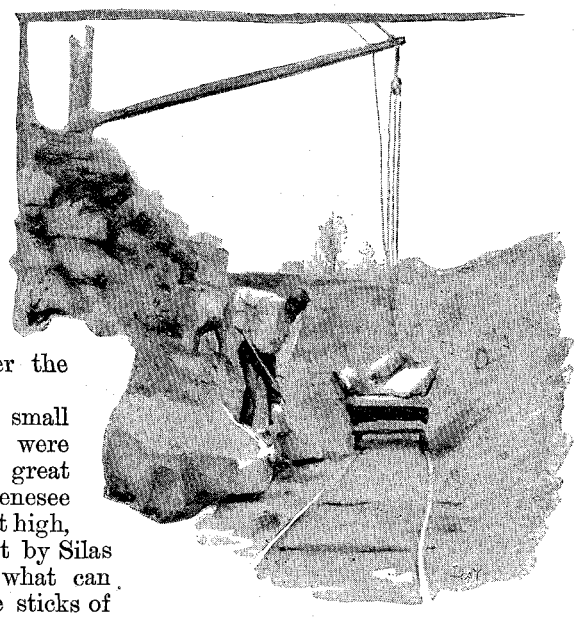
The Howe truss forms an excellent bridge, and is still used in the West on new roads, with the intention of substituting iron trusses after the roads are opened.

Besides the vast number of small wooden trestle-bridges, there were some of great size, such as the great trestle over the gorge of the Genesee River on the Erie road, 230 feet high, and about 1,600 feet long, built by Silas Seymour, C.E., which shows what can be done with ordinary square sticks of timber, when judiciously put together. This bridge met with the fate of all wooden bridges: it was set on fire by the sparks from a passing engine, burned down, and replaced by an iron trestle, built after



the designs of Messrs. Chanute and Morison, in forty days after losing the old one.

After 1870, the weights both of locomotives and other rolling stock began to be increased very rapidly. This, together with the development of the



manufacture of iron, and especially the invention of rolled beams and of eye-bars, gave a great impetus to the construction of iron bridges. At first cast iron was used for the compression members, but the development of the rolling-mill soon enabled us to make all parts of rolled iron sections at no greater cost, and rolled iron, being a less uncertain material, has replaced cast iron entirely. Iron bridges came in direct competition with the less costly Howe truss, and during the first decade of their construction every attempt was made to build them with as few pounds of iron as would meet the strains.

S. Whipple, C. E., published a book in 1847 which was the first attempt ever made to solve the mathematical questions upon which the due proportioning of iron truss-bridges depends. This work bore fruit, and a race of bridge designers sprang up. The first iron bridges were modelled after their wooden predecessors, with high trusses and short panels.

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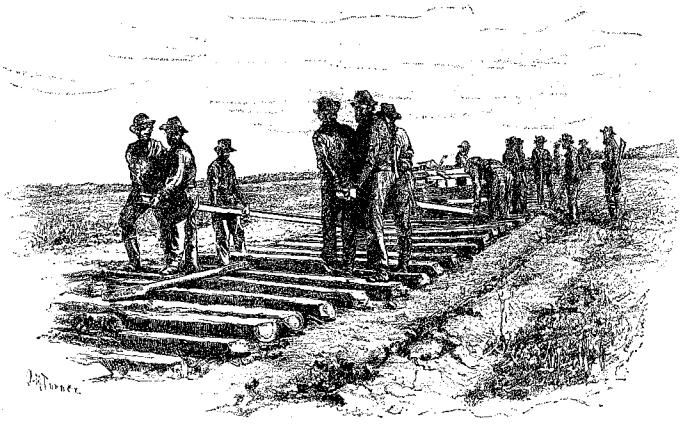
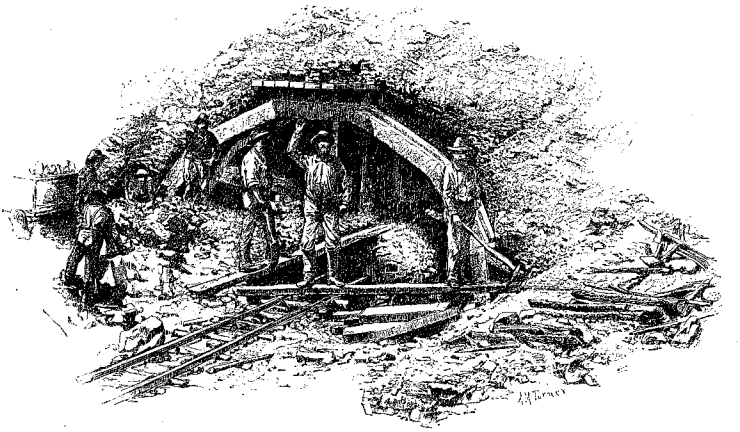
Riveted connections were avoided, and every part was so designed that it might be quickly and easily erected upon staging or false works, placed in the river. This was very necessary, for our rivers are subject to sudden freshets, and if we had adopted the English system of riveting together all the connections, the long time required before the bridge became self-sustaining would have been a serious element of danger.



Track Laying.

Following the practice of wooden bridge building, iron bridges were contracted for by the foot, and not by the pound as is now the custom. To this accidental circumstance is greatly due the development of the American iron bridge. The engineer representing the railway company fixed the lengths of spans, and other general dimensions, and also the loads to be carried and the maximum strains to be allowed. The contracting engineer was left perfectly free to design his bridge, and he strained every nerve to find the form of truss and the arrangement of its parts that should give the required strength with the least number of pounds weight per foot, so that he could beat his competitors. When the different plans were handed in, an expert examined them and rejected those whose parts were too small to meet the strains. Of those found to be correctly proportioned, the lowest bid took the work.

By the rule of the survival of the fittest all badly designed forms of trusses disappeared and only two remained: one the original truss designed by Mr. Whipple, and the other, the well-known triangular, or "Warren" girder, so called after its English inventor.



Beginning a Tunnel.

It speaks well for the skill and honesty of American bridge engineers that many of their old bridges are still in use, designed for loads of 2,500 pounds per lineal foot, and now daily carrying loads of 4,000 pounds and over per foot. Sometimes the floor has been replaced by a stronger one, but the trusses still remain and do good service. The writer may be permitted to point to the bridge over the Mississippi River at Quincy, Ill., built in 1869, as an example. Most bridge-accidents can be traced to derailed trains striking the trusses and knocking them down. Engineers (both those specially connected with bridge works, and those in charge of railways) know much better now

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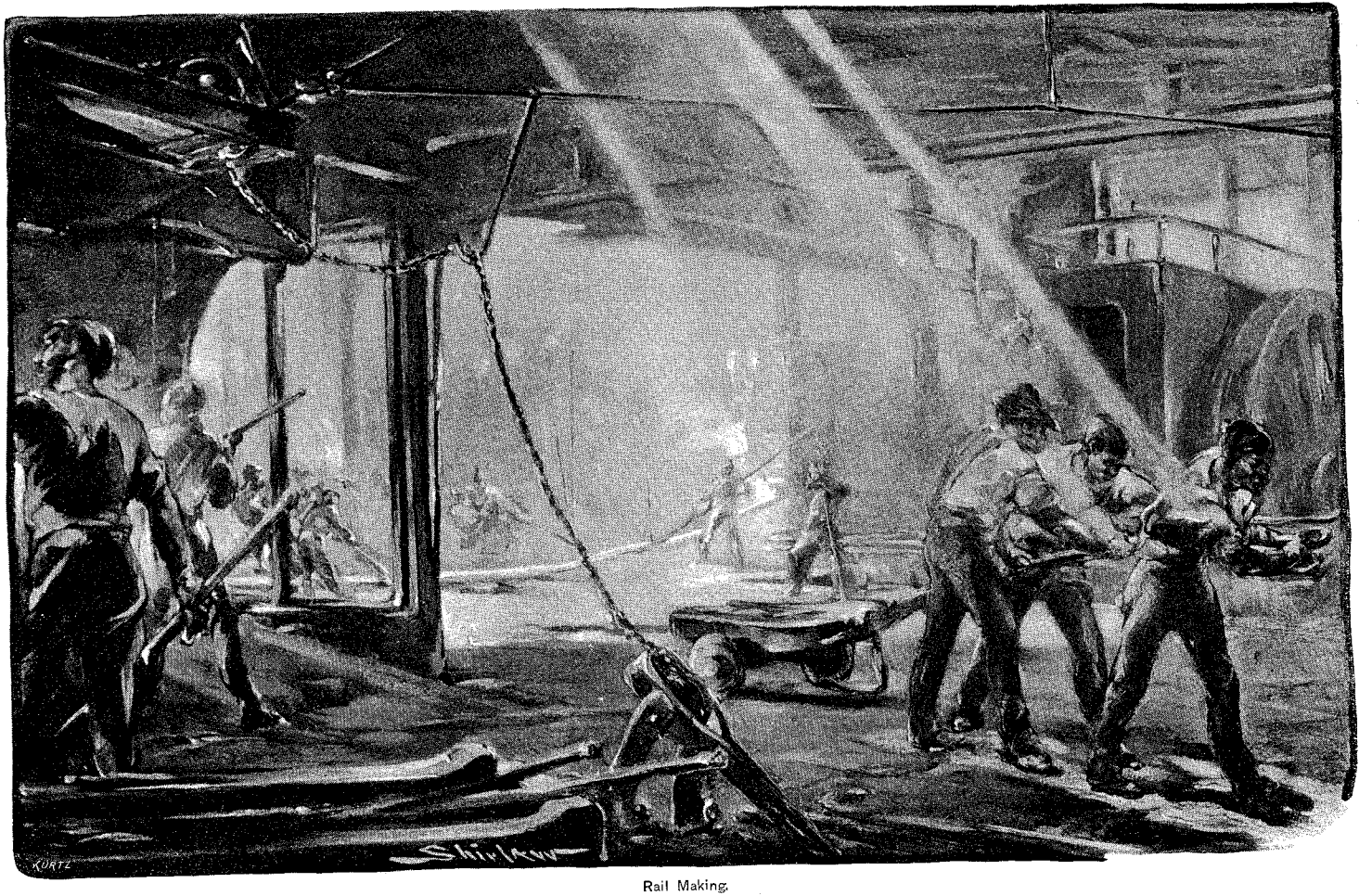

Rail Making.

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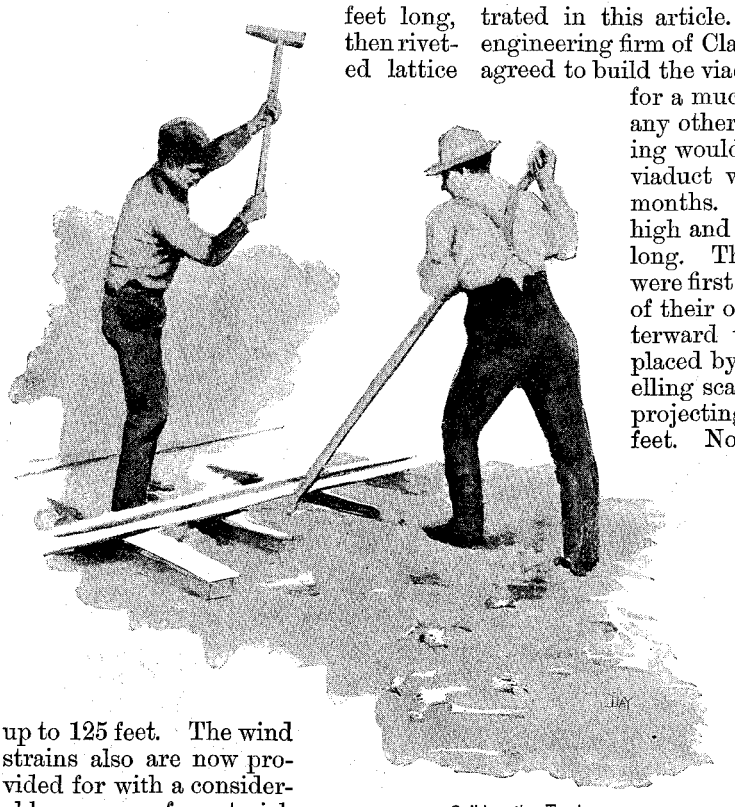
what is wanted, and the managers of railways are willing to pay for the best article. The introduction of mild steel is a great step in advance. This material has an ultimate strength, in the finished piece, of 63,000 to 65,000 pounds per square inch, or forty per cent. more than iron, and it is tough enough to be tied in a knot, or punched into the shape of a bowl, while cold. With this material it is as easy to construct spans of 500 feet as it was spans of 250 feet in iron.

Bridges are now designed to carry much heavier loads than formerly. The best practice adopts riveted connections except at the junction of the chord-bars and the main diagonals, where pins and eyes are still very properly used. Plate girders below the track are preferred up to 60 or 70 feet long, then riveted lattice up to 125 feet. The wind strains also are now provided for with a considerable excess of material, amounting in very long spans to nearly as much as the strains due to gravity. Observing the rule that no bridge can be stronger than its weakest part, a vast deal of care and skill has been applied in perfecting the connections of the parts of a truss, and many valuable experiments have been made which have greatly enlarged our knowledge of this difficult subject. The introduction of riveting by the power of steam or compressed air is another very great improvement.



Spiking the Track.

Valleys and ravines are now crossed by viaducts of iron and steel, of which the Kinzua viaduct, shown on pages 653–4, is an example. A branch line from the Erie, connecting that system with valuable coal fields, strikes the valley of the Kinzua, a small creek, about 15 miles southwest of Bradford, Pa. At the point suitable for crossing, this ravine is about half a mile wide and over 300 feet deep. At first it was proposed to run down and cross the creek at a low level by some of the devices heretofore illustrated in this article. But finally the engineering firm of Clarke, Reeves & Co. agreed to build the viaduct, here shown, for a much less sum than any other method of crossing would have cost. This viaduct was built in four months. It is 305 feet high and about 2,400 feet long. The skeleton piers were first erected by means of their own posts, and afterward the girders were placed by means of a travelling scaffold on the top, projecting over about 80 feet. No staging of any kind was used, nor even ladders, as the men climbed up the diagonal rods of the piers, as a cat will run up a tree.

The Manhattan Elevated Railway, about 34 miles long, is nothing but a long viaduct, and is as strong and durable as iron viaducts on railways usually are, while from the slower speed of its trains it is much safer.

It may not be out of place for the writer to state here what, in his belief,

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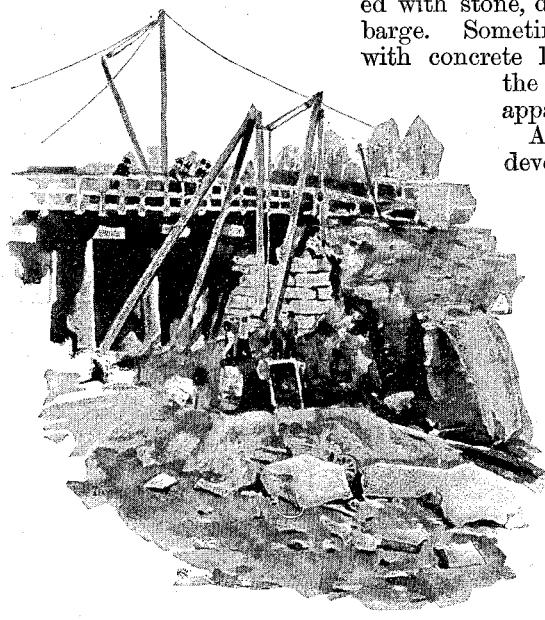
is the next series of steps to be taken to ensure safety in travelling over our bridges: Replace, wherever possible, all temporary trestles by wood or stone culverts covered with earth. Where this cannot be done, build strong iron or steel bridges and viaducts with as short spans as possible and having no trusses above the track where it can possibly be helped. Cover these and all new bridges with a solid deck of rolled-steel corrugated plates coated with asphalt to prevent rusting. Place on this broken stone ballast, and bed the ties in it as in the ordinary form of road-bed.



By this means the usual shock felt in passing from the elastic embankment to the comparatively solid bridge will be done away. Has a crack formed in a wheel or axle, this shock generally develops it into a break, the car or engine is derailed, and if it strikes the truss the bridge is wrecked. The cost of this proposed safety floor is insignificant, compared with the safety resulting from it.

The improvements in the processes of putting in the foundations of bridges have been as great as those above water. All have shortened greatly the time necessary, and have made the results more certain. The American system may briefly be described as an abandonment of the old engineering device of coffer-dams, by which the bed of the river is enclosed by a water-tight fence and the water pumped out. For this we substitute driving piles and sawing them off under water; or sinking cribs down to a hard bottom through the water. In both cases we sink the masonry, built in a great water-tight box (called a caisson) with a thick bottom of solid timber, until it finally rests on the heads of the piles sawn to a level, or on the top of a crib which is filled with stone, dumped out of a barge. Sometimes it is filled with concrete lowered through the water by special apparatus.

Another process, developed within the last twenty years, is to sink cribs through soft or unreliable material to a harder stratum by compressed air. This is an improvement on the old diving bell. The air, forced into the bell-shaped cavity, expels the water and allows the men to work and remove the material, which is taken up by a device called an air-lock. The crib slowly sinks, carrying the masonry on its top.

By this means the foundations of the Brooklyn bridge and of the St. Louis bridge were sunk a little over 100 feet below water. A recent invention is that of a German engineer, Herr Poetsch, who freezes the sand by inserting tubes filled with a freezing mixture, and then excavates it as if it were solid rock.

The process of sinking open cribs through the water by weighting them and dredging out the material has been followed at the new bridge now building over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, where the cribs are sunk 130 feet below water, and at the bridge building over the Hawkesbury River, in Australia. The Hawkesbury piers are sunk to a depth of 175 feet below water, and are the deepest foundations yet put in. The writer (who derives his knowledge from being one of the designing

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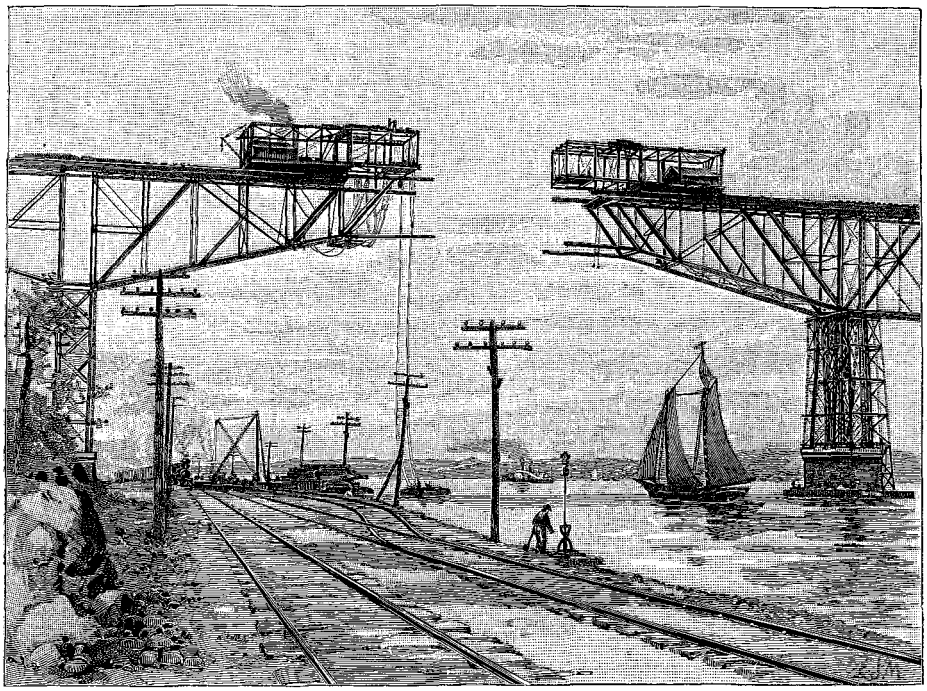
and executive engineers of both these bridges) sees no difficulty in putting down foundations by this process of open dredging to even much greater depths. The compressed-air process is limited to about 110 feet in depth.

IV.

THE most notable invention of latter days in bridge construction is that of the cantilever bridge, which is a system devised to dispense with staging, or false works, where from the great depth, or the swift current, of the river, this would be difficult, or, as in the case of the Niagara River, impossible to make. The word cantilever is used in architecture to signify the lower end of a rafter, which projects beyond the wall of a building, and supports the roof above. It is from an Italian word, taken from the Latin *canti-labrum* (used by Vitruvius), meaning *the lip of the rafter*. If two beams were pushed out from the shores of a stream until they met in the centre, and these two beams were long enough to run back from the shores until their weight, aided by a few stones, held them down, we should have a primitive form of the cantilever, but one which in principle would not differ from the actual cantilever bridges. This is another American invention, although it has been developed by British engineers—Messrs. Fowler & Baker—in their huge bridge now building across the Forth, in Scotland, of a size which dwarfs everything hitherto done in this country, the Brooklyn bridge not excepted.

The first design of which we have any record was that of a bridge planned by Thomas Pope, a ship carpenter of New York, who, in 1810, published a book giving his designs for an arched bridge of timber across the North River at Castle Point, of 2,400 feet span. Mr. Pope called this an arch, but his description clearly shows it to have been what we now call a cantilever (pp. 665 and 667). As was the fashion of the day, he indulged in a poetical description:

"Like half a Rainbow rising on yon shore,
While its twin partner spans the semi o'er,
And makes a perfect whole that need not part
Till time has furnish'd us a nobler art."



Erection of a Cantilever..

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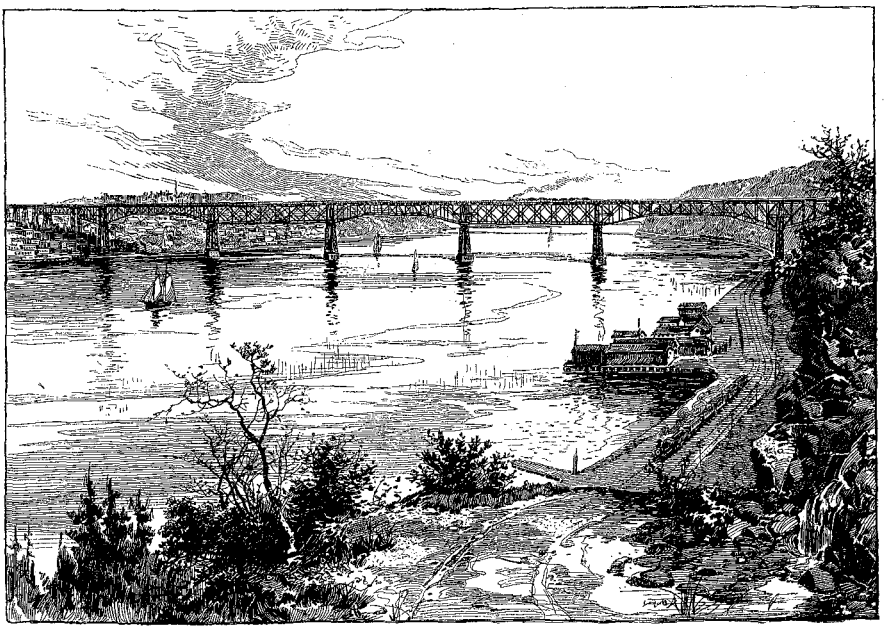
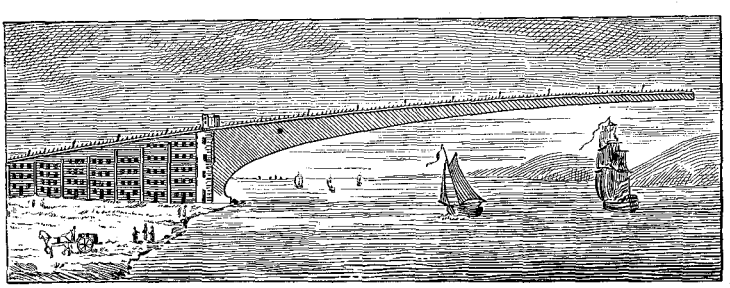
The first railway cantilever bridge in the world was built by the late C. Shaler Smith, C.E., one of our most accomplished bridge engineers. This was a bridge over the deep gorge of the Kentucky River, and was 300 feet high, and had a centre span of 330 feet. The next was a bridge on the Canadian Pacific, in British Columbia, designed by C. C. Schneider, C.E. A very similar bridge is that over the Niagara River, designed by the same engineer in conjunction with Messrs. Field & Hayes, Civil Engineers. This bridge was the first to receive the distinctive name of cantilever.



General View of Poughkeepsie Bridge.

The new bridge at Poughkeepsie will have three of these cantilevers, connected by two fixed spans, as shown in the above illustration. The fixed spans have horizontal lower chords, and really extend beyond each pier and up the inclined portions, to where the bottom chord of the cantilever is horizontal. At these points the junctions between the spans are made, and arranged in such a way, by means of movable links, that expansion and contraction due to changes of temperature can take place. The fixed spans are 525 feet long. Their upper chord, where the tracks are placed, is 212 feet above water. These spans required stagings to build them upon.



Thomas Pope's Cantilever in Process of Erection. (From his "Treatise on Bridge Architecture.")

These stagings were 220 feet above water, and rested on piles, driven through 60 feet of water and 60 feet of mud, making the whole height of the temporary staging 332 feet, or within 30 feet of the

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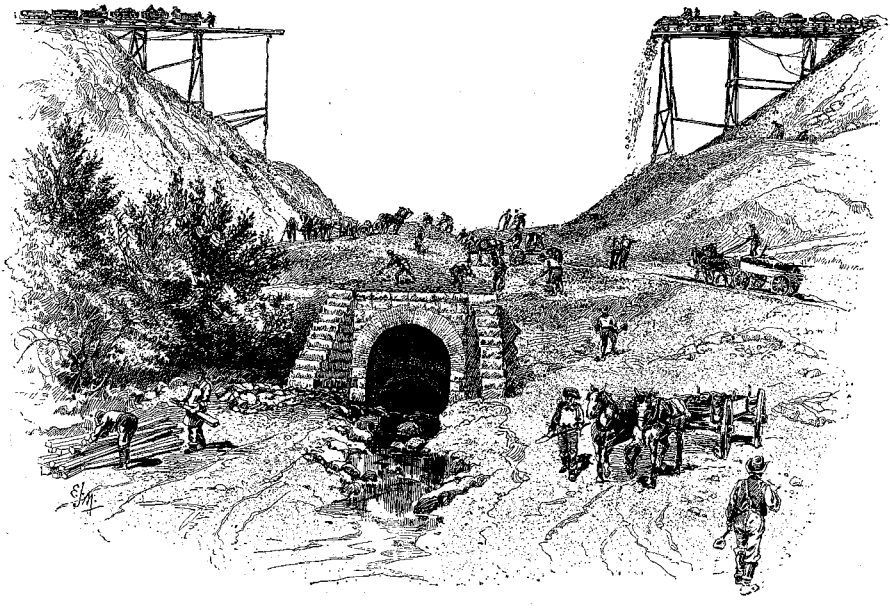
height of Trinity Church steeple, in New York. The time occupied in building one of these stagings and then erecting the steel-work upon it was about four months.

The cantilever spans are erected, as shown in the illustration on page 664, without any stagings at all below, and entirely from the two overhead travelling scaffolds, shown in the engraving. These scaffolds are moved out daily from the place of beginning over the piers, until they meet in the centre. The workmen hoist up the different pieces of steel from a barge in the river below and put it into place, using suspended planks to walk upon. The time saved by this method is so great that one of these spans of 548 feet long is erected in less than four weeks, or one seventh of the time which would have been required if stagings had been used.

At the Forth bridge, all the projecting cantilevers will be built from overhead scaffolds, 360 feet above the water. When spans of this length are used, the rivets become very long—seven inches—and it would be impossible to make a good job by hand riveting. Hence a power-riveter is used in riveting the work upon the staging. A steam-engine raises up a heavy mass of cast iron, called "the accumulator;" the weight of this in descending is transmitted through tubes of water, and its power increased by contracting the area of pressure, until some twenty tons can be applied to the head of each rivet. One rivet per minute can be put in with this tool.



Making an Embankment.

It will be seen that most of the great saving of time in modern construction of bridges and other parts of railways is due to improved machinery. The engineer of to-day is probably not more skilful than his ancestor, who, in periwig and cue, breeches and silk stockings, is represented in old prints supervising a gang of laborers, who slowly lift the ram of a pile-driver by hauling on one end of a rope passed over a pulley-wheel. The modern engineer has that useful servant, steam, and the history of modern engineering is chiefly the history of those inventions by which steam has been able to supersede manual labor—such as pile-drivers, steam-shovels, steam-dredges, and other similar tools.

After the roadbed of a railway is completed and covered with a good coat of gravel or stone ballast, and after all the temporary structures have been re-

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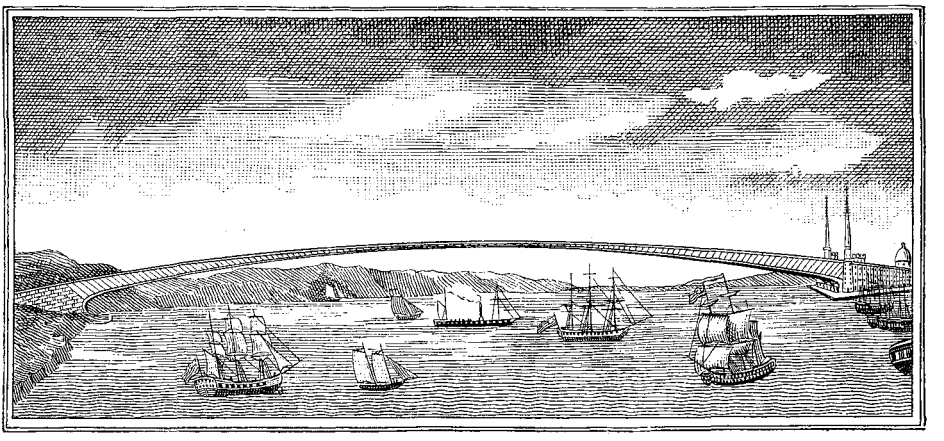

View of T. Pope's Cantilever (1810).

placed by permanent ones, that part of the work may be said to be done, requiring only that the damages of storms should be repaired. But the track of a railway is never done. It is always wearing out and always being replaced.

Some of the early English engineers, not appreciating this, endeavored to lay down solid stone walls coped with stone cut to a smooth surface, on which they laid their rails. They called this "permanent way," as distinguished from the temporary track of rails and cross-ties used by contractors in building the lines. But experience soon showed that the temporary track, if supported by a bed of broken stone, always kept itself drained and was always elastic, and remained in much better order than the more expensive so-called "permanent way." When the increase in the weight of our rolling stock began to take place, dating from about 1870, iron rails were found to be wearing out very fast. Some railway men declared that the railway system had reached its full development. But in this world the supply generally equals the demand. When a thing is very much wanted, it is sure to come, sooner or later. The process of making steel invented by, and named after, Henry Bessemer, of England, and perfected by A. L. Holley, of this country, gave us a steel rail which at the present time costs less than one of iron, and has a life of five or six times as long, even under the heavy loads of to-day. We are now approaching very near the limit of what the rail will carry, while the joints are becoming less able to do their duty. Bad joints mean rough track. Rough track means considerably greater expenditure both for its maintenance and that of all the rolling stock, as the blows and shocks do reciprocal damage, both to the rails and to that which runs on them. Hence all railway managers are now devoting more care and attention to their tracks.

In laying track on a new railway, if it be in an old-settled country where other railroads are near and the highways good, the ties are delivered in piles along the line where wanted, and the haul of the rails is comparatively short. The ties are laid down, spaced and bedded, adzed off to a true bearing, and the rails laid upon them; the workmen being divided into gangs, each doing a different part of the work. After the track is laid, the ballast-trains come along and cover the roadbed with gravel. The track is raised, the gravel tamped well under the ties, and the track is ready for use.

The road is then divided into sections about five miles long. On each section there is a section-boss, with four to six laborers. Their duty is to pass over the track at least twice a day in their hand-car, to examine every joint, and where one is found low or out of line, to bring it back to its true position by tamping gravel under it and moving the track. They have also to see that all ditches are kept clear of water, a most essential point, as without good drain-

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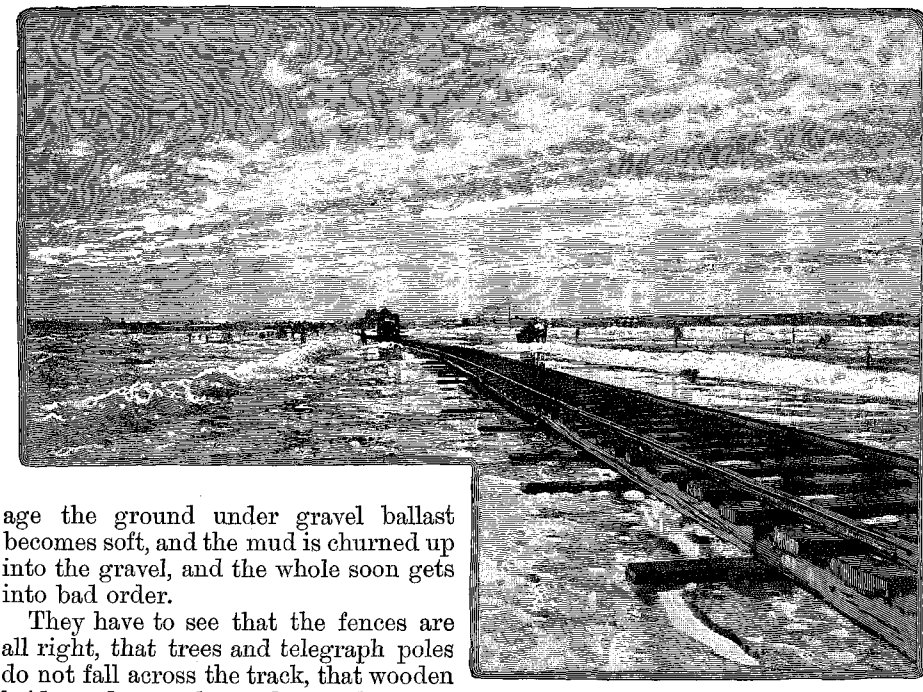

An Ice Railway.

age the ground under gravel ballast becomes soft, and the mud is churned up into the gravel, and the whole soon gets into bad order.

They have to see that the fences are all right, that trees and telegraph poles do not fall across the track, that wooden bridges do not burn down, that iron and stone bridges are not undermined by freshets, and always to set up danger signals to warn the trains.

It is admitted, by competent judges, that the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad is the best in this country, and one of the best in the world. It is kept up to its high standard of excellence by a system of competitive examinations.

About the first of November, in each year, after the season's work has been done, a tour of inspection is made over all the lines, on a train of cars expressly prepared, consisting of two or more cars not unlike ordinary box cars with the front end taken out. Each car is pushed in front of an engine, and goes slowly over the line, by daylight only, so that the inspecting party may have a full view of the road.

The Pennsylvania road is divided into Grand Divisions, Superintendents' Divisions, of about 100 miles long, Supervisors' Divisions, of about 30 miles, and Sub-divisions, of 2½ miles.

The examining committee for each Supervisor's Division consists of the supervisors of other divisions. As they pass along, they mark on a card. One sub-committee marks the condition of the alignment and surfacing of the rails; another the condition of the joints and the spacing of the ties; another the ballast, switches, and sidings; another the ditches, road-crossings, station grounds. The marks range from 1 to 10, 0 being very bad, 5 medium, and 10 perfection. When the trip is done these reports are all collected and the average is taken for each division.

As an inducement to the supervisors and the foremen of the Sub-divisions to excel on their division, premiums are given as follows:

$100 to the supervisor having the best yard on his Grand Division.

$100 each to the supervisors having the best Supervisor's Division on each Superintendent's Division of 100 miles.

$75 to the foreman having the best sub-division of 2½ miles on each Grand Division.

$60 to each foreman having the best sub-division on his Superintendent's Division, including yards.

$50 to the foreman having the best sub-division on each Supervisor's Division.

In addition to the above there are two

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premiums of honor given by the general manager, which bring into competition with each other those parts of the main line lying on either side of Philadelphia, viz.:

$100 to the supervisor having the best line and surface between Pittsburg and Jersey City.

$50 to the second best ditto.

If a supervisor or foreman of subdivision receives one of the higher premiums, he is not allowed to be a competitor for any other premiums, except the premiums of honor.

The advantages of these inspections and premiums are these: Every man knows exactly what the standard of excellence is, and strives to have his section reach it. Under the old system, a man never got off of his own section, and had no means of comparison, and like all untravelled persons, became conceited.

The standard of excellence becomes higher and higher every year. Perfect fairness prevails, as the men themselves are the judges. The officers of the road make no marks, but usually look on and see that there is fair play.

This brings the officers and men nearer together, and shows the men how all are working for the common good. An agreeable break is made in the monotony of the men's lives. They have something to look forward to better than a spree.

It is by the adoption of such methods as these that strikes will be prevented in the future. It encourages an *esprit de corps* among the men, and educates them in every way.

This system was first devised and put in operation on the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1879, by Mr. Frank Thomson, General Manager, to whom the credit of it is justly due.

V.

I HAVE thus endeavored to trace the history of the building of a railway; and it must have been seen, from what has been said, that the evolution of the railway and of its rolling stock follows the same laws which govern the rest of the world: adaptation to circumstances decides what is fittest, and that alone survives. The scrap-heap of a great railway tells its own story.

Our railways have now reached a development which is wonderful. The railways of the United States, if placed continuously, would reach more than half way to the moon. Their bridges alone would reach from New York to Liverpool. Notwithstanding the number of accidents that we read of in the daily papers, statistics show that less persons are killed annually on railways than are killed annually by falling out of windows.

Railways have so cheapened the cost of transportation that, while a load of wheat loses all of its value by being hauled one hundred miles on a common road, meat and flour enough to supply one man a year can, according to Mr. Edward Atkinson, be hauled 1,500 miles from the West to the East for one day's wages of that man, if he be a skilled mechanic. If freight charges are diminished in the future as in the past, this can soon be done for one day's wages of a common laborer.

The number of persons employed in constructing, equipping, and operating our railways is about two millions.

The combined armies and navies of the world, while on peace footing, will draw from gainful occupations 3,455,000 men.

Those create wealth—these destroy it. Is it any wonder that America is the richest country in the world?

The rapidity with which it is possible to build railways over the prairies of the West is extraordinary. It is true that the amount of earth necessary to be moved is much less than on the railways of the East. In Iowa and Wisconsin, the amount runs from 20,000 to 25,000 yards per mile, while in Dakota it is only 12,000 to 15,000 yards per mile. After making all due allowance for this, the result is still remarkable.

The Manitoba system was extended last year through Dakota and Montana a distance of 545 miles. A small army of 10,000 men, with about 3,500 teams, commanded by General D. C. Shepard, of St. Paul, a veteran engineer and contractor, did it all between April 2 and October 19, 1887. All materials and subsistence had to be hauled to the front,

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from the base of supplies. The army slept in its own tents, shanties, and cars. The grading was cast up from the side ditches, sometimes by carts, and sometimes by the digging machine.

Everything was done with military organization, except that what was left behind was a railway and not earthwork lines of defence. Assuming that this railway, ready for its equipment, cost $15,000 per mile, or $8,175,000, and if it be true, as statisticians tell us, that every dollar expended in building railways in a new country adds ten to the value of land and other property, then this six months' campaign shows a solid increase of the wealth of our country of over eighty millions of dollars. Had it been necessary for our Government to keep an army of observation of the same size on the Canadian frontier, there would have been a dead loss of over eight millions of dollars, and the only result would have been a slight reduction of the Treasury surplus.

It must be remembered that this railway was built after the American system: when the rails were laid, so as to carry trains, it was not much more than half finished; the track had to be ballasted, the temporary wooden structures replaced by stone and iron, and many buildings and miles of sidings were yet to be constructed. But it began to earn money from the very day the last rail was laid, and out of its earnings, and the credit thereby acquired, it will complete itself.

And this is only one instance out of many. The armies of peace are working all over our country, increasing our wealth, and binding all parts into a common whole. We have here the true answer to the Carlyles and the Ruskins who ask: "What is the use of all this? Is a man any better who goes sixty miles an hour than one who went five miles an hour?" "Were we not happier when our fields were covered with their golden harvests, than now, when our wheat is brought to us from Dakota?"

The grand function of the railway is to change the whole basis of civilization from military to industrial. The talent, the energy, the money, which is expended in maintaining the whole of Europe as an armed camp is here expended in building and maintaining railways, with their army of two millions of men. Without the help of railways the rebellion of the Southern States could never have been put down, and two great standing armies would have been necessary. By the railways, aided by telegraphs, it is easy to extend our Federal system over an entire continent, and thus dispense forever with standing armies.

The moral effect of this upon Europe is great, but its physical effect is still greater. American railways have nearly abolished landlordism in Ireland, and they will one day abolish it in England, and over the continent of Europe. So long as Europe was dependent for food upon its own fields, the owner of those fields could fix his own rental. This he can no longer do, owing to the cheapness of transportation from Australia and from the prairies of America, due to the inventions of Watt, the Stephensons, Bessemer, and Holley.

With the wealth of the landlord his political power will pass away. The government of European countries will pass out of the hands of the great landowners, but not into those of the rabble, as is feared. It will pass into the same hands that govern America to-day—the territorial democracy, the owners of small farms, and the manufacturers and merchants. When this comes to pass, attempts will be made to settle international disputes by arbitration instead of war, following the example of the Geneva arbitration between the two greatest industrial nations of the world. Whether our Federal system will ever extend to the rest of the world, no one knows, but we do know that without railways it would be impossible.

When we consider the effects of all these wonderful changes upon the sum of human happiness, we must admit that the engineer should justly take rank with statesmen and soldiers, and that no greater benefactors to the human race can be named than the Stephensons and their American disciples—Allen, Rogers, Jervis, Winans, Latrobe, and Holley.

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A LONDON LIFE.

By Henry James.

PART FIRST.

I.

IT was raining, apparently, but she didn't mind — she would put on stout shoes and walk over to Plash. She was restless, and so fidgetty that it was a pain; there were strange voices, that frightened her —they threw out the ugliest intimations —in the empty rooms at home. She would see old Mrs. Berrington, whom she liked because she was so simple, and old Lady Davenant, who was staying with her and who was interesting for reasons with which simplicity had nothing to do. Then she would come back to the children's tea—she liked even better the last half-hour in the schoolroom, with the bread and butter, the candles and the red fire, the little spasms of confidence of Miss Steet, the nursery-governess, and the society of Scratch and Parson (their nicknames would have made you think they were dogs), her small, magnificent nephews, whose flesh was so firm yet so soft, and their eyes so charming when they listened to stories. Plash was the dower-house, and about a mile and a half, through the park, from Mellows. It was not raining, after all, though it had been; there was only a grayness in the air, covering all the strong, rich green, and a pleasant, damp, earthy smell, and the walks were smooth and hard, so that the expedition was not arduous.

The girl had been in England nearly a year, but there were some satisfactions she had not got used to yet, nor ceased to enjoy, and one of these was the accessibility, the convenience, of the country. Within the lodge-gates or without them, it seemed all alike a park—it was all so intensely "property." The very name of Plash, which was quaint and old, had not lost its effect upon her, nor had it become indifferent to her that the place was a dower-house—the little red-walled, ivied asylum to which old Mrs. Berrington had retired when, on his father's death, her son came into the estates. Laura Wing thought very ill of the custom of the expropriation of the widow, in the evening of her days, when honor and abundance should attend her more than ever; but her condemnation of this wrong forgot itself when so many of the consequences looked right—barring a little dampness; which was the fate, sooner or later, of most of her unfavorable judgments of English institutions. Iniquities, in such a country, somehow always made pictures; and there had been dower-houses in the novels, mainly of fashionable life, on which her later childhood was fed. The iniquity didn't, as a general thing, prevent these retreats from being occupied by old ladies with wonderful reminiscences and rare voices, whose reverses had not deprived them of a great deal of becoming hereditary lace. In the park, half-way, suddenly, Laura stopped, with a pain—a moral pang—that almost took away her breath; she looked at the misty glades and the dear old beeches (so familiar they were now, and loved as much as if she owned them); they seemed, in their unlighted December bareness, conscious of all the trouble, and they made her conscious of all the change. A year ago she knew nothing, and now she knew almost everything; and the worst of her knowledge (or at least the worst of the fears she had raised upon it) had come to her in that beautiful place, where everything was so full of peace and purity, of the air of happy submission to immemorial law. The place was the same, but her eyes were different; they had seen such sad, bad things, in so short a time. Yes, the time was short and everything was strange. Laura Wing was too uneasy even to sigh, and as she walked on she

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lightened her tread, almost as if she were going on tiptoe.

At Plash the house seemed to shine in the wet air—the tone of the mottled red walls and the limited but perfect lawn to be the work of an artist's brush. Lady Davenant was in the drawing-room, in a low chair, by one of the windows, reading the second volume of a novel. There was the same look of crisp chintz, of fresh flowers wherever flowers could be put, of a wall-paper that was in the bad taste of years before, but had been kept, so that no more money should be spent, and was almost covered over with amateurish drawings and superior engravings, framed in narrow gilt, with large margins. The room had its bright, durable, sociable air—the air that Laura Wing liked in so many English things—that of being meant for daily life, for long periods, for uses of high decency. But more than ever, to-day, was it incongruous that such an habitation, with its chintzes and its British poets, its well-worn carpets and domestic art—the whole aspect so unmeretricious and sincere—should have to do with lives that weren't right. Of course, however, it had to do only indirectly, and the wrong life was not old Mrs. Berrington's, nor yet Lady Davenant's. If Selina and Selina's doings were not an implication of such an interior, any more than it was, for them, an explication, this was because she had come from so far off, was a foreign element altogether. Yet it was there she had found her occasion, all the influences that had altered her so (her sister had a theory that she was metamorphosed, that when she was young she seemed born for innocence): if not at Plash, at least at Mellows, for the two places, after all, had ever so much in common, and there were rooms at the great house that looked remarkably like Mrs. Berrington's parlor.

Lady Davenant always had a headdress of a peculiar style, original and appropriate—a sort of white veil or cape which came, in a point, to the place on her forehead where her smooth hair began to show, and then covered her shoulders. It was always exquisitely fresh, and was partly the reason why she struck the girl rather as a fine portrait than as a living person. And yet she was full of life, old as she was, and had been made finer, sharper and more delicate, by nearly eighty years of it. It was the hand of a master that Laura seemed to see in her face, the witty expression of which shone like a lamp through the ground-glass of her good breeding; nature was always an artist, but not so much of an artist as that. Infinite knowledge the girl attributed to her, and that was why she liked her a little fearfully. Lady Davenant was not, as a general thing, fond of the young or of invalids; but she made an exception, as regards youth, for the little girl from America, the sister of the daughter-in-law of her dearest friend. She took an interest in Laura partly, perhaps, to make up for the tepidity with which she regarded Selina. At all events she had assumed the general responsibility of providing her with a husband. She pretended to care equally little for persons suffering from other forms of misfortune, but she was capable of finding excuses for them when they had been sufficiently to blame. She expected a great deal of attention, always wore gloves in the house, and never had anything in her hand but a book. She neither embroidered nor wrote—only read and talked. She had no special conversation for girls, but generally addressed them in the same manner that she found effective with her contemporaries. Laura Wing regarded this as an honor, but very often she didn't know what the old lady meant, and was ashamed to ask her. Once in a while Lady Davenant was ashamed to tell. Mrs. Berrington had gone to a cottage to see an old woman who was ill—an old woman who had been in her service for years, in the old days. Unlike her friend, she was fond of young people and invalids, but she was less interesting to Laura, except that it was a sort of fascination to wonder how she could have such abysses of placidity. She had long cheeks and kind eyes, and was devoted to birds; somehow she always made Laura think secretly of a tablet of fine white soap—nothing else was so smooth and clean.

"And what's going on *chez vous*—who is there and what are they doing?" Lady Davenant asked, after the first greetings.

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"There isn't anyone but me—and the children—and the governess."

"What, no party—no private theatricals? How do you live?"

"Oh, it doesn't take so much to keep me going," said Laura. "I believe there were some people coming on Saturday, but they have been put off, or they can't come. Selina has gone to London."

"And what has she gone to London for?"

"Oh, I don't know—she has so many things to do."

"And where is Mr. Berrington?"

"He has been away somewhere; but I believe he is coming back to-morrow—or next day."

"Or the day after?" said Lady Davenant. "And do they never go away together?" she continued, after a pause.

"Yes, sometimes—but they don't come back together."

"Do you mean they quarrel on the way?"

"I don't know what they do, Lady Davenant—I don't understand," Laura Wing replied, with an unguarded tremor in her voice. "I don't think they are very happy."

"Then they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They have got everything so comfortable — what more do they want?"

"Yes, and the children are such dears!"

"Certainly—charming. And is she a good person, the present governess? Does she look after them properly?"

"Yes—she seems very good—it's a blessing. But I think she's unhappy too."

"Bless us, what a house! Does she want some one to make love to her?"

"No, but she wants Selina to see—to appreciate," said the young girl.

"And doesn't she appreciate—when she leaves them that way, quite to the young woman?"

"Miss Steet thinks she doesn't notice how they come on—she is never there."

"And has she wept and told you so? You know they are always crying, governesses—whatever line you take. You shouldn't draw them out too much—they are always looking for a chance. She ought to be thankful to be let alone. You mustn't be too sympathetic—it's mostly wasted," the old lady went on.

"Oh, I'm not—I assure you I'm not," said Laura Wing. "On the contrary, I see so much about me that I don't sympathize with."

"Well, you mustn't be an impertinent little American either!" her interlocutress exclaimed. Laura sat with her for half an hour, and the conversation took a turn through the affairs of Plash, and through Lady Davenant's own, which were visits in prospect and ideas suggested more or less directly, by them, as well as by the books she had been reading, a heterogeneous pile, on a table near her, all of them new and clean, from a circulating library in London. The old woman had ideas, and Laura liked them, though they often struck her as very sharp and hard, because at Mellows she had no diet of that sort. There had never been an idea in the house, since she came, at least, and there was wonderfully little reading. Lady Davenant still went from country-house to country-house, all winter, as she had done all her life, and when Laura asked her she told her the places, and the people she probably should find at each of them. Such an enumeration was much less interesting to the girl than it would have been a year before; she herself had now seen a great many places and people, and the freshness of her curiosity was gone. But she still cared for Lady Davenant's descriptions and judgments, because they were the thing in her life which (when she met the old woman from time to time) most represented talk—the rare sort of talk that was not mere chaff. That was what she had dreamed of before she came to England, but in Selina's set the dream had not come true. In Selina's set people only harried each other from morning till night with extravagant accusations—it was all a kind of horse-play of false charges. When Lady Davenant was accusatory it was within the limits of perfect verisimilitude.

Laura waited for Mrs. Berrington to come in, but she didn't appear, and the girl gathered her waterproof together with an intention of departure. But she was secretly reluctant, because she had walked over to Plash with a vague hope that some soothing hand would be laid upon her pain. If there was no comfort at the dower-house she didn't know

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where to look for it, for there was certainly none at home—not even with Miss Steet and the children. It was not Lady Davenant's leading characteristic that she was comforting, and Laura had not aspired to be coaxed or coddled into forgetfulness; she wanted rather to be taught a certain fortitude—how to live and hold up one's head even while knowing that things were very bad. A brazen indifference—it was not exactly that that she wished to acquire; but were there not some sorts of indifference that were philosophic and noble? Couldn't Lady Davenant teach them, if she should take the trouble? The girl remembered to have heard that there had been, years before, some disagreeable occurrences in *her* family; it was not a race in which the ladies inveterately turned out well. Yet who to-day had the stamp of honor and credit—of a past which was either no one's business or was part and parcel of a fair public record—and carried it so much as a matter of course? She herself had been a good woman, and that was the only thing that told, in the long run. It was Laura's own idea to be a good woman, and that this would make it an advantage for Lady Davenant to show her how not to feel too much. As regards feeling enough, that was a branch in which she had no need to take lessons.

The old woman liked cutting new books, a task she never remitted to her maid, and while her young American visitor sat there she went through the greater part of a volume with the paper-knife. She didn't proceed very fast—there was a kind of patient, awkward fumbling of her aged hands; but as she passed her knife into the last leaf she said, abruptly—"And how is your sister going on? She's very light!" Lady Davenant added, before Laura had time to reply.

"Oh, Lady Davenant!" the girl exclaimed, vaguely, slowly, vexed with herself, as soon as she had spoken, for having uttered the words as a kind of protest, whereas she wished to draw her companion out. To correct this impression she threw back her waterproof.

"Have you ever spoken to her?" the old woman asked.

"Spoken to her?"

"About her behavior. I daresay you haven't—you Americans have such a lot of false delicacy. I daresay Selina wouldn't speak to you, if you were in her place (excuse the supposition!) and yet she is capable—" But Lady Davenant paused, preferring not to say of what young Mrs. Berrington was capable. "It's a bad house for a girl."

"It only gives me a horror," said Laura, pausing in turn.

"A horror of your sister? That's not what one should aim at. You ought to get married—and the sooner the better. My dear child, I have neglected you dreadfully."

"I am much obliged to you, but if you think marriage looks to me happy!" the girl exclaimed, laughing without hilarity.

"Make it happy for some one else, and you will be happy enough yourself. You ought to get out of your situation."

Laura Wing was silent a moment, though this was not a new reflection to her. "Do you mean that I should leave Selina altogether? I feel as if I should abandon her—as if I should be a coward."

"Oh, my dear, it isn't the business of little girls to serve as parachutes to fly-away wives! That's why, if you haven't spoken to her, you needn't take the trouble at this time of day. Let her go—let her go!"

"Let her go?" Laura repeated, staring.

Her companion gave her a sharper glance. "Let her stay, then! Only get out of the house. You can come to me, you know, whenever you like. I don't know another girl I would say that to."

"Oh, Lady Davenant," Laura began again, but she only got as far as this; in a moment she had covered her face with her hands—she had burst into tears.

"Ah, my dear, don't cry, or I shall take back my invitation! It would never do if you were to *larmoyer*. If I have offended you by the way I have spoken of Selina, I think you are too sensitive. We shouldn't feel more for people than they feel for themselves. She has no tears, I'm sure."

"Oh, she has, she has!" cried the girl, sobbing with an odd effect, as she put forth this pretension for her sister.

"Then she's worse than I thought.

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I don't mind them so much when they are merry, but I hate them when they are sentimental."

"She's so changed—so changed!" Laura Wing went on.

"Never, never, my dear; *c'est de naissance.*"

"You never knew my mother," returned the girl; "when I think of mother—" The words failed her, while she sobbed.

"I daresay she was very nice," said Lady Davenant, gently. "It would take that to account for you; such women as Selina are always easily enough accounted for. I didn't mean it was inherited—for that sort of thing skips about. I daresay there was some improper ancestress—except that you Americans don't seem to have ancestresses."

Laura gave no sign of having heard these observations; she was occupied in brushing away her tears. "Everything is so changed—you don't know," she remarked in a moment. "Nothing could have been happier—nothing could have been sweeter. And now to be so dependent—so helpless—so poor!"

"Have you nothing at all?" asked Lady Davenant, with simplicity.

"Only enough to pay for my clothes."

"That's a good deal, for a girl. You are uncommonly dressy, you know."

"I'm sorry I seem so. That's just the way I don't want to look."

"You Americans can't help it; you 'wear' your very features, and your eyes look as if they had just been sent home. But I confess you are not so smart as Selina."

"Yes, isn't she splendid?" Laura exclaimed, with a sort of proud inconsequence. "And the worse she is, the better she looks."

"Oh, my child, if the bad women looked as bad as they are! It's only the good ones who can afford that," the old lady murmured.

"It was the last thing I ever thought of—that I should be ashamed," said Laura.

"Oh, keep your shame till you have more to do with it. It's like lending your umbrella—when you have only one."

"If anything were to happen—publicly—I should die, I should die!" the girl exclaimed, passionately, and with a motion that carried her to her feet. This time she settled herself for departure. Lady Davenant's admonition rather frightened than sustained her.

The old woman leaned back in her chair, looking up at her. "It would be very bad, I daresay. But it wouldn't prevent me from taking you in."

Laura Wing returned her look, with eyes slightly distended, musing. "Think of having to come to that!"

Lady Davenant burst out laughing. "Yes, yes, you must come; you are so original!"

"I don't mean that I don't feel your kindness," the girl broke out, blushing. "But to be only protected—always protected: is that a life?"

"Most women are only too thankful, and I am bound to say I think you are *difficile.*" Lady Davenant used a good many French words, in the old-fashioned manner, and with a pronunciation not perfectly pure; when she did so she reminded Laura Wing of Mrs. Gore's novels. "But you shall be better protected than even by me. *Nous verrons cela.* Only you must stop crying—this isn't a crying country."

"No, one must have courage here. It takes courage to marry for such a reason."

"Any reason is good enough that keeps a woman from being an old maid. Besides, you will like him."

"He must like me first," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"There's the American again! It isn't necessary. You are too proud—you expect too much."

"I'm proud for what I am—that's very certain. But I don't expect anything," Laura Wing declared. "That's the only form my pride takes. Please give my love to Mrs. Berrington. I am so sorry—so sorry," she went on, to change the talk from the subject of her marrying. She wanted to marry, but she didn't want to want it, and, above all, to have such an appearance. She lingered in the room, moving about a little; the place was always so pleasant to her that to go away—to return to her own barren home—had the effect of forfeiting a sort of privilege of sanctuary. The afternoon had faded, but the lamps

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had been brought in, the smell of flowers was in the air, and the old house of Plash seemed to recognize the hour that suited it best. The quiet old lady in the firelight, encompassed with the symbolic security of chintz and water-color, gave her a sudden vision of how blessed it would be to jump all the middle dangers of life and have arrived at the end, safely, sensibly, with a cap and gloves, and consideration and memories. "And, Lady Davenant, what does *she* think?" she asked, abruptly, stopping short and referring to Mrs. Berrington.

"Think? Bless your soul, she doesn't do that! If she did, the things she says would be unpardonable."

"The things she says?"

"That's what makes them so beautiful—that they are not spoiled by preparation. You could never think of them *for* her!" The girl smiled at this description of the dearest friend of her interlocutress, but she wondered a little what Lady Davenant would say to visitors about *her*, if she should accept a refuge under her roof. Her speech was, after all, a flattering proof of confidence. "She wishes it had been you—I happen to know that," said the old woman.

"It had been me?"

"That Lionel had taken a fancy to."

"I wouldn't have married him," Laura rejoined, after a moment.

"Don't say that, or you will make me think it won't be easy to help you. I shall depend upon you not to refuse anything so good."

"I don't call him good. If he were good his wife would be better."

"Very likely; and if you had married him *he* would be better, and that's more to the purpose. Lionel is as idiotic as a comic song, but you have cleverness for two."

"And you have it for fifty, dear Lady Davenant. Never, never—I shall never marry a man I can't respect!" Laura Wing exclaimed.

She had come a little nearer her old friend and taken her hand; her companion held her a moment, and with the other hand pushed aside one of the flaps of the waterproof. "And what is it your clothing costs you?" asked Lady Davenant, looking at the dress underneath and not giving any heed to this declaration.

"I don't exactly know; it takes almost everything that is sent me from America. But that is dreadfully little—only a few pounds. I am a wonderful manager. Besides," the girl added, "Selina wants me to be dressed."

"And doesn't she pay any of your bills?"

"Why, she gives me everything—food, shelter, carriages."

"Does she never give you money?"

"I wouldn't take it," said the girl. "They need everything they have—their life is tremendously expensive."

"That I'll warrant!" cried the old woman. "It was a most beautiful property, but I don't know what has become of it now. *Ce n'est pas pour vous blesser*, but the hole you Americans *can* make——"

Laura interrupted immediately, holding up her head; Lady Davenant had dropped her hand and she had receded a step. "Selina brought Lionel a very considerable fortune, and every penny of it was paid."

"Yes, I know it was; Mrs. Berrington told me it was most satisfactory. That's not always the case with the fortunes you young ladies are supposed to bring!" the old lady added, smiling.

The girl looked over her head a moment. "Why do your men marry for money?"

"Why indeed, my dear? And before your troubles, what used your father to give you for your personal expenses?"

"He gave us everything we asked—we had no particular allowance."

"And I daresay you asked for everything?" said Lady Davenant.

"No doubt we were very dressy, as you say."

"No wonder he went bankrupt—for he did, didn't he?"

"He had dreadful reverses, but he only sacrificed himself—he protected others."

"Well, I know nothing about these things, and I only ask *pour me renseigner*," Mrs. Berrington's guest went on. "And after their reverses, your father and mother lived, I think, only a short time?"

Laura Wing had covered herself again with her mantle; her eyes were now bent upon the ground, and, standing there

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before her companion, with her umbrella and her air of momentary submission and self-control, she might very well have been a young person in reduced circumstances applying for a place. "It was short enough, but it seemed—some parts of it—terribly long and painful. My poor father—my dear father," the girl went on. But her voice trembled and she checked herself.

"I feel as if I were cross-questioning you, which God forbid!" said Lady Davenant. "But there is one thing I should really like to know. Did Lionel and his wife, when you were poor, come freely to your assistance?"

"They sent us money repeatedly—it was *her* money, of course. It was almost all we had."

"And if you have been poor, and know what poverty is, tell me this: has it made you afraid to marry a poor man?"

It seemed to Lady Davenant that, in answer to this, her young friend looked at her strangely; and then the old woman heard her say something that had not quite the heroic ring she expected. "I am afraid of so many things to-day that I don't know where my fears end."

"I have no patience with the high-strung way you take things. But I have to know, you know."

"Oh, don't try to know any more shames—any more horrors!" the girl wailed, with sudden passion, turning away.

Her companion got up, drew her round again and kissed her. "I think you would fidget me," she remarked, as she released her. Then, as if this were too cheerless a leave-taking, she added, in a gayer tone, as Laura had her hand on the door: "Mind what I tell you, my dear; let her go!" It was to this that the girl's lesson in philosophy reduced itself, she reflected, as she walked back to Mellows in the rain, which had now come on through the darkening park.

II.

The children were still at tea, and poor Miss Steet sat between them, consoling herself with strong cups, crunching melancholy morsels of toast and dropping an absent gaze on her little companions as they exchanged small, loud remarks. She always sighed when Laura came in—it was her way of expressing appreciation of the visit—and she was the one person whom the girl frequently saw who seemed to her more unhappy than herself. But Laura envied her—she thought her position had more dignity than that of her employer's dependent sister. Miss Steet had related her life to the children's pretty young aunt, and this personage knew that though it had had painful elements nothing so disagreeable had ever befallen her, or was likely to befall her, as the odious possibility of her sister's making a scandal. She had two sisters (Laura knew all about them), and one of them was married to a clergyman in Staffordshire (a very ugly part), and had seven children and four hundred a year; while the other, the eldest, was enormously stout and filled (it was a good deal of a squeeze) a position as matron in an orphanage at Liverpool. Neither of them seemed destined to go into the English divorce-court, and such a circumstance, on the part of one's near relations, struck Laura as in itself almost sufficient to constitute happiness. Miss Steet didn't live in a state of nervous anxiety—every thing about her was respectable. She made the girl almost angry sometimes, by her drooping, martyr-like air; Laura was near breaking out at her with, "Dear me, what have *you* got to complain of? Don't you earn your living, like an honest girl, and are you obliged to see things going on about you that you hate?"

But she couldn't say things like that to her, because she had promised Selina, who made a great point of this, that she wouldn't be too familiar with her. Selina was not without her ideas of decorum—very far from it indeed; only she erected them in such queer places. She was not familiar with her children's governess; she was not even familiar with the children themselves. That was why, after all, it was impossible to address much of a remonstrance to Miss Steet when she sat as if she were tied to the stake and the fagots were being lighted. If martyrs, in this situation, had tea and cold meat served them, they would strikingly have resembled the provoking young woman in the school-room at Mel-

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lows. Laura couldn't have denied that it was natural that she should have liked it better if Mrs. Berrington would *sometimes* just look in and give a sign that she was pleased with her system; but poor Miss Steet only knew by the servants, or by Laura, whether Mrs. Berrington were at home or not; she was for the most part not, and the governess had a way of silently intimating (it was the manner she put her head on one side when she looked at Scratch and Parson —of course *she* called them Geordie and Ferdy) that she was immensely handicapped and even that they were. Perhaps they were, though they certainly showed it little in their appearance and manner, and Laura was at least sure that if Selina had been perpetually dropping in, Miss Steet would have taken that discomfort even more tragically. The sight of this young woman's either real or fancied wrongs did not diminish her conviction that she herself would have found the courage to become a governess. She would have had to teach very young children, for she believed she was too ignorant for higher flights. But Selina would never have consented to that—she would have considered it a disgrace, or even worse, a *pose*. Laura had proposed to her, six months before, that she should dispense with a paid governess, and suffer *her* to take charge of the little boys; in that way she shouldn't feel so completely dependent — she should be doing something in return. "And pray what would happen when you came to dinner? Who would look after them then?" Mrs. Berrington had demanded, with a very shocked air. Laura had replied that perhaps it was not absolutely necessary that she should come to dinner—she could dine early, with the children; and that if her presence in the drawing-room was required the children had their nurse—and what did they have their nurse for? Selina looked at her as if she were deplorably superficial, and told her that they had their nurse to dress them and look after their clothes—did she wish the poor little ducks to go in rags? She had her own ideas of thoroughness, and when Laura remarked that, after all, at that hour the children were in bed, she declared that even when they were asleep she desired the governess to be at hand—that was the way a mother felt who really took an interest. Selina was wonderfully thorough; she said something about the evening hours in the quiet school-room being the proper time for the governess to "get up" the children's lessons for the next day. Laura Wing was conscious of her own ignorance; nevertheless she presumed to believe that she could have taught Geordie and Ferdy the alphabet without anticipatory nocturnal researches. She wondered what her sister supposed Miss Steet taught them —whether she cherished the fond illusion that they were in Latin and algebra.

The governess' evening hours, in the quiet school-room, would have suited Laura well—so at least she believed; by touches of her own she would make the place even prettier than it was already, and in the winter nights, near the bright fire, she would get through a delightful course of reading. There was the question of a new piano (the old one was pretty bad—Miss Steet had a finger!), and perhaps she should have to ask Selina for that—but it would be all. The school-room at Mellows was not a charmless place, and the girl often wished that she might have spent her own early years in so dear a scene. It was a sort of panelled parlor, in a wing, and looked out on the great cushiony lawns and a part of the terrace where the peacocks used most to spread their tails. There were quaint old maps on the wall, and "collections"—birds and shells—under glass cases, and there was a wonderful pictured screen which old Mrs. Berrington had made, when Lionel was young, out of primitive woodcuts illustrative of nursery tales. The place was a setting for rosy childhood, and Laura didn't believe her sister knew how delightful Scratch and Parson looked there. Old Mrs. Berrington had known, in the case of Lionel—it had all been arranged for him. That was the story told by ever so many other things in the house, which betrayed the full perception of a comfortable, liberal, deeply domestic effect, addressed to eternities of possession, characteristic, thirty years before, of the unquestioned and unquestioning old lady whose sofas and "corners" (she had perhaps been the first

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person in England to have corners), demonstrated the most of her cleverness.

Laura Wing envied English children, the boys at least, and even her own little nephews, in spite of the cloud that hung over them; but she had already noted the incongruity that appeared today between Lionel Berrington at thirty-five and the influences that had surrounded his younger years. She didn't dislike her brother-in-law, though she didn't admire him, and she pitied him; but she marvelled at the waste involved in some human institutions (the English country gentry, for instance) when she perceived that it had taken so much to produce so little. The sweet old wainscoted parlor, the view of the garden that reminded her of scenes in Shakespeare's comedies, all that was exquisite in the home of his forefathers—what visible reference was there to these fine things in poor Lionel's stable-stamped little composition? When she came in this evening and saw his small sons making competitive noises in their mugs (Miss Steet checked this impropriety on her entrance), she asked herself what *they* would have to show, twenty years later, for the frame that made them just then a picture. Would they be wonderfully ripe and noble, the perfection of human culture? The contrast was before her again, the sense of the same curious duplicity (in the literal meaning of the word), that she had felt at Plash—the way the genius of such an old house was all peace and decorum, and the spirit that prevailed there, outside of the school-room, was contentious and impure. She had often been struck with it before—with that perfection of machinery which can still, at certain times, make English life go on of itself, with a stately rhythm, long after there is corruption within it.

She had half a purpose of asking Miss Steet to dine with her that evening down-stairs, so absurd did it seem to her that two young women who had so much in common (enough, at least, for that) should sit feeding alone at opposite ends of the big, empty house, melancholy on such a night. She wouldn't have cared just now whether Selina did think such a course familiar; she indulged sometimes in a kind of angry humility, placing herself near to those who were laborious and sordid. But when she observed how much cold meat the governess had already consumed she felt that it would be a vain form to propose to her another repast. She sat down with her, and presently, in the fire-light, the two children had placed themselves in position for a story. They were dressed like the mariners of England, and they smelt of the ablutions to which they had been condemned before tea, and the odor of which was but partly overlaid by that of bread and butter. Scratch wanted an old story and Parson a new, and they exchanged, from side to side, a good many powerful arguments. While they were so engaged Miss Steet narrated, at her visitor's invitation, the walk she had taken with them, and remarked that she had been thinking, for a long time, of asking Mrs. Berrington—if she only had an opportunity—whether she should approve of her giving them a few elementary notions of botany. But the opportunity had not come—she had had the idea for a long time past. She was rather fond of the study herself; she had gone into it a little—she seemed to intimate that there had been times when she extracted a needed comfort from it. Laura suggested that botany might be a little dry, for such young children, in winter, from text-books—that the better way would be, perhaps, to wait till the spring, and show them out of doors, in the garden, some of the peculiarities of plants. To this Miss Steet rejoined that her idea had been to teach some of the general facts, slowly—it would take a long time—and then they would be all ready for the spring. She spoke of the spring as if it would not arrive for a terribly long time. She had hoped to lay the question before Mrs. Berrington that week—but was it not already Thursday? Laura said, "Oh, yes, you had better do anything with the children that will keep them profitably occupied;" she came very near saying anything that would occupy the governess herself.

She had rather a dread of new stories—it took the little boys so long to get initiated, and the first steps were so terribly bestrewn with questions. Receptive silence, broken only by an occasional

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rectification on the part of the listener, never descended until after the tale had been told a dozen times. The matter was settled for "Riquet with the Tuft," but on this occasion the girl's heart was not much in the entertainment. The children stood on either side of her, leaning against her, and she had an arm round each; their little bodies were thick and strong, and their voices had the quality of silver bells. Their mother had certainly gone too far; but there was, nevertheless, a limit to the tenderness one could feel for the neglected, compromised bairns. It was difficult to take a sentimental view of them—they would never take such a view of themselves. Geordie would grow up to be a master-hand at polo, and care more for that pastime than for anything in life, and Ferdy, perhaps, would develop into "the best shot in England." Laura felt these possibilities stirring within them; they were in the things they said to her, in the things they said to each other. At any rate they would never reflect upon anything in the world. They contradicted each other on a question of ancestral history, to which their attention apparently had been drawn by their nurse, whose people had been tenants for generations. Their grandfather had had the hounds for fifteen years—Ferdy maintained that he had always had them. Geordie ridiculed this idea, like a man of the world; he had had them till he went into volunteering—then he had got up a magnificent regiment, he had spent thousands of pounds on it. Ferdy was of the opinion that this was wasted money—he himself intended to have a real regiment, to be a colonel in the Guards. Geordie looked as if he thought that a superficial ambition and could see beyond it; his own most definite view was that he would have back the hounds. He didn't see why papa didn't have them—unless it was because he wouldn't take the trouble.

"I know—it's because mamma is an American!" Ferdy announced, with confidence.

"And what has that to do with it?" asked Laura.

"Mamma spends so much money—there isn't any for anything!"

This startling speech elicited an alarmed protest from Miss Steet; she blushed and assured Laura that she couldn't imagine where the child could have picked up such an extraordinary idea. "I'll look into it—you may be sure I'll look into it," she said; while Laura told Ferdy that he must never, never, never, under any circumstances, either utter or listen to a word that should be wanting in respect to his mother.

"If anyone should say anything against any of my people, I would give him a good one!" Geordie declared, with his hands in his little blue pockets.

"I'd hit him in the eye!" cried Ferdy, with cheerful inconsequence.

"Perhaps you don't care to come to dinner at half-past seven," the girl said to Miss Steet; "but I should be very glad—I'm all alone."

"Thank you so much. All alone, really?" murmured the governess.

"Why don't you get married? then you wouldn't be alone," Geordie remarked, with ingenuity.

"Children, you are really too dreadful this evening!" Miss Steet exclaimed.

"I shan't get married—I want to have the hounds," proclaimed Geordie, who had apparently been much struck with his brother's explanation.

"I will come down afterward, about half-past eight, if you will allow me," said Miss Steet, looking conscious and responsible.

"Very well—perhaps we can have some music; we will try something together."

"Oh, music—*we* don't go in for music!" said Geordie, with clear superiority; and while he spoke Laura saw Miss Steet get up, suddenly, looking even less alleviated than usual. The door of the room had been pushed open and Lionel Berrington stood there. He had his hat on and a cigar in his mouth and his face was red, which was its common condition. He took off his hat as he came into the room, but he did not stop smoking, and he turned a little redder than before. There were several ways in which his sister-in-law often wished he had been very different, but she had never disliked him for a certain boyish shyness that was in him, which came out in his dealings with almost all wom-

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en. The governess of his children made him uncomfortable, and Laura had already noticed that he had the same effect upon Miss Steet. He was fond of his children, but he saw them hardly more frequently than their mother, and they never knew whether he were at home or away. Indeed, his goings and comings were so frequent that Laura herself scarcely knew; it was an accident that on this occasion his absence had been marked for her. Selina had had her reasons for wishing not to go up to town while her husband was still at Mellows, and she cherished the irritating belief that he stayed at home on purpose to watch her—to keep her from going away. It was her theory that she herself was perpetually at home—that few women were more domestic, more glued to the fireside and absorbed in the duties belonging to it; and, unreasonable as she was, she recognized the fact that for her to establish this theory she must make her husband sometimes see her at Mellows. It was not enough for her to maintain that he would see her if he were sometimes there himself. Therefore she disliked to be caught in the crude fact of absence—to go away under his nose; what she preferred was to take the next train after his own, and to return an hour or two before him. She managed this often with great ability, in spite of her not being able to be sure when he *would* return. Of late, however, she had ceased to take so much trouble, and Laura, by no desire of the girl's own, was enough in the confidence of her impatiences and perversities to know that for her to have wished (four days before the moment I write of) to put him on a wrong scent—or to keep him at least off the right one—she must have had something more foolish than usual in her head. This was why the girl had been so nervous, and why the sense of an impending catastrophe, which had lately gathered strength in her mind, was at present almost intolerably pressing; she knew how little Selina could afford to be more foolish than usual.

Lionel startled her by turning up in that unexpected way, though she could not have told herself when it would have been natural to expect him. This attitude, at Mellows, was left to the servants, most of them inscrutable and incommunicative, and erect in a wisdom that was founded upon telegrams—you couldn't speak to the butler but he pulled one out of his pocket. It was a house of telegrams; they crossed each other a dozen times an hour, coming and going, and Selina, in particular, lived in a cloud of them. Laura had but vague ideas as to what they were all about; once in a while, when they fell under her eyes, she either failed to understand them or judged them to be about horses. There were an immense number of horses, in one way and another, in Mrs. Berrington's life. Then she had so many friends, who were always rushing about like herself, and making appointments, and putting them off, and wanting to know if she were going to certain places or whether she would go if they did, or whether she would come up to town and dine and "do a theatre." There were also a good many theatres in the existence of this busy lady. Laura remembered how fond their poor father had been of telegraphing, but it was never about the theatre; at all events she tried to give her sister the benefit, or the excuse, of heredity. Selina had her own opinions, which were superior to this; she once remarked to Laura that it was idiotic for a woman to write—to telegraph was the only way not to get into trouble. If doing so sufficed to keep a lady out of it, Mrs. Berrington's life should have flowed like the rivers of Eden.

III.

Laura, as soon as her brother-in-law had been in the room a moment, had a particular fear; she had seen him twice noticeably under the influence of liquor; she hadn't liked it at all, and now there were some of the same signs. She was afraid the children would discover them, or at any rate Miss Steet, and she felt the importance of not letting him stay in the room. She thought it almost a sign that he should have come there at all—he was so rare an apparition. He looked at her very hard, smiling, as if to say, "No, no, I'm not—not if you think it!" She perceived with relief, in a moment,

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that he was not very bad, and liquor disposed him apparently to tenderness, for he indulged in an interminable kissing of Geordie and Ferdy, during which Miss Steet turned away, delicately, looking out of the window. The little boys asked him no questions, to celebrate his return—they only announced that they were going to learn botany, to which he replied—"Are you, really? Why, I never did," and looked askance at the governess, blushing, as if to express the hope that she would let him off from carrying that subject further. To Laura and to Miss Steet he was amiably explanatory, though his explanations were not quite coherent. He had come back an hour before—he was going to spend the night—he had driven over from Churton—he was thinking of taking the last train up to town. Was Laura dining at home? Was anyone coming? He should enjoy a quiet dinner awfully.

"Certainly, I'm alone," said the girl. "I suppose you know Selina is away."

"Oh, yes—I know where Selina is!" And Lionel Berrington looked round, smiling at everyone present, including Scratch and Parson. He stopped, while he continued to smile, and Laura wondered what he was so much pleased at. She preferred not to ask—she was sure it was something that wouldn't give *her* pleasure; but after waiting a moment her brother-in-law went on: "Selina's in Paris, my dear; that's where Selina is!"

"In Paris?" Laura repeated.

"Yes, in Paris, my dear—God bless her! Where else do you suppose? Geordie, my boy, where should *you* think your mummy would naturally be?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Geordie, who had no reply ready that would express, affectingly, the desolation of the nursery. "If I were mummy I'd travel."

"Well, now, that's your mummy's idea—she has gone to travel," said the father. "Were you ever in Paris, Miss Steet?"

Miss Steet gave a nervous laugh and said No, but she had been to Boulogne; while, to her added confusion, Ferdy announced that he knew where Paris was—it was in America. "No, it ain't—it's in Scotland!" cried Geordie, and Laura asked Lionel how he knew, whether his wife had written to him.

"Written to me? when did she ever write to me? No, I saw a fellow in town, this morning, who saw her there—at breakfast, yesterday. He came over last night. That's how I know my wife's in Paris. You can't have better proof than that!"

"I suppose it's a very pleasant season there," the governess murmured, as if from a sense of duty, in a distant discomfortable tone.

"I daresay it's very pleasant indeed—I daresay it's awfully amusing!" laughed Mr. Berrington. "Shouldn't you like to run over with me, for a few days, Laura—just to have a go at the theatres? I don't see why we should always be moping at home. We'll take Miss Steet and the children, and give mummy a pleasant surprise. Now who do you suppose she was with, in Paris—who do you suppose she was seen with?"

Laura had turned pale, she looked at him hard, imploringly, in the eyes; there was a name she was terribly afraid he would mention. "Oh, sir, in that case we had better go and get ready!" Miss Steet quavered, betwixt a laugh and a groan, in a spasm of discretion; and before Laura knew it she had gathered Geordie and Ferdy together and swept them out of the room. The door closed behind her with a very quick softness, and Lionel remained a moment staring at it.

"I say, what does she mean?—ain't that damned impertinent?" he stammered. "What did she think I was going to say? Does she suppose I would say any harm before—before *her?* Dash it, does she suppose I would give away my wife to the servants?" Then he added, "And I wouldn't say any harm before you, Laura. You are too good and too nice, and I like you too much!"

"Won't you come down-stairs? won't you have some tea?" the girl asked, uneasily.

"No, no, I want to stay here—I like this place," he replied, very gently and reasoningly. "It's a deuced nice place—it's an awfully jolly room. It used to be this way—always—when I was a little chap. I was a rough one, my dear; I wasn't a pretty little lamb, like that pair. I think it's because you look after them—that's what makes 'em so sweet. The one in my time—what was her name? I

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think it was Jones, or Jenks—I rather think she found me a handful. I used to kick her shins—I was decidedly vicious. And do *you* see it's kept so well, Laura?" he went on, looking round him. "'Pon my soul, it's the prettiest room in the house. What does she want to go to Paris for, when she has got such a charming house? Now can you answer me that, Laura?"

"I suppose she has gone to get some clothes; her dressmaker lives in Paris, you know."

"Dressmaker? Clothes? Why, she has got whole rooms full of them. Hasn't she got whole rooms full of them?"

"Speaking of clothes, I must go and change mine," said Laura. "I have been out in the rain—I have been to Plash—I'm decidedly damp."

"Oh, you have been to Plash? You have seen my mother? I hope she's in very good health." But before the girl could reply to this he went on: "Now, I want you to guess who she's in Paris with. Motcomb saw them together—at that place, what's his name? close to the Madeleine." And as Laura was silent, not wishing at all to guess, he continued—"It's the ruin of any woman, you know; I can't think what she has got in her head." Still Laura said nothing, and as he had hold of her arm, she having turned away, she led him, this time, out of the room. She had a horror of the name, the name that was in her mind and that was apparently on his lips, though his tone was so singular, so contemplative. "My dear girl, she's with Lady Ringrose—what do you say to that?" he exclaimed, as they passed along the corridor to the staircase.

"With Lady Ringrose?"

"They went over on Tuesday—they are knocking about there alone."

"I don't know Lady Ringrose," Laura said, infinitely relieved that the name was not the one she had feared. Lionel leaned on her arm as they went downstairs.

"I rather hope not—I promise you she has never put her foot in this house! If Selina expects to bring her here I should like half an hour's notice; yes, half an hour would do. She might as well be seen with—" And Lionel Berrington checked himself. "She has had at least fifty—" And again he stopped short. "You must pull me up, you know, if I say anything you don't like!"

"I don't understand you—let me alone, please!" the girl broke out, disengaging herself, with an effort, from his arm. She hurried down the rest of the steps and left him there, looking after her, and as she went she heard him give an irrelevant laugh.

IV.

She determined not to go to dinner—she didn't wish, for that day, to meet him again. He would drink more—he would be worse—she didn't know what he might say. Besides, she was too angry—not with him, but with Selina—and in addition to being angry she was sick. She knew who Lady Ringrose was; she knew so many things to-day that, when she was younger—and only a little—she had not expected ever to know. Her eyes had been opened very wide in England, and certainly they had been opened to Lady Ringrose. She had heard what she had done, and perhaps a good deal more, and it was not very different from what she had heard of other women. She knew Selina had been to her house, and had an impression that her ladyship had been to Selina's, in London, though she herself had not seen her there. But she didn't know they were so intimate as that—that Selina would rush over to Paris with her. What they had gone to Paris for was not necessarily criminal—there were a hundred reasons, familiar to ladies who were fond of change, of movement, of the theatres and of new bonnets; but nevertheless it was the fact of this little excursion, quite as much as the companion, that excited Laura's disgust.

She didn't know that the companion was any worse, though Lionel appeared to think so, than twenty other women who were her sister's intimates and whom she herself had seen in London, in Grosvenor Place, and even under the motherly old beeches at Mellows. But she thought it unpleasant and base in Selina to go abroad that way, like a

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commercial traveller, capriciously, clandestinely, without giving notice, when she had left her to understand that she was simply spending three or four days in town. It was bad taste and bad form, it was *cabotin*, and had the mark of Selina's complete, irremediable frivolity—the worst accusation (Laura tried to cling to that opinion), that she laid herself open to. Of course frivolity that was never ashamed of itself was like a neglected cold—you could die of it, morally, as well as of anything else. Laura knew this, and it was why she was inexpressibly vexed with her sister. She hoped she should get a letter from Selina the next morning (Mrs. Berrington would show at least that remnant of propriety), which would give her a chance to despatch her an answer that was already writing itself in her brain. It scarcely diminished Laura's eagerness for such an opportunity that she had a vision of Selina's showing her letter, laughing, across the table, at the place near the Madeleine, to Lady Ringrose (who would be painted—Selina herself, to do her justice, wasn't, yet), while the French waiters, in white aprons, contemplated *ces dames*. It was new work for our young lady to judge of these shades—the gradations, the probabilities of immorality, and of the side of the line on which, or rather how far on the wrong side, Lady Ringrose was situated.

A quarter of an hour before dinner Lionel sent word to her room that she was to sit down without him—he had a headache and wouldn't appear. This was an unexpected grace and it simplified the position, for Laura; so that, smoothing her ruffles, she betook herself to the table. Before doing this, however, she went back to the schoolroom and told Miss Steet she must give her her company. She took the governess (the little boys were in bed) downstairs with her and made her sit opposite, thinking she would be a safeguard if Lionel were to change his mind. Miss Steet was more frightened than herself—she was a very shrinking bulwark. The dinner was dull and the conversation rare; the governess ate three olives and looked at the figures on the spoons. Laura had, more than ever, her sense of impending calamity; a draught of misfortune seemed to blow through the house; it chilled her feet under her chair. The letter she had in her head went out like a flame in the wind, and her only thought now was to telegraph to Selina, the first thing in the morning, in quite different words. She scarcely spoke to Miss Steet, and there was very little the governess could say to her; she had already related her history so often. After dinner she carried her companion into the drawing-room, by the arm, and they sat down to the piano together. They played duets, for an hour, mechanically, violently; Laura had no idea what the music was—she only knew that their playing was execrable. In spite of this—"That's a very nice thing, that last," she heard a vague voice say, behind her, at the end; and she became aware that her brother-in-law had joined them again.

Miss Steet was pusillanimous—she retreated on the spot, though Lionel had already forgotten that he was angry at the scandalous way she had carried off the children from the school-room. Laura would have gone, too, if Lionel had not told her that he had something very particular to say to her. That made her want to go more, but she had to listen to him when he expressed the hope that she hadn't taken offence at anything he had said before. He didn't strike her as tipsy now; he had slept it off or got rid of it, and she saw no traces of his headache. He was still conspicuously cheerful, as if he had got some good news and were very much encouraged. She knew the news he had got, and she might have thought, in view of his manner, that it couldn't really have seemed to him so bad as he had pretended to think it. It was not the first time, however, that she had seen him pleased that he had a case against his wife, and she was to learn on this occasion how extreme a satisfaction he could take in his wrongs. She wouldn't sit down again; she only lingered by the fire, pretending to warm her feet, and he walked to and fro in the long room, where the lamplight, to-night, was limited, stepping on certain figures of the carpet, as if his triumph were alloyed with hesitation.

"I never know how to talk to you—

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you are so beastly clever," he said. "I can't treat you like a little girl in a pinafore—and yet, of course, you are only a young lady. You're so deuced good—that makes it worse," he went on, stopping in front of her, with his hands in his pockets and the air he himself had of being a good-natured but dissipated boy; with his small stature, his smooth, fat, suffused face, his round, watery, light-colored eyes, and his hair growing in curious infantile rings. He had lost one of his front teeth, and always wore a stiff white scarf, with a pin representing some symbol of the turf or the chase. "I don't see why *she* couldn't have been a little more like you. If I could have had a shot at you first!"

"I don't care for any compliments at my sister's expense," Laura said, with some majesty.

"Oh, I say, Laura, don't put on so many frills, as Selina says. You know what your sister is as well as I do!" They stood looking at each other a moment, and he appeared to see something in her face which led him to add—"You know, at any rate, how little we hit it off."

"I know you don't love each other—it's too dreadful."

"Love each other? she hates me as she'd hate a hump on her back. She'd do me any devilish turn she could. There isn't a feeling of loathing that she doesn't have for me! She'd like to stamp on me and hear me crack, like a black beetle, and she never opens her mouth but she insults me." Lionel Berrington delivered himself of these assertions without violence, without passion, or the sting of a new discovery; there was a kind of familiar gaiety in his trivial little tone, and he had the air of being so sure of what he said that he didn't need to exaggerate in order to prove enough.

"Oh, Lionel!" the girl murmured, turning pale. "Is that the particular thing you wished to say to me?"

"And you can't say it's my fault—you won't pretend to do that, will you?" he went on. "Ain't I quiet, ain't I kind, don't I go steady? Haven't I given her every blessed thing she has ever asked for?"

"You haven't given her an example!" Laura replied, with spirit. "You don't care for anything in the wide world but to amuse yourself, from the beginning of the year to the end. No more does she—and perhaps it's even worse in a woman. You are both as selfish as you can live, with nothing in your head or your heart but your vulgar pleasure, incapable of a concession, incapable of a sacrifice!" She at least spoke with passion; something that had been pent up in her soul broke out, and it gave her relief, almost a momentary joy.

It made Lionel Berrington stare; he colored, but after a moment he shook with laughter. "Don't you call me kind when I stand here and take all that? If I'm so keen for my pleasure, what pleasure do *you* give me? Look at the way I take it, Laura. You ought to do me justice. Haven't I sacrificed my home? and what more can a man do?"

"I don't think you care any more for your home than Selina does. And it's so sacred and so beautiful, God forgive you! You are all blind and senseless and heartless, and I don't know what poison is in your veins. There is a curse on you, and there will be a judgment!" the girl went on, glowing like a young prophetess.

"What do you want me to do? Do you want me to stay at home and read the Bible?" her companion demanded, with an effect of profanity, confronted with her deep seriousness.

"It wouldn't do you any harm, once in a while."

"There will be a judgment on *her*—that's very sure, and I know where it will be delivered," said Lionel Berrington, indulging in a visible approach to a wink. "Have I done the half to her she has done to me? I won't say the half, but the hundredth part? Answer me truly, my dear!"

"I don't know what she has done to you," said Laura, impatiently.

"That's exactly what I want to tell you. But it's difficult. I'll bet you five pounds she's doing it now!"

"You are too unable to make yourself respected," the girl remarked, not shrinking, now, from the enjoyment of an advantage—that of feeling herself superior and taking her opportunity.

Her brother-in-law seemed to feel, for the moment, the prick of this observa-

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tion. "What has such a piece of nasty boldness as that to do with respect? She's the first that ever defied me!" exclaimed the young man, whose aspect, somehow, scarcely confirmed this pretension. "You know all about her—don't make believe you don't," he continued in another tone. "You see everything—you're one of the sharp ones. There's no use beating about the bush, Laura—you've lived in this precious house and you're not so green as that comes to. Besides, you're so good yourself that you needn't to give a shriek if one is obliged to say what one means. Why didn't you grow up a little sooner? Then, over there in New York, it would certainly have been you I would have made up to. *You* would have respected me—eh? now don't say you wouldn't." He rambled on, turning about the room again, partly like a person whose sequences were naturally slow, but also a little as if though he knew what he had in mind there were still a scruple attached to it that he was trying to rub off.

"I take it that isn't what I must sit up to listen to, Lionel, is it?" Laura said, wearily.

"Why, you don't want to go to bed at nine o'clock, do you? That's all rot, of course. But I want you to help me."

"To help you—how?"

"I'll tell you—but you must give me my head. I don't know what I said to you before dinner—I had had too many brandy and sodas. Perhaps I was too free; if I was, I beg your pardon. I made the governess bolt—very proper in the superintendent of one's children. Do you suppose they saw anything? I shouldn't care for that. I did take half a dozen or so; I was thirsty, and I was most uncommon pleased."

"You have little enough to please you.'

"Now that's just where you are wrong. I don't know when I've fancied anything so much as what I told you."

"What you told me?"

"About her being in Paris. I hope she'll stay a month!"

"I don't understand you," Laura said.

"Are you very sure, Laura? My dear, it suits my book! Now you know yourself he's not the first."

Laura was silent; his round eyes were fixed on her face, and she saw something she had not seen before—a little shining point which, on Lionel's part, might represent an idea, but which made his expression conscious as well as eager. "He?" she presently asked. "Whom are you speaking of?"

"Why, of Charley Crispin, G——" And Lionel Berrington accompanied this name with a startling imprecation.

"What has he to do——?"

"He has everything to do. Isn't he with her there?"

"How should I know? You said Lady Ringrose."

"Lady Ringrose is a mere blind—and a devilish poor one at that. I'm sorry to have to say it to you, but he's her lover. I mean Selina's. And he isn't the first."

There was another short silence, while they stood opposed, and then Laura asked—and the question was unexpected—"Why do you call him Charley?"

"Doesn't he call me Lion, like all the rest?" said her brother-in-law, staring.

"You're the most extraordinary people! I suppose you have a certain amount of proof, before you say such things to me?"

"Proof, I've oceans of proof! And not only about Crispin, but about Deepmere."

"And pray who is Deepmere?"

"Did you never hear of Lord Deepmere? He has gone to India. That was before you came. I don't say all this for my pleasure, Laura," Mr. Berrington added.

"Don't you, indeed?" asked the girl, with a singular laugh. "I thought you were so glad."

"I'm glad to know it, but I'm not glad to tell it. When I say I'm glad to know it, I mean I'm glad to be fixed at last. Oh, I've got the tip! It's all open country now, and I know just how to go. I've gone into it most extensively; there's nothing you can't find out to-day—if you go to the right place. I've—I've—" He hesitated a moment, then went on: "Well, it's no matter what I've done. I know where I am, and it's a great comfort. She's up a tree, if ever a woman was. Now we'll see who's a beetle and

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who's a toad!" Lionel Berrington concluded, gaily, with some incongruity of metaphor.

"It's not true—it's not true—it's not true," Laura said, slowly.

"That's just what she'll say—though that's not the way she'll say it. Oh, if she could get off by your saying it for her!—for you, my dear, would be believed."

"Get off—what do you mean?" the girl demanded, with a coldness she didn't feel, for she was tingling all over with shame and rage.

"Why, what do you suppose I'm talking about? I'm going to haul her up, and to have it out."

"You're going to make a scandal?"

"*Make* it? Bless my soul, it isn't me! And I should think it was made enough. I'm going to appeal to the laws of my country—that's what I'm going to do. She pretends I'm stopped, whatever she does. But that's all gammon—I ain't!"

"I understand—but you won't do anything so horrible," said Laura, very gently.

"Horrible as you please, but less so than going on in this way; I haven't told you the fiftieth part—you will easily understand that I can't. They are not nice things to say to a girl like you—especially about Deepmere, if you didn't know it. But when they happen you've got to look at them, haven't you? That's the way I look at it."

"It's not true—it's not true—it's not true," Laura Wing repeated, in the same way, slowly shaking her head.

"Of course you stand up for your sister—but that's just what I wanted to say to you, that you ought to have some pity for *me*, and some sense of justice. Haven't I always been nice to you? Have you ever had so much as a nasty word from me?"

This appeal touched the girl; she had eaten her brother-in-law's bread for months, she had had the use of all the luxuries with which he was surrounded, and to herself, personally, she had never known him anything but good-natured. She made no direct response, however; she only said—"Be quiet, be quiet, and leave her to me. I will answer for her."

"Answer for her—what do you mean?"

"She shall be better—she shall be reasonable—there shall be no more talk of these horrors. Leave her to me—let me go away with her somewhere."

"Go away with her? I wouldn't let you come within a mile of her, if you were *my* sister!"

"Oh, shame, shame!" cried Laura Wing, turning away from him.

She hurried to the door of the room, but he stopped her before she reached it. He got his back to it, he barred her way, and she had to stand there and hear him. "I haven't said what I wanted—for I told you that I wanted you to help me. I ain't cruel—I ain't insulting—you can't make out that against me; I'm sure you know in your heart that I've swallowed what would sicken most men. Therefore I will say that you ought to be fair. You're too clever not to be; *you* can't pretend to swallow—" He paused a moment and went on, and she saw it was his idea—an idea very simple and bold. He wanted her to side with him—to watch for him—to help him to get his divorce. He didn't say that she owed him as much for the hospitality and protection she had in her poverty enjoyed, but she was sure that was in his heart. "Of course she's your sister, but when one sister's a perfect bad 'un there's no law to force one to jump into the mud to save her. It *is* mud, my dear, and mud up to your neck. You had much better think of her children—you had much better stop in *my* boat."

"Do you ask of me to help you with evidence against her?" the girl murmured. She had stood there passive, waiting, while he talked, covering her face with her hands, which she parted a little, looking at him.

He hesitated a moment. "I ask you not to deny what you have seen—what you feel to be true."

"Then of the abominations of which you say you have proof, you haven't proof."

"Why haven't I proof?"

"If you want *me* to come forward!"

"I shall go into court with a strong case. You may do what you like. But I give you notice, and I expect you not to forget that I have given it. Don't forget—because you'll be asked—that I

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have told you to-night where she is, and with whom she is, and what measures I intend to take."

"Be asked—be asked?" the girl repeated.

"Why, of course, you'll be cross-examined."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Laura Wing. Her hands were over her face again, and as Lionel Berrington, opening the door, let her pass, she burst into tears. He looked after her, distressed, compunctious, half-ashamed, and he exclaimed to himself—"The bloody brute, the bloody brute!" But the words had reference to his wife.

[To be continued.]

CORYDON.

A PASTORAL.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SCENE: *A roadside in Arcady.*

SHEPHERD.

Good sir, have you seen pass this way
A mischief straight from market-day?
You'd know her at a glance, I think;
Her eyes are blue, her lips are pink;
She has a way of looking back
Over her shoulder, and, alack!
Who gets that look one time, good sir,
Has naught to do but follow her.

PILGRIM.

I have not seen this maid, methinks,
Though she that passed had lips like pinks.

SHEPHERD.

Or like two strawberries made one
By some sly trick of dew and sun.

PILGRIM.

A poet!

SHEPHERD.

Nay, a simple swain
That tends his flock on yonder plain,
Naught else, I swear by book and bell.
But she that passed—you marked her well.
Was she not smooth as any be
That dwell herein in Arcady?

PILGRIM.

Her skin was as the satin bark
Of birches.

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SHEPHERD.

Was she dark?

PILGRIM.

Quite dark.

SHEPHERD.

Then 'twas not she.

PILGRIM.

Her hair hung down
Like summer twilight falling brown;
And when the breeze swept by, I wist
Her face was in a sombre mist.

SHEPHERD.

No, that is not the maid I seek.
Her hair lies gold against her cheek;
Her yellow tresses take the morn
Like silken tassels of the corn.
And yet—brown locks are far from bad.

PILGRIM.

Now I bethink me, this one had
A figure like the willow-tree
Which, slight and supple, wondrously
Inclines to droop with pensive grace,
And still retains its proper place;
A foot so arched and very small
The marvel was she walked at all;
Her hand—in sooth I lack for words—
Her hand, five slender snow-white birds.
Her voice—though she but said "God-speed"—
Was melody blown through a reed.
And then her eye—my lad, her eye!
Discreet, inviting, candid, shy,
An outward ice, an inward fire,
And lashes to the heart's desire—
Soft fringes blacker than the sloe.

SHEPHERD, *thoughtfully.*

Good sir, which way did *this* one go?

. . . . . .

PILGRIM, *solus.*

So, he is off! The silly youth
Knoweth not Love in sober sooth.
He loves—thus lads at first are blind—
No woman, only Womankind.

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THE STORY OF A SAND-PILE.

By G. Stanley Hall.

THE town of B. is a quiet community of a few score families of farmers, some twenty or thirty miles from Boston. Among the few cottagers who spend the summer months there is the Rev. Dr. A., a professor at Cambridge, Mass., and widely known as an author. The family consists of Mrs. A. and two bright, healthy boys, now fourteen and twelve, whom I will here call, respectively, Harry and Jack. Nine summers ago the mother persisted, not without some inconvenience, in having a load of fine clean sand hauled from a distant beach and dumped in the yard for the children to play in. What follows might be called a history of that load of sand, which I will try to sketch in the most literal and unadorned way, as I saw and heard of it, for the sake of its unique educational interest.

The "sand-pile" at once became, as everyone who has read Fröbel or observed childish play would have expected, the one bright focus of attraction, beside which all other boyish interests gradually paled. Wells and tunnels; hills and roads like those in town; islands and capes and bays with imagined water; rough pictures drawn with sticks; scenes half reproduced in the damp, plastic sand and completed in fancy; mines of ore and coal, and quarries of stone, buried to be rediscovered and carted to imaginary markets, and later a more elaborate half-dug and half-stoned species of cave-dwelling or ice-house—beyond such constructions the boys probably did not go for the first summer or two. The first and oldest "house," of which tradition survives, was a board pegged up on edge with another slanted against it, under which toys were taken from the nursery to be sheltered from showers. Next came those made of two bricks and a board. The parents wisely refrained from suggestions, and left the hand and fancy of the boys to educate each other under the tuition of the mysterious play-instinct.

One day a small knot of half-rotten wood was found, a part of which suggested to Harry the eye and head of a horse, and a horse it at once became, though it had nothing to suggest tail or legs. In another artificial horse soon attempted these were represented by roughly whittled projections. Gradually wooden horses, made in spans for firmer standing on uneven ground, held together by a kind of Siamese-twins commissure, to which vehicles could be conveniently attached, were evolved. These horses are perhaps two inches long, with thread tail and mane, pin-head eyes, and a mere bulb, like the Darwinian protuberance on the infolded margin of the human helix, for an ear. For the last two or three years this form has become rigidly conventionalized, and horses are reproduced by the jig-saw as the needs of the community require, with Chinese fidelity to this pattern. Cows and oxen, with the characteristic distinctions in external form strongly accented, were drawn on paper or pasteboard and then cut or sawn into shape in wood. Those first made proved too small compared with later standards of size, and so were called yearlings and calves, and larger "old steers" and "Vermont spotted cattle" were made. Pigs and sheep came later, poultry alone being still unshapely, hens consisting of mere squares of wood of prescribed size.

There is no further record or memory of the stages of development of this community, for such it soon became by the gradual addition of half a dozen other congenial boys from the neighborhood, and I can only describe the buildings, government, tools, money, trade, laws, men, etc., as I found them. Nearly a dozen farms are laid out on one main and several lesser streets, somewhat like those in town, each, perhaps, five or six feet square, with tiny rows of stone for walls and fences, with pasture and mow-lots,

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and fields planted with real beans, wheat, oats, and corn, which is topped before it has spindled, and with a vase or box for a flower garden. A prominent feature of these farms is at present the gates, which are admirably mortised and hung, and perhaps represent the high-water mark of skill in wood-work. This unique prominence of a single feature on which attention is concentrated is a typical mark of childish production; as a girl or boy is drawn with buttons, or a hat, or a pocket, or a man with a pipe, or a house with a key-hole, etc., strikingly predominant. The view of this Liliputian settlement from the road is quite picturesque. Houses and barns are perhaps a foot high, and there is a flag-pole, painted and sanded at the base, to prevent the tiny inhabitants from whittling it, with a joint, and cords to raise and lower the flag, and a peg-ladder, the top towering perhaps two feet above the ground. There are pig-pens with quite well-carved troughs, and hen-yards with wire-net fences, and a very undeveloped system of sewerage, suggested by a disastrous shower, and centring in a sunken tomato-can.

Great attention has been bestowed on the barns. On one side are stanchions for cows, with stalls for horses, and others for yoked cattle, and stairs and lofts for hay, and genuine slanting roofs, and doors that clamp and bar inside against horse-thieves. One boy built a cupola and another a windmill, painted in many colors, on his barn, but this fashion did not take. The doors are not large enough for the boys' hands to enter with facility, and so the whole building was made to lift up from its floor on hinges. Hay is cut and dried, and sometimes stored in mows on scaffolds, while poorer hay is stacked out-of-doors about a skewer for a stack-pole. More recently, however, most hay is put up in pressed bales, about one by two inches, for market, or to be kept over for another year. Most other crops that are planted do not come to maturity, and so wheat, beans, corn, oats, etc., are bagged and sold or stored "as if" they had been grown by the seller. In this community, as often in real life in New England, the barn is often far larger, more expensive, and attracts more interest than the house. Only the outsides of the latter are attended to. The youngest boy alone, despite some ridicule for his girlishness, has embellished his house within, and set out moss, and planted flower-beds and vines without. A young lady visitor thoughtlessly introduced a taste for luxury by painting not only shingles on the roof and bricks into the chimney, but lace curtains into the windows of one house. Another boy-proprietor dug and stoned up a well, made a long sweep and hung it with a counterweight in a natural crotch, and made a bucket of a cherry-stone.

The adult population of this community are men and women about two and a half inches tall, whittled out of wood. The women stand on a base made by their broad skirts, and the men stand on ground, or on carts, etc., by means of a pin projecting from the feet, by which they can be stuck up anywhere. One or both arms are sometimes made to move, but otherwise they are very roughly manufactured. They have been kept for years, are named Bill Murphy, Charles Stoughton, Peter Dana, etc., from real men in town, and each have families, etc. Each boy represents one of these families, but more particularly the head of it, whose name he takes, and whom he talks both to and for, nasally, as does the original Bill Murphy, etc. In fact, the personality of the boys is strangely merged in that of these little idols or fetiches. If it is heard that the original Farmer Murphy has done anything disreputable—cheated in a horse-trade, for instance—the other boys reproach or threaten with expulsion the boy who represents the wooden Murphy, greatly to his chagrin. The leg of one wooden man was blown off by a toy cannon accidentally, one Fourth of July, and he was given up as dead, but found after some months, and supplied with a new leg by the carpenter-doctor. The boys get up at night to bring these men in if they get left out accidentally, keeping them in the house if they catch cold by such exposure, take them along in their pockets if they go to the city or on a pleasure-trip, send them in letters and express packages to distant friends, to be returned, in order that they may be said to have been to this or that place. The

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best man has travelled most, keeps his farm in best order, has the most joints in his body, keeps dressed in the best coat of paint, and represents the best farmer in town, and is represented by the best boy. The sentiment toward these little figures is more judicial and paternal than that of little girls for dolls. Their smallness seems to add a charm akin to that of largeness in a doll for girls. If a new boy enters the community, or if accident or general consent, or any other cause, requires the production of new men, they are still made roughly after the old patterns, and far below the best skill the boys have now acquired in wood-work. Two years ago, when clothes began to be painted on these figures, those who were created as wage-workers were painted with overalls on. The question at once arose whether these men should be allowed to come into the house with their employers without a change of garments, which involved, of course, a new coat of paint. It was decided that they must live apart by themselves. Thus, the introduction of hired men marked the beginning of a system of castes. The boys' own wishes and thoughts are often, especially if of a kind that involves a little self-consciousness or restraint, expressed by saying half seriously that the little figure wishes to do this, or thinks that, etc. Their supposed relation to one another in the high tide of the play-spirit, dominates the actual relation of the boys to one another, as two little girls who were sisters were overheard saying, "Let's play we are sisters," almost as if the play made that relation more real than the fact.

Prominent among the benefits the "sand-pile" community has brought the boys, is the industrial training it has involved, particularly in wood-work. In this respect preparation for the summer is made to enliven the long Cambridge winters. The evolution of the plough, *e.g.*, is as follows: It began as a rough pointed paddle; then came a pole drawn by the small end with a stiff branch cut long and sharpened, then a rough share, then a metallic point, then two handles, then a knife, etc. Thus, the plough, which fortunately did not get stereotyped early, has passed through a number of stages still to be seen, and is now quite complete in form. In the case of the hoe and ax, wood has supplanted metal because more easily and correctly fashioned. The rake, shovel, pick, harrow, and dray, pitchfork, snow-shovel, ladder, stone-boat, beetle-and-wedge, and gravel-sieve, all show stages of improvement, and sometimes involve some skill in shaping or adapting wire, tin, etc. These tools are all very small, and not for the most part adapted to much real use, and quite disproportionately large as compared with the size of houses and men. Milk cans, pulleys, wheel-barrows, carts, wagons, and harnesses are made with still more skill. Harnesses have real collars, hames, bit, bridle, and string-lines. Wagons have wheels (made of a section of a large curtain-stick or of checker-board men), brakes, end-boards, king-bolts, neaps, and shafts, stakes for hay, a high seat for the driver, etc. They can be made to tip up, and include many varieties—as a milk-cart with money-box, a long timber-truck, market wagon, and others. Could the stages of evolution through which a few of these implements of farm-work have passed be pinned on cards in their order of development and photographed they would quite likely reflect in some respects the progress of mankind in their production. It is in connection with these products mainly that a patent office has been proposed, but up to the close of last season not established.

Carpentry has thus proven the most successful industry, and has of late slowly come to be largely the monopoly of Harry, who probably has most skill and the best tools. One boy made a croquet-set of very miniature proportions. Another established brick-works based on a careful study of those in Cambridge; but the products of his yard, though admirably done, have not come into demand as building material. Another attempted moulding and pottery, including baking, but with rather poor success. A tiny newspaper, some three inches square, devoted entirely to the affairs of the "sand-pile" was started, with seven subscribers, at a dollar per month in their peculiar currency, but the labor of duplicating soon caused its abandonment. At one time candles were manufactured in tiny moulds. Two sailing vessels, the

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Argonaut and Neptune, were made and raced till boom and gaff were broken. Tiny pine-trees were set out, and ash fertilizers prepared and used for crops. The farmers near by go to a distant meadow to cut marsh hay at low tide, and are gone overnight. This the boys parodied with a damp spot of mow-land as a marsh, and overnight—represented by the interval of dinner. Cord-wood of several lengths, with an inch representing a foot, and with both cleft and trash varieties, was cut down, piled, and sold. On one occasion the boys were observed creeping about one-eighth of a mile and back, propelling their tiny horses held between their fingers, each span drawing a cart loaded with their wood. The functions of carpenter and doctor are fused in one, the office of the latter being chiefly to mend broken limbs, splints being used, but the *vis reparatrix* of nature being represented by the drying of glue.

Trade centred in the grocery store, of which Jack was one proprietor, the name of the puppet he represented being painted on the sign. A toy watch was hung in the gable to represent the clock over Faneuil Hall Market, and a clay watch-dog was on guard by night. Cans of pickles were put up; partridge and huckle-berries, in small glass bottles; candy was sold by the barrel; tomatoes were represented by red barberries, and water-melons by butternuts. Grass put up in bags for cows and horses was sold by weight on a pair of small scales. Shelves and counters, and a canvas-topped market wagon, were the chief features of this establishment. Its goods were, however, for the most part, in a sense unreal, its business declined until at last its proprietors were obliged to declare themselves bankrupt, and a bill of sale and auction closed its career.

The need of a measure of value and a medium of exchange was felt early in the history of the "sand-pile." A special kind of card-board was procured, and later, as this material was found not to be proof against counterfeiting, a species of felt was used, out of which small ellipsoidal currency was cut with a gouge of peculiar curvature. These coins were of two sizes, representing dollars and half-dollars respectively. At the beginning of the first season ninety dollars and fifty half-dollars were given to each boy, and the gouge and felt, representing mint and bullion, laid away, thus insuring a strictly limited circulation. This currency became so very real that actual silver dollars and half-dollars were said, I know not how correctly, to have been vainly offered for their felt counterparts, the fluctuations in the silver value of which recorded the varying intensity of the play-spirit of the "sand-pile." When the grocer failed he became really a pauper on the community. He was, I think, the youngest boy, and his monetary ventures had gradually relieved him of his entire capital. He was aided in little ways, and meetings were held to discuss the best way of relieving him. One proposition was a general pro-rata subscription; another was a communistic redistribution of the money of the community. These schemes were successfully opposed, however, and it was at last agreed to inflate their first currency by issuing enough money to give each boy an additional sum of ten dollars. While this matter was under discussion, and redistribution was expected by some, prices were affected, and a few sales were made at prices so high as to cause embarrassment later.

Laws were enacted only to meet some pressing necessity. Town meetings were summoned by an elected crier, who shouted "Ding dong, come to town meeting!" These assemblages were at first held on and about the fence or near their hotel, each boy holding his little wooden dummy in his hand and turning up its arm when ayes or noes were called. Later a bell and hall were provided. The officers elected were president, flag-man, whose duty it was to keep the flag-pole in order and the flag flying, a pound-keeper to look after stray animals carelessly left lying about or lost by other boys, a surveyor of roads, whose duties were sometimes considerable after a shower, a janitor for the hall, and a sprinkler and waterer of crops, etc. A scheme of taxation was proposed, but as it was to be based mainly on land, and as the task of measuring the sometimes irregularly laid out farms was considerable, it was

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never carried out. A system of fines was also adopted, the enforcement of which led to quarrels, and was stopped by parental interventions. A jail and a grog-shop shared a similar fate. So great was the influence of proceedings in this community upon the general direction of interest and attention that it was feared that an undesirable degree of knowledge of criminality and intemperance would be fostered if these latter institutions were allowed to develop. It was at these meetings that the size of a cord of wood and an acre of land was settled. Judicial as well as legislative functions appertained to these meetings. After a firecracker had blown up a house, a law was passed limiting the proximity to the village at which fireworks should be permissible. A big squirt-gun served as a fire-engine, and trouble was at once imminent as to who should control and use it, till it was enacted that it should be under the control of the boy whose buildings were burning. One boy was tried for beating his horses with a pitchfork, and another for taking down the pound wall and leading out his cattle without paying the fine. Railroads were repeatedly proposed, but never constructed, since the earliest days of the "sand-pile," when they did exist for a short time, for the double reason that they would interfere with teaming, which was on the whole still more interesting, and because every boy would want to be conductor and president of the company.

"Why do you have no church?" the boys were asked. "Because," they replied, "we are not allowed to play in the 'sand-pile' on Sunday, but have to go to church." "And why have you no school?" "Why," said they, exultingly, "it is vacation, and we don't have to go to school."

The geography of the surrounding region is not well developed. The house in which the parents lived is called Cambridge, its piazza is Concord. A gully made by a water-spout is Rowley. Another smaller sand-pile once started near by is West B. A neighbor's house more recent is Vermont. A place where worms are dug for fishing is called Snakeville, and another spot where some Oswego starch-boxes once lay is Oswego. Boston is a neighboring settlement. The topographical imagination of these boys is far less developed than in the case of a group of school-children the writer once knew, who played for years about a marsh half submerged in spots by high tide, and who had named continents, capes, bays, lakes, rivers, islands, promontories, to the number of perhaps several score, from real or fancied resemblance to great features of the world's surface on the map, and who had in a number of cases helped out resemblances by digging, and who carried on a brisk commerce between leading ports for entire summers, and with many details and circumstances of real trade.

The conservatism of Harry and Jack and the boys that gathered about them was shown even in the name "sand-pile," which the whole enterprise still bears. This designation is now entirely inappropriate, for all the sand originally dumped on the spot has been carefully removed and its place filled in with loam. Each spring, when the houses, barns, etc., are brought out and set up, the traditions of the preceding year are carefully observed in laying out the streets. Most boys hold that the monetary relations of the previous year should continue over to the new season, the rich at the close of the last year starting rich this year. This view generally prevails against the theory of an annual year of jubilee, and a release from last year's debts, that the poorer boys uphold. All the boys in town, even those who do not belong to the "sand-pile," are not only greatly interested, but decidedly more proud than envious of it. It seems remarkable that during all the years of its existence no boy has been mean enough to injure or plunder it at night, or angry enough to demolish anything of importance. This latter is of course in part due to the gradual habit of settling matters of dispute that are wont to be brought to an issue with fists and feet by meetings and speechifications. The accumulation of values here as elsewhere begets not only conservatism, but mutual forbearance and consideration. Most destructive in the "sand-pile" are little girls, who quite fail to appre-

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ciate it save in spots, as it were, and are therefore as far as possible excluded.

The institution is in general very real to the boys, though in different degrees to different boys, and some parts and some periods of it more so than others. Sometimes they are so in earnest they rise early to play before breakfast. They pour out grain for the cattle, and tip them up on their noses that they may eat, and then must clean up after them. The cattle "promise" the younger boys not to eat the beans, and the wooden figures never talk about the boys behind their backs, for "they told us so," said one. Of all the names in use in the "sand-pile" but one has been invented, all the rest having been copied from real persons about them. They are little troubled by incongruities of size. Some barns cover between one and two acres, and a horse could almost be ground up and put into a bushel measure, etc. Yet in a general way relative sizes are fairly preserved. It is a striking feature, to which I have observed no exception, that the more finished and like reality the objects became the less interest the boys had in them. As the tools, houses, etc., acquired feature after feature of verisimilitude, the sphere of the imagination was restricted as it is with too finished toys, and thus one of the chief charms of play was lost. Often the entire day was spent with almost no intermission in the business of the "sand-pile," and all went very pleasantly when perfect harmony reigned. Most of the play-time of nearly every day of the boys most interested for several summers has been devoted to its very diversified direct and indirect interests.

As boys reach the age of fourteen, more or less, the "sand-pile" gradually loses its charm, and seems childish and unreal. One member of the circle was, I think, fifteen, and had become quite alive to its fictitious nature. Unimaginative boys have proved mischievous and a source of constant annoyance to those who took everything in dead earnest. Thus, it has been realized that to admit aliens indiscriminately, or especially boys who had begun to imagine themselves young gentlemen, was dangerous. Indeed, I fancy that the golden age of this ideal little republic has already passed, and that a period of over-refinement and ennervating luxury is likely, if it has not done so with the close of the last summer, to end its career. It was known that I was to visit it in the fall again and perhaps write a brief sketch of it; it was decked out to be photographed; the young lady with her æsthetic paint-brush had introduced new ideals, for paint decorates bad wood-work; the "sand-pile," being near the roadside, attracted more and more notice. The carpenter took to making miniature saws, saw-horses, squares, screw-drivers, planes, vices, and other tools, copying his own tools for beauty more than for use, and, in short, a gradual self-consciousness supervened, so that the boys came to have in mind the applause of adult spectators as well as their own pure interest. They have long been wont to call themselves, in some relations to their wooden figures, the *giants*—somewhat as their parents in a sense represent, when they have occasion, as is most rare, to interfere, the blind fate that rules Jove himself. I thought I observed that the giants were more high-handed, and prone to intervene in the natural working out of problems and events, as a miracle-working Providence is sometimes said to break in on the order of nature. There seemed to be a slowly decreasing autonomy, heralding the decline of full-blooded boyishness and the far-away dawn of a new and reconstructed adolescent consciousness.

Still, when the inevitable return to Cambridge and school comes at last, the boys, it was said, seem for some time to be left with less eager interest in events, and to be some time in getting up as strong a zest for anything else. It is not that they become indifferent or pessimistic in the least degree, yet possibly life seems a little cheap and servile. They tried to colonize the "sand-pile" here, but Cambridge is too large to oversee and copy, and they were soon lost in trying to light their houses at night from within, and in constructing a system of drainage and sewerage, etc., and gave it up to spend play-time in the less absorbing ways of following and imitating the college ball games, and making houses, horses, and new inventions for next summer's "sand-pile."

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On the whole, the "sand-pile" has, in the opinion of the parents, been of about as much yearly educational value to the boys as the eight months of school. Very many problems that puzzle older brains have been met in simpler terms and solved wisely and well. The spirit and habit of active and even prying observation has been greatly quickened. Industrial processes, institutions, and methods of administration and organization have been appropriated and put into practice. The boys have grown more companionable and rational, learned many a lesson of self-control, and developed a spirit of self-help. The parents have been enabled to control indirectly the associations of their boys, and, in a very mixed boy-community, to have them in a measure under observation without in the least restricting their freedom. The habit of loafing and the evils that attend it has been avoided, a strong practical and even industrial bent has been given to their development, and much social morality has been taught in the often complicated *modus vivendi* with others that has been evolved. Finally, this may perhaps be called one illustration of the education according to *nature* we so often hear and speak of. Each element in this vast variety of interests is an organic part of a comprehensive whole, compared with which the concentrative methodic unities of Ziller seem artificial, and, as Bacon said of scholastic methods, very inadequate to subtility of nature. All the power of motive arising from a large surface of interest is here turned on to the smallest part. Had the elements of all the subjects involved in the "sand-pile," industrial, administrative, moral, geographical, mathematical, etc., been taught separately and as mere school exercises, the result would have been worry, waste, and chaos. Here is perfect mental sanity and unity, but with more variety than in the most heterogeneous and soul-disintegrating school-curriculum. The unity of all the diverse interests and activities of the "sand-pile" is, as it always is, ideal. There is nothing so practical in education as the ideal, nor so ideal as the practical. This means not less that brain-work and hand-work should go together than that the general and special must help each other in order to produce the best results. As boys are quickened by the imagination to realize their conceptions of adult life, so men are best stimulated to greatest efforts by striving to realize the highest human ideals, whether those actualized in the lives of the best men, the best pages of history, or the highest legitimate, though yet unrealized, ideals of tradition and the future.

SIR LAUNCELOT.

By L. Frank Tooker.

NEAR Camelot the rivers meet
The lane where once he rode with her:
He rides and sees a dead wind stir
The pallid waters at his feet.

He hears the windless thickets stirred
By some wild creature. O'er the grass
He sees the hawk's gray shadow pass,
Yet knows it not from leaf or bird.

For he has come where fancies reign:
Now though he flees, he soon returns;
Like flames his heart within him burns;
His mind is like a turning vane.

In crypts he vainly tries to pray—
There troop the burdens of gay songs;
In crowded inns he jests of wrongs,
But feels his great heart giving way.

His soul is like a hunted thing
'Twixt hell and heaven. Each kiss that drew
Their lips together thrills anew,
And then becomes a serpent's sting.

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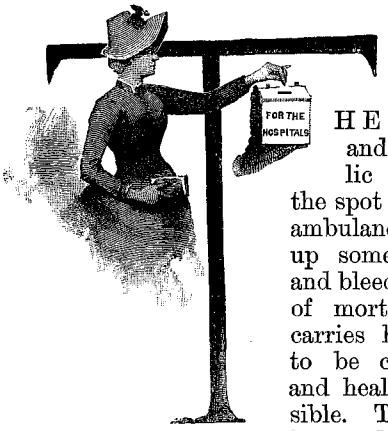
HOSPITAL LIFE.



By A. B. Ward.

THE Hospital and the Public meet on the spot where the ambulance picks up some bruised and bleeding piece of mortality and carries him away to be cared for, and healed if possible. The Public is moved in various ways. The man of business stops thinking stocks and real estate long enough to think "poor devil!" His wife shudders and tries to forget what she has seen. The inmates of tenement-houses and of stores half a dozen blocks off rush to get standing-places at the show. There are bids from late-comers for a place "after you're done with it." One man puts up a step-ladder. Strings of little girls, hand-in-hand, thread their way through the crowd, afraid to let go of each other, and saying "Sh-h-h!" at every sound, but thrilling deliciously with their own terrors. Adventuresome boys lie flat and peer among the forest of legs, or squirm up the lamp-posts and hang like monkeys over the heads of the assembly. These are the heralds who shout "Amberlanch! Amberlanch!" as it comes in sight, and announce "It's a *lady*!" or "It's a *man*!" to those less fortunately situated for prospecting.

What does the Invalid? He has heard the warning bell of the ambulance, and he watches, from behind his curtains, in a neighboring avenue, the curious swarm that gather and part, and gather again, like flies. Perhaps a mason has fallen from some dizzy height. Perhaps a careless passenger has been thrown from the platform of a car and run over. Either or any like ill-fated one is but a man lost to the ranks of the whole, and swelling the lists of maimed and halt and diseased in the great unknown Camp—the Hospital. But the Invalid does not pause with this simple reckoning of loss and gain; matter for thought is scarce with him. He recalls disagreeable stories, of the sick in stalls like cattle awaiting the knife, of beardless boys playing at doctor, of sights and sounds unmentionable. The gossip is supplemented as well as suggested by the plunging horse and swaying black car which seem to swoop down upon the victim in a malevolent, predatory fashion.

In reality they are answering an appeal for help. Hardly three minutes ago the telephone sounded at Bellevue or the New York, or where some gracious Saint presides, calling for assistance. Forthwith a bell in the stable aroused the driver, and the horse, too, trembling with the excitement in which he participates. The suspended harness dropped into place. The door flew open and the ambulance rolled out to meet the surgeon, whom another bell had started from his office. The driver gathers up the reins. The surgeon, with his bag, springs on the step. The address is given them and away they go, scattering carriages and pedestrians, claiming the road in the name of mercy.

The Hospital does not always gather recruits from the street, nor yet entirely from attic and cellar, as the Public is led to believe. Some enlist, coming in private carriages to private rooms. But these are the exception. Dives and Lazarus have their several ways of considering their own flesh.

You, my Invalid behind the curtains, are neither Dives nor Lazarus. You cannot summon the kings of Pathology to listen to your groans; neither does it depend upon the charities of your fellow-men if anyone shall hearken to them. When your physician "advises hospital treatment," you feel that you have reached the ultimatum of misery, and you enter the carriage which is to take you to the dreaded bourne, as the Indian Suttee mounted the funeral pile of her defunct husband, because there was

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nothing else she could do. How surprised you will be! Even great, gray-walled Bellevue, prison-like in severity of outline and heavy masonry, is gloomy only on the exterior. Within the enclosure, the colony of trim pavilions, the long piazzas running from end to end of the main building, and the wide view of the East River with the Sound boats frequently passing, make up a pleasing picture. It is cheerier yet within the walls. Such a regiment of bright-faced, energetic young women would enliven a dungeon. I used to feel inclined to ask them if attractiveness was one of the requirements in their examination as nurses. But their dignity overruled my hazardous impulses, and I never so much as mentioned the fact that I took in agreeable doses of Miss S——'s eyelashes and Miss G——'s dimples, together with the contents of the glasses held to my lips. The trim figures in the blue and white striped gowns and white aprons, the intelligent faces under the round muslin caps are comforting sights for a man to open his eyes upon after a bad time. The nurses do not appear to know this. They seem as engrossed in critical cases and capital operations as are the medical students yonder, pouring out of the lecture-room, note-book in hand.

They do not prefer easier work. They would scorn the luxurious appointments of the New York and its dainty selection of subjects. It is old Bellevue, with the ambulances trundling off every hour, accidents in all shades of horror tossing up human débris to their doors, a thousand beds filled with a variety of patients, danger continually presenting a new face—it is Bellevue, with its broad and diversified experience, its hurry and rush, demanding swift wits and pliant fingers—Bellevue for them, every time!

I didn't object to the boys, even when they wanted to learn their lessons off my bones, to sound my chest and listen to my bellows. But the young women, with equal zest for information, were more shrewd about it and asked fewer questions. They looked sharp and missed nothing. And the demure airs they gave themselves over their caps and their titles—Junior, Middle, and Senior—their interest in their charges and fondling ways with the children were an inexhaustible source of entertainment for at least one old fellow who watched. They were justly proud of their clean wards, too, and of their neatly arranged "*T. I. Ds.*"—the medicine-closets, so-called from the *Ter-in-die* (*thrice-a-day*) doses therein contained. In the New York Hospital these are elaborate affairs, with "Solutions," "Mixtures," and the other printed headings governing the different divisions; but they are no finer, on the point of nicety, than the rank and file of bottles here.

I cannot tell you of the huge amphitheatre in the topmost story of the main building. Mine was not a surgical case, then. But I remember how the children's wards looked, the day of my discharge, as I took a final peep into them. This side, toward the river, is composed altogether of windows, and the amount of sunlight which streams through is sufficient to explain the good tempers of the youngsters, who were laughing and talking as gayly as if they were not hung up by one leg, like spiders, or weighted with sand-bags tied to their heels, or bandaged, or plastered, or harnessed in one way and another.

The Old Lady is prominent here. She has served her time as a patient, and subsequently worked her way into the fabric of the "Establishment," as she calls it, until now no one thinks of her leaving. Aged Homes and Refuges have opened their doors to her, but she would feel like a recreant Casabianca if she left Bellevue. She "takes an interest" in the children, mends their clothes and their manners, picks up their playthings, makes their sand-bags, and lectures them mildly when they need it.

Little Mary, the lame girl, was another would-be life member. She was removed to a special Cripples' Hospital, but nearly cried her eyes out to be back in her old quarters. Verily, a liberal hospital course seems to produce emotions similar to those avowed by a college student for his Alma Mater—a mingling of the grateful and the proprietary.

Much the same sentiment prevails among the patients of the New York. Its nurses, too, are remarkably enthusiastic. They miss some of the Bellevue tragedies—their Chambers Street House of

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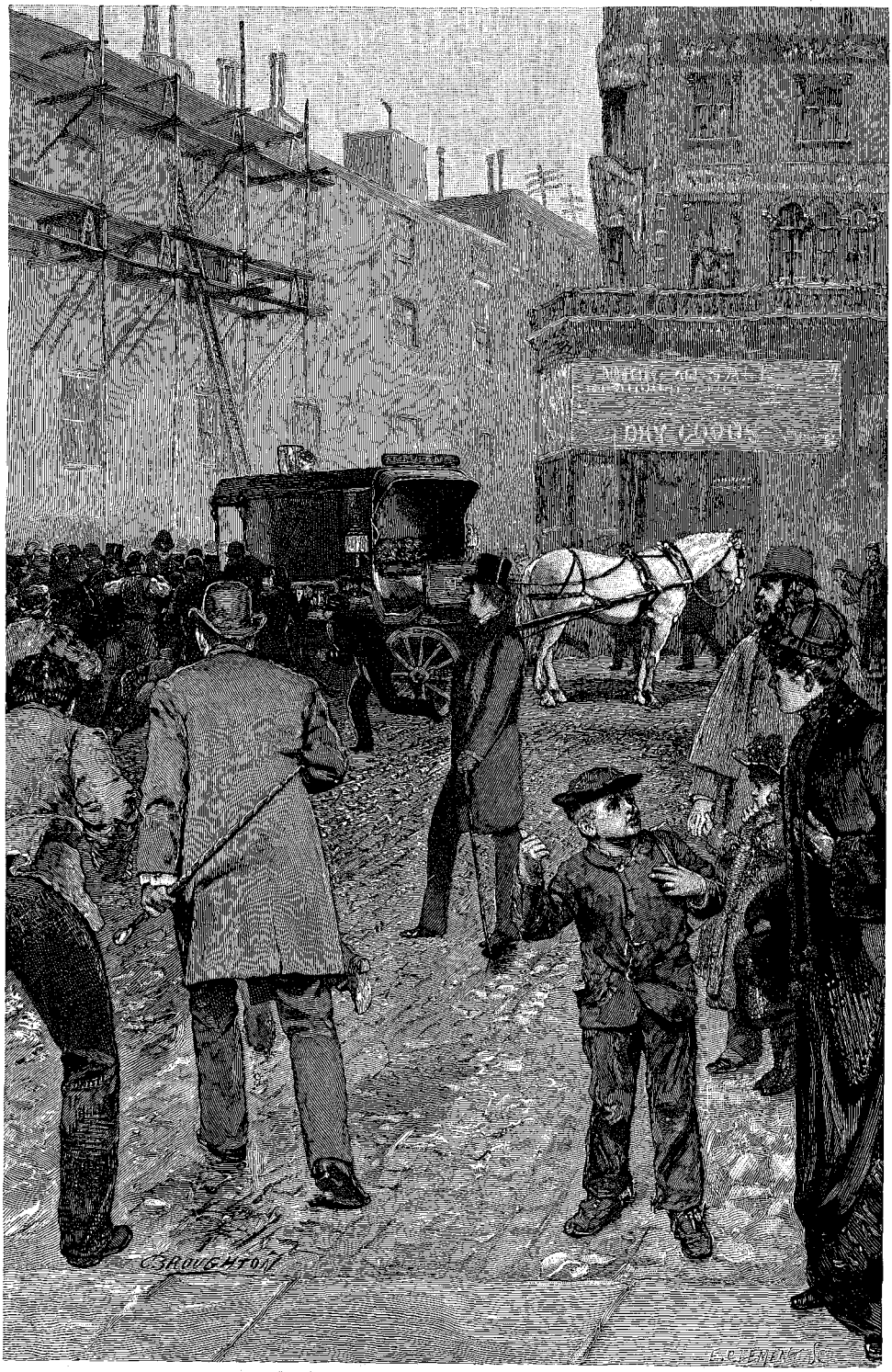

"These are the heralds who shout 'Amberlanch! Amberlanch!' as it comes in sight."

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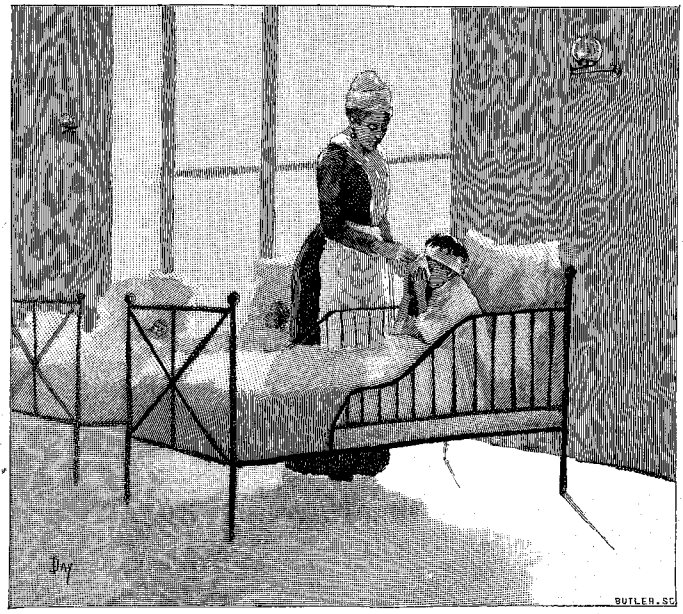
Relief takes the blood-and-thunder cases—but they get a fair share of splinting and stitching, and plenty of use for the antiseptic dressings, so dear to the heart of the modern surgeon. There is generally a knock-kneed youth having his legs broken and reset—osteotomy they call it—or some other fascinating variation of the ordinary round of fevers and fractures. The appointments of the hospital are as fine as the architects, backed by a long purse, could make them—from the surgical wards, at the top of the house, to the children's ward at the bottom; from the convenient "theatre" to the stately "solarium," where convalescents walk about among tropical shrubs, under a glass roof. Here are aquaria, bird-cages, "happy families" of every sort, to beguile the languid interest of the patients.



"Mrs. Comfort."

The framework of a hospital system, not unlike that of less pretentious places, is to be detected; but it is in a high state of padding and gilding. The rank of the head-nurse is proclaimed by an illuminated badge. Her utensils are as imposing as a display of armor. Every basin glitters and every bandage is conspicuously soft and firm. I cannot say it was comforting to me to know that my blood would flow into polished receptacles, and that the basket which preceded me to the theatre was arranged as daintily as a *corbeille*, with ointments in ornamental boxes, dressings and disinfectants artistically grouped, and roll upon roll of snowy cotton crowning all. But to an æsthetic patient it must be a matter for thankfulness that his drama is so well put on the stage.

One thing which always interested me was my temperature-chart. I used to beg the nurse to take it down from its peg on the wall above my head that I might trace the zigzag line which marked my wanderings up and down the thermometer-scale. It looked like a coast-survey and was just mysterious enough to be amusing. The medical chart, registering pulse, respiration, and the like, was tame in comparison, though it had attractions as a bit of personality.

Luxurious surroundings appear to have no effect on the nurses, who are the same kindly, careful creatures that they are at homely Bellevue. And there is a good-humored winking at peccadilloes, which is a revelation to the new-comer. Through the open door of a female ward I once caught a glimpse of a patient fondling a baby, evidently her own, while all the women who could reach the spot were on hand offering assistance and admiration. "Isn't that against the rules?" I asked Mrs. R. "Ye-es," with the twinkle of a repressed smile in her eyes. "But we break through rules sometimes." That picture of the bantling, lying on his back and contentedly turning up his toes amidst the pride and satisfaction which attended him, was a shock to my belief in hospital austerities. And when I came to the children's ward, where their pretty

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"Mrs. Comfort," as they call her, was binding up wounds of body and soul, from a doubter in applied humanities I became a disciple, a fanatic, a zealot for their cause. Children cast off and forgotten by their own mothers, children beaten and starved by their own fathers, children whose first idea of home develops in this kind nursery, nestle eager with confidence around the white-capped girl—for girl she is, in years, though a trained nurse. "It's the hardest and the dirtiest ward," says Mrs. Comfort, "but it's the pleasantest, too. I don't suppose the poor little things ever had any petting before. And I *do* like to clean them up when they come in from the street."

In the Children's Ward.

The children are scattered in among the grown people at the Roosevelt. The little, short figures look odd in the long beds. There is no army of young women, moreover; one female nurse to a ward is the proportion. I missed them, though I soon found what good fellows the orderlies were, and how well-trained. They occupy a higher position here than at Bellevue or the New York, but they deserve it.

Roosevelt is a quiet, old-fashioned place, with corridors leading this way and that to glass doors, which reveal glimpses of lawn and garden, but no sign of city walls. The air is like that of the country, too; but then, ventilation is a fine art at Roosevelt. So is eating. It encouraged me greatly, as I sat in the office waiting to make my application, to hear the orderlies giving their "special diet" orders at the desk. "Twelve beef-teas," read off one; "Six quarters of steak," called out another; "Ninety-six pints of milk," said a third. And I congratulated myself without waiting for more. The time bid fair to come when surgical skill would count for nothing, as far as my appreciation of it went, and when the effects of medicine would penetrate no farther than my mortal part. Then beef-tea and milk would be as pearls and gold-dust in my valuation. But three sources of enjoyment remain to the invalid in his unsophisticated state—the titillation of the palate by appetizing food, the expansion of the lungs with pure air, and the relief of pain by means of nar-

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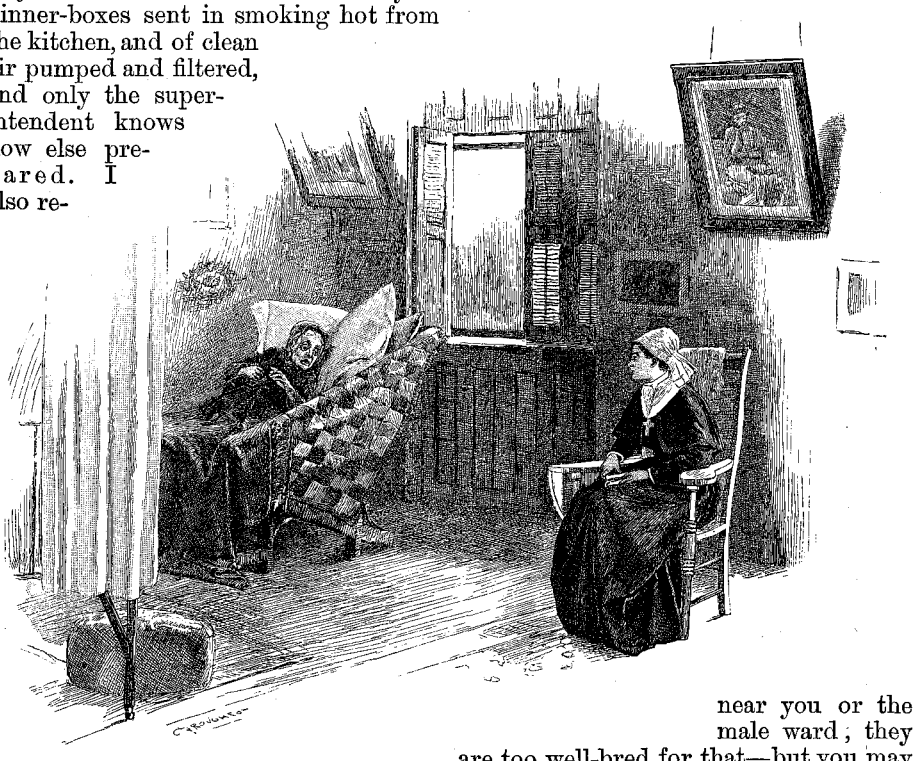
cotics, or the magnified and prolonged sensations of eating, breathing, and sleeping. These become actual luxuries, productive of thought, accompanied by visions. Their impressions remain after gratitude, for skilful treatment has faded into a principle. The signs and tokens of Roosevelt surgery which I bear about with me are shadowy and unreal beside the memory of dinner-boxes sent in smoking hot from the kitchen, and of clean air pumped and filtered, and only the superintendent knows how else prepared. I also remember vividly a few hours spent on a warm-water bed. All the time it was being filled I imagined what it would be like, but it was better than any imagination of it. All of which goes to prove what a material existence is that of the invalid.



Much is made of skilled labor at Roosevelt. It is a favorite boast there that no nurse is taken in the process of development. The theory sounds well and works admirably, but—I would be willing to take the nurses, as they enter Bellevue or the New York, and grow up with them.

Still in the carriage, my Invalid? Going over the river to Brooklyn? Peradventure you are thinking of that paragon which deserves some other name than hospital, according to its admirers, a sort of beatific vision of what a hospital may be—St. John's. You will catch sight of the belles of the city going up to read aloud in the woman's ward, or you will hear their voices in the children's playroom. They won't come near you or the male ward; they are too well-bred for that—but you may have the delightful consciousness that they are on the premises somewhere. Then there are flower-missions, book-missions, donation-parties, all aimed straight at St. John's; and as it is a comparatively small institution, never containing more than a hundred patients, there is generally "enough to go around." Moreover, you can attend church services daily, or have them attend you by leaving your door open. Torpid religious instincts are sure to be aroused and stimulated. Nay, you are going there for skill, and you will find it, whatever else you gain from patrons or patients, Sisters or Staff.

Up on the hill, yonder, at Roman St. Mary's, they call these slight, girlish

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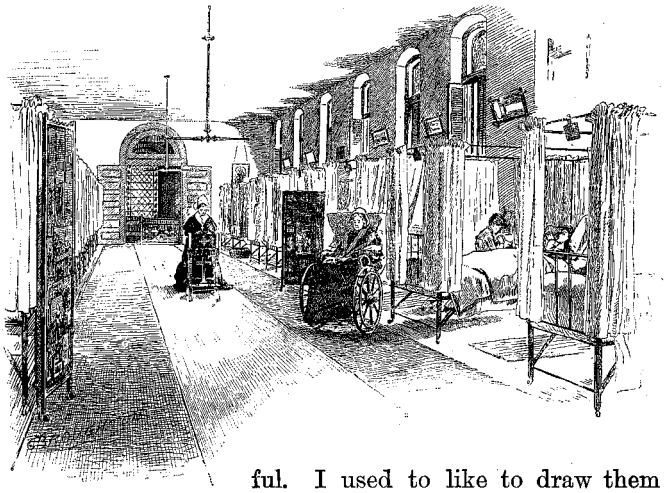
women the Little Sisters. Their forms are a noticeable contrast to the ample figures of the former, and the contrast is heightened by the difference in their dress; trim, close-fitting gowns are the rule here, and full skirts and flowing sleeves dominate there. The difference is confined to exteriors; both orders represent a lofty type of womanhood, as Sisters of Mercy ever do, whether they pray with or without a rosary. In them the fineness of fibre, induced by seclusion from the world and communion with the supernatural, is saved from superfineness by daily contact with common lives and common suffering, and by the practical nature of their work. They have learned, too, that their religion is not the same engrossing topic to others that it is to themselves, and they do not thrust it into notice. As for admonitions, I had been at St. Mary's a month before I heard any of them. Then they were addressed to a young reporter on the ——, who had managed to get a fall. Possibly anyone else who had been picked up in his condition would have gotten what he did. "Is it not a shame for a young man like you!" Sister G. murmured in low tones colored by a faint French accent. "What would your mother have said if you had been taken to a station-house?" "But, really, Sister," answered the boy, looking mischievously up at her, "It's the very first time I ever got drunk in my old clothes." Her sense of humor responded to the appeal, as he knew it would.



We heretics and sinners, early in our stay, discovered what a tolerant spirit was to be found among the sisterhood; but the consequent increase of our confidence by no means displaced the reverence in which they were held. We gave them our story and they gave us good advice, better than their moderate experience of sin would lead one to expect. And their quaint maxims have lingered in many a poor fellow's brain to help him through subsequent trial. "We are the carpenters who make our own crosses," Sister G. used to say to the grumblers; and they invariably changed their tune to one more cheerful. I used to like to draw them into speaking of their religion, so eloquent were they in their enthusiasm of belief and unreserved devotion. To be in the neighborhood of such unhesitating and satisfied faith is to be influenced by it,—which may, in part, explain the charges of proselytism brought against this and similar communities.

Another great aid to their religious influence are the emblems which they put before their patients. Toward the pitiful, benevolent figure of the Saint, standing in the corner of each ward, all eyes turn involuntarily, whether their owners are Romanist or no. The meaning of the cross, too, they understand; does it not tell of the cruelty of Earth and the tenderness of Heaven? Who needs the Thirty-nine Articles to explain its significance?

St. Mary's is as busy, for its size, as Bellevue. The operating-table is always "set," and everything is in readiness for the doctors, even to their drink of ice-water. The staff is composed entirely of specialists, and tremendous surgical deeds are done daily, without stir or noise, and as a matter of course. Long lists of medicines are ordered

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from the pharmacy, says the Sister in charge of that department, for specialists usually have their hobbies in medicine as well as surgery. You should see the pharmacy, with its important rows of bottles and jars; you should look into the pretty

children's ward and into the cosey private rooms—there are a hundred or more—but your eyes are fixed on St. John's, and thither we go forthwith.

Give of your substance to a Sister or to the doctors, or drop it into the contribution-boxes hanging in the hall, but do not take a private room—just yet. It is in the ward that you will find intermingled the light and shadow, the comedy and tragedy which go to make up hospital life. You may be as luxurious as you please in a private room, but in the ward there is something better than luxury.

The patients all look up as you enter; your arrival means much to them. You may prove a drug in an already dull market; you may reveal shining merits as a joker or a story-teller. They can tell in an instant which it will be. One young fellow has his arm in a sling. An old man, with hollow chest and sunken eyes, sits by him. But few patients are in bed, and they are partially concealed by the white curtains. There is also a group at the other end of the room. One of the Sisters met you down-stairs. Here are two more. One has dove's eyes, and a delicate color comes and goes in her cheeks. The other's face is of the frank, straightforward kind which men like, especially when they are to have every-day relations with its owner. There is also an orderly, only he is never called that, but usually Uncle Something-or-other. This is a touch of informality which aids in putting you at your ease. His protective, fatherly manner has a like effect. He may not say to you as one of his brothers did to me, "This is a chair for you to sit down on," or "This is a towel for you to wipe your face with;" but if he does, it will not be because he thinks you came from a planet where the uses of chair and towel are unknown. It is merely an indication of his willingness to explain whatever he can in this new, strange life of yours. He arranges your traps in your locker and leaves you, promising to send in your supper as soon as it is "up," meaning as soon as the dumb-waiter has brought it from the kitchen below. It comes—thin slices of bread and butter, a bit of preserve, and a cup of tea, plain but wholesome. You think of your first supper at boarding-school when you gulped down loneliness and dread with every mouthful. But the mood is transitory. You soon begin to listen for the convalescents to file out from the dining-room. You wonder what the lame boy is saying to make them laugh. The chaplain comes in and reads prayers; after he has gone the ward prepares to settle down for the night. The orderly turns out all the lights but one; it throws a long, shining reflection on the polished floor. The curtained beds look ghostly in the shadow. You try to sleep, but feel more like coughing with the consumptive, and groaning with the old fellow across the aisle who is having a fresh poultice put on his lame leg. You are ready to take an oath that misery does *not* love company, but longs to get as far away as possible from all of its kind. The cough stops, and the groan. A clock ticks in a distant corner. There is no other sound save regular breath-

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ing, and now and then a snore. You toss to and fro and try to imagine yourself in a sleeping-car. The snorer utters a crescendo. You meditate getting up and shaking him, but reflect that the room is as much his as yours.

While you are heartily wishing yourself out of the scrape, a gray figure glides in. It is the resident physician. "What, not yet asleep?" he whispers, energetically, and brings a glass of something which tastes queer and sends a languor creeping over your limbs. You close your eyes. The snoring fades from consciousness. You forget the man with the sling, the consumptive, and all the disabled crew, in a deep sleep which lasts until sunlight streams in at the long windows and the good-humored "Uncle" appears, asking how you feel. "Good-morning!" sings out the sore-legged man over the way. "Good-morning!" cries your next neighbor. And you answer them as one answers *Ahoy!* to a friendly hailing at sea.

Interest in your ward-mates is unavoidable if you are human. Entertainment of one sort or another they are sure to furnish, if you will but listen, especially in fair weather; for, like all sick folk, they are susceptible, in a high degree, to atmospheric changes. They droop like draggled fowls when it rains, and tune up with all sorts of jubilant notes as soon as the clouds disappear. An old Irishman who seems to know his hymnal by heart exemplifies the words of his favorite hymn by "singin' ever*last*in'ly." No one appears to be disturbed by the sound. When he warms to forgetfulness of himself and his surroundings in "*All glory, laud, and honor!*" the effect is tremendous. Rob, the lame boy, applauds vig-

The Surgical Ward at Bellevue.

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orously. "That's right, Dan," he calls out. "Now, give 'em *Jordan's banks!*" But the advent of a Sister, or a Half-Sister, as he calls the probationers, will check Dan's exuberance of song. The Church and its representatives are objects of superstitious awe to him.

Rob is a nimble-witted lad, the life of the ward in his way. His poor, twisted body wriggles painfully along. One short leg is pieced down with a thick-soled boot. But the distorted frame carries such a bright, good-natured face that no one can pity lame Robbie. If a patient is obdurate in the matter of taking food or medicine, Rob is summoned to coax the rebel into submission. "Pretty well, are you?" I hear him asking behind someone's screen. "That's more'n *I* could do. Might be well, but I'd never be pretty. Now, just try some of this broth. They don't give the rest of us fellers anything so good. Made a-purpose for you. Hullo, there's one swaller, now swaller again!" When a prospective operation leads its victim to mope and fret, Rob is on hand, offering the tale of his own experiences, which "weren't so bad after all," he says. "For ether fixes you dead as a smelt, and when you come to, it's over."

Did you not see Rob at the hospital? Then his name was Will or Jack or something equally abrupt and comradeish. There is always a patient who

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makes fun for the rest, and he is often crippled or sadly deformed; just as there is always a pious patient, and a singer, tolerably certain to be an offshoot of Erin. There is also a prig, who finds fault with whatever is done for him, who judges the texts upon his quilt offensive, and asks if the "silent comforter" at the foot of the bed is "Catholic or Episcopal or anything, 'cos' I'm Methodist and I won't have it if it is." "What, the flopper?" asks Robbie, "Oh, no, that's a little of everything 'cep' Mormon."

There is also the patient who does too much and the patient who does too little. The former is meek and yielding when discovered at it; the latter laughs with lazy good humor, and is provokingly blind to his own shortcomings. The patient who is very ill is incessantly talking about "when I get well;" while the patient not ill at all is given to frequent last farewells. The patient without a ghost of an appetite is fond of representing himself as a gormandizer; he who "can't eat no eatables at all" munches candy and sweetmeats on the sly. So contradictory are the fancied and the actual in the invalid's life. I have known a man, with both legs ready for amputation, pity another with a hangnail; and the latter posed as a martyr and received the condolence as his due.

A chapter might be written on the responses to the doctor's morning question, "How do you feel?" One replies with alacrity, eagerly seizing the opportunity to describe his long-hoarded sensations. He is as voluble as a pedler telling over his wares.

Another answers savagely, resenting any allusion to his bruised and wounded sensibilities. Another, still, is peevish, for similar reasons. And many there are who reply mechanically; their lesson is too well learned. Cheerful and sad and jesting responses there are, and some which would indicate that the speakers never eat, never sleep, and ache incessantly. You hear from your corner the oft-repeated question, the varied answers, and, for interest in the dialogue, forgetting what you intended to say, only smile idiotically when the form is put to you. The temperatures have usually been taken when the doctor makes his rounds, but sometimes he attends to a new patient or one in a critical condition.

The importance attached to a clinical thermometer by those in ignorance of its office approaches a superstition. They close their lips tightly upon it. Their eyes roll wildly around the room. They believe that the tube contains some mighty gas or a metal of mysterious power. "There ain't much taste to it, docther," said one of these credulous fellows, "but I s'pose it's *turrible sthrong*." Dr. ——, who is something of a wag, encouraged the man's faith in the occult virtues of the thing, and with remarkable results. After the first "dose," the fever abated. The "treatment" was continued, and the patient actually recovered, cured by thermometer, administered *ter in die*, without further drugging.

The genuine orthodox prescriptions are filled in the medicine-room and brought out on trays, at regular hours. To watch for the glasses is as much a

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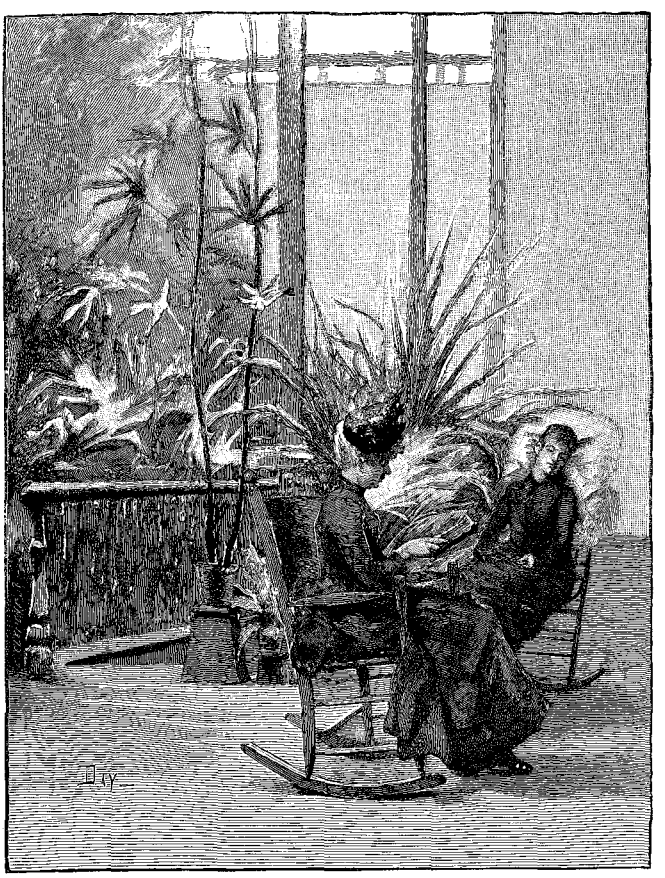
daily habit as to watch for meals or listen for the bells. These ring for breakfast, dinner, and tea, for morning-prayers and evening-prayers and for retiring. There is also a big, clanging bell outside, by which the orphans go to school. The day thus broken into pieces is so much the more easily taken. Occasionally, in place of the chaplain, a certain fair Sister comes in to read the prayers. Kneeling there by the little reading-desk, she looks like the effigy of a saint in black and ivory, with her black dress, white cap, and deep white collar, and with her face as white. Her voice is clear and sweet, lending unction to the words. He is a hardened reprobate indeed who will not say Amen to her supplications.



The Solarium.

Of an afternoon the chapel-door is often thrown open and the organ is heard. The orphan with the bird-like voice sings now and then; and now and then a fine soprano is heard, accompanied by a rich baritone. Not a day passes without some break in the routine, if it is nothing more than a cackle in the corridor when one of Sister ——'s hens is brought in to have its tongue cut for the pip. These hens are important members of St. John society. They are named with a curious disregard of sex, and on purely patriotic principles. Their eggs are carefully lettered and numbered. So if you have been puzzled by the cabalistic signs upon your breakfast dainty, learn the explanation! The origin and date of this particular *ovum* are here inscribed; it was laid by George Washington or Henry Clay or Daniel Webster on the day of the month thus noted.

Tuesday and Friday are Visitors' Days, and well patronized by all sorts and conditions of men and women. The tide sets in toward the ward at 2 P.M., and flows steadily until 5, when what Rob calls the "chucker-out bell" rings a warning. Rob has a regular Sunday-school picnic, with his teacher, a delegation from his class and a few church "pillars." For Rob is a good lad, in spite of his mischief, and "has eminently respectable connections." Dan generally has one visitor with whom he converses in loud whispers and in a pronounced brogue. Mr. Smith entertains two or more as pious as himself, to judge from their faces. The handsome young man with his arm in a sling is visited by his sister. The two are orphans and devoted to each other. The consump-

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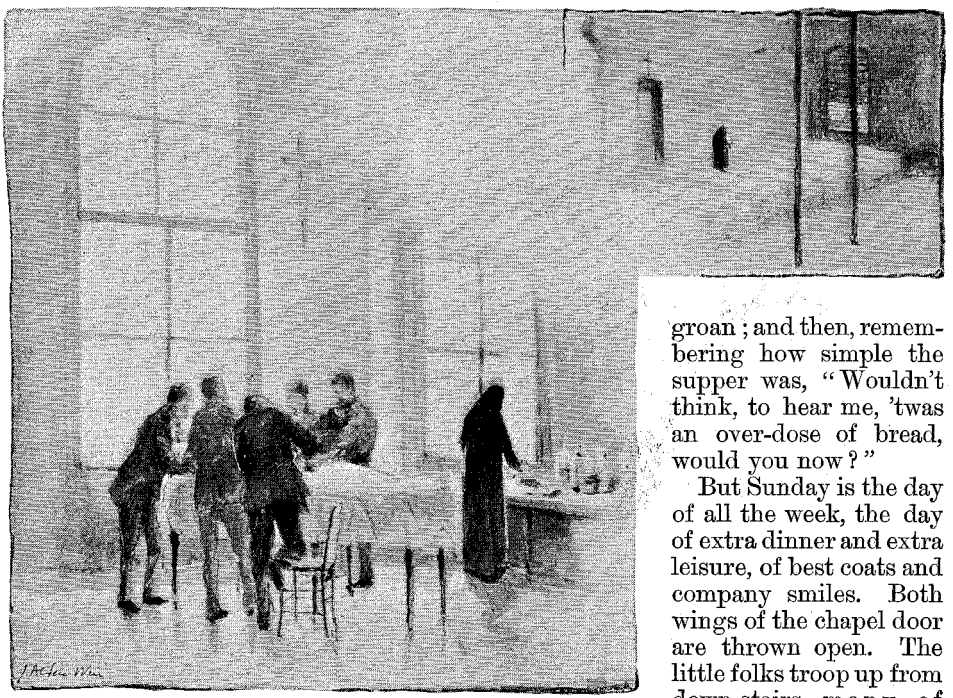
tive remains entirely alone, although it is said that he has two daughters living comfortably somewhere, a *Goneril* and a *Regan* to this forlorn *Lear*. A patient who came in yesterday, and who is to have a capital operation, is talking with a tall, shapely woman, evidently his wife. Her flushed cheeks and watery eyes tell a story not rare, alas, in our day. She leads by the hand a tiny pale-faced maiden, whom the father welcomes more warmly than he does the mother.



In the Operating Room.

In pours the stream of guests, faster and faster. Greetings resound in bluff bass and shrill treble. Those who have many friends share with those who have few or none. Offerings of fruit, flowers, and dainties are displayed on every side. The room has a fête-day look, and a fête-day sound of voices fills it. A cheerful buzz of conversation follows the settling-down to the business of visiting. There is an universal exclamation of surprise and dismay when the bell rings.

After the lights are out you hear someone offering a cake to Rob. some grown-up bad boy transgressing the rule to relinquish all such treasure to the discretion of the nurse. "Why didn't I know before I over-ate myself at supper," replies the boy, with a whispered groan; and then, remembering how simple the supper was, "Wouldn't think, to hear me, 'twas an over-dose of bread, would you now?"

But Sunday is the day of all the week, the day of extra dinner and extra leisure, of best coats and company smiles. Both wings of the chapel door are thrown open. The little folks troop up from down-stairs, many of them swinging in on crutches, but all in a flutter with the excitement of being "dressed up" and the anticipation of sweetmeats at dessert.

Everyone who can is expected to take his place in church. The paralytic is pushed in, a half hour before service. Those who remain in their beds maintain a decorous silence and show as much devotion as is consistent with their attitudes. The patients from the woman's ward enter their gallery. The rumble of wheel-chairs is heard above and below. The orphans from the Home march in, two by two. The Sisters enter their pews. Friends from outside fill the unclaimed space. And the service begins. Never did clergyman look down upon a more interested congregation. The buoyancy of health and the distractions of the world come not between the shepherd and his sheep. They hear his voice and respond with an alacrity unknown to a flock who were up

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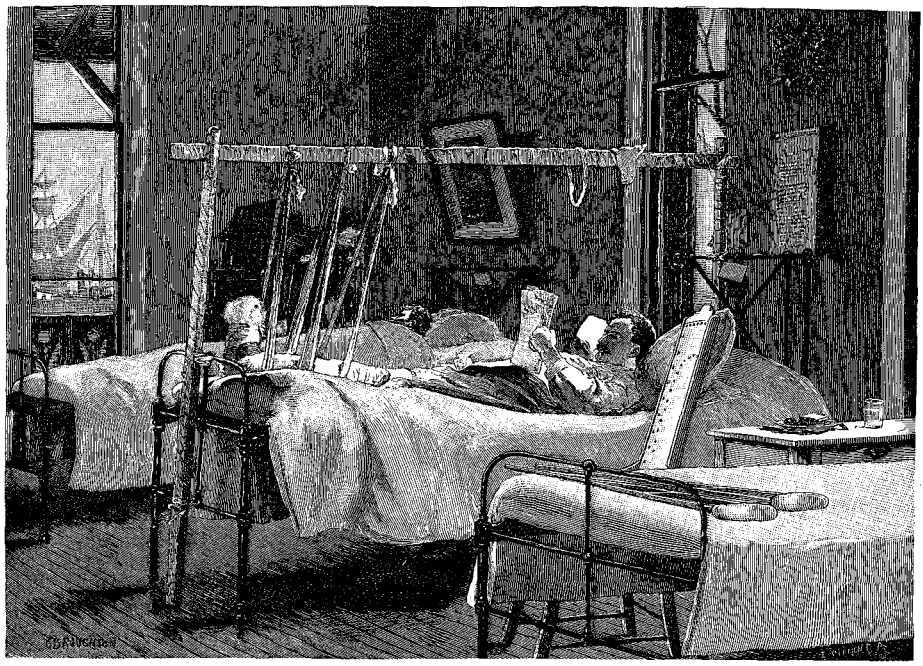

The Surgical Ward.

late the night before with the opera or whist. The children sing. The orphan boy has the Offertory. "Blessed, blessed are the poor in spirit!" he carols. Humbled by pain and weakness, and by their own impotent struggles, the lame, the wounded, the sick, and the sore listen to the words, taking in their meaning through the vague sense of comfort they bring rather than by actual comprehension of them. The passivity of "worship" is increased by languor. There are hospital lessons, however, which one does not get off from learning so easily as from the Law of Sinai and Gospel of Galilee supposed to be proclaimed from the pulpit.

Leave the Rev. —— to the limitations of his text and return with me to the ward. Here is the paradox which is Immortality's most beautiful argument, a healthy soul in a diseased body. Here is Duty-to-God finding something to praise him for in the midst of cruel hurts. Here is Duty-to-Neighbor limping from bed to bed with a cup of cold water or a cheering word. How much this tells of the life which has bullied and hurried and pounded the morbidness out of them; of work that went on whatever the cost to aching head and weary limbs; of a ready will to assist others out of scanty and poor supplies!

No one here is exempt from helping himself, and all are expected to do their part toward lessening the sum total of wretchedness. Elsewhere invalids are conspicuous; here they are the rule. Specific miseries are absorbed into the general Law of Suffering. Humiliating as this is in one way, in another it is inspiriting. The consciousness that others are daring and enduring lends the stimulus of the army to the soldier. The openness of the conflict is, moreover, exhilarating. Life and Death confront each other, unmasked. Colors are flying and weapons are brandished in full view of the ranks. The patient talks of "our cases" and "our staff" as a private talks of the latest skirmish and his commanding officers. Carbolic acid and iodoform are as the smell of powder. Chloroform and ether are also material of war. Even the *chicken-bones* are cleaned by the very owners of the wounds they are to drain, when chemically prepared, and appetites do not suffer from ugly associations. I knew a man who wanted to save his antiseptic pad as a souvenir. The early

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sensitiveness of the patient—where is it? Cured by the law which applies alike to nerve and muscle, neither of which was ever helped by coddling, unless actually injured. There is no nerve-tonic like being in a position demanding a mettlesome spirit with a firm rein over it. The first glimpse of a stretcher bearing a motionless form is startling, but fear gives way to admiration for the dexterity with which it is managed. Sympathy is with the careful attendants, as well as with the patient, with the Sister whirling a chair out of the path and pushing a screen before a subject who is to be operated on to-morrow, with the doctor helping to arrange his charge in bed and making all provision for his relief. The return of an etherized patient is more trying, but it rarely hurts the invalid looker-on. It rather makes a man of him. Here is something real in exchange for his fancied terrors. He is sobered, made more thoughtful; but he ceases to tremble, just as many a soldier forgets his panic as soon as the battle actually begins.

The same is true of a death scene. It is terrible to see the Enemy clutch a man by the throat and shake him. It is terrible to hear the death-rattle and to watch the convulsive quivering of the limbs until they are still. And yet in this, its most shocking aspect—for most departures are serene—death does not overwhelm and cow the witness, if he is worth a sixpence. It rather nerves him to a more desperate struggle, lest he himself be brought into such straits. What man, moreover, be he ever so much of an invalid, could see a woman meet the emergency, as these Sisters do, quiet

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and composed, making a gesture serve for words, using every saving art they know, and disputing to the last death's possession of the body—what man could show terror and shrink among his pillows?

Visitors' Day at St. John's.

Death is not the worst fate, or the saddest, the sufferer comes to believe. "I told her I might be able to give her two days of comfort by an operation; it might be a shorter time; and she might die under the knife," said a surgeon of a patient. "On the other hand, without an operation she would continue to suffer till she died. I told her husband the same. And both consented to make the trial; he, because he could not endure seeing her agonies; she, because she could not endure having him see them. I performed the operation. She lived just thirty-six hours, in peace. Afterward he thanked me, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, for those last precious, painless hours, although they hastened the end."

Hospital scenes are to those of ordinary life what Doré's pictures are to those of other artists. Glimmer and gloom come close together and emphasize each other. Just when a cloud of pain or homesickness hangs heaviest over your cot, Mr. Smith pipes up, "Do you know who writ the Bible? King James writ it. It's on the front page. He was an aw—ful—good—man!" (How this exalted opinion of the Royal Jamie would astonish some who thought they knew him!) As for Dan, he is as good as a Greek Chorus, always coming in opportunely with prayer-book and hymnal. "O all ye winds of the Lord," he chants when there is a gale, "Bless ye the Lord!" Candidates for operations, too, he encourages with appropriate outbursts concerning "rellums of light," and "marchin' on to victor*ee*." Dan has a counterpart in Esther, whom you will probably see, some day, in a clean print gown and close-fitting cap going up in the elevator to rest her lame ankle in the woman's ward. She, too, is a singer and a humorist after a fashion; and she has a great deal to say about the "Foundation," where she has been for more than thirty years. What the "Foundation," may be it will puzzle you at first to learn. You will doubtless query if it is the ground-floor kitchen, or a yet more remote subterranean region; until someone explains the term, holding up a spoon or a fork marked C. C. F. to emphasize the lesson. Church Charity Foundation; so the letters read and they apply alike to the Hospital, the Orphanage, and the Aged Home. On the Foundation, and never off but once, Esther has literally been. Upon that solitary occasion she started without word of warning and was gone all day. There was a great hue and cry after her. The alarmed Sisters sent in all directions, but found no trace of the missing. At nightfall she came tranquilly home and told her story. She had drawn some of her savings from the bank, and with them

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gone to New York, where she bought a shawl for Jane Lockwood and a bowl of oysters for herself. The psychological process by which the old lady arrived at the determination to take a holiday, her cunning reticence after reaching this conclusion, her emotions as a traveller, her enjoyment of the novelty of shopping, of the éclat of making a present,—and of the oysters, furnish a study worthy of someone's leisure.

The Children's Ward, St. John's Hospital.

Are there any smiles for an operation-day? I had a hearty laugh on one of them—not my own. A man with a bad leg went up for examination, possibly more. I had heard whispers of an amputation, and when, through the open windows, I heard the sound of a saw, I felt sure the poor wretch was losing his limb. A cold perspiration started on me as I listened to the harsh, rasping noise. I saw as in a vision the details of the ghastly performance. But when a workman, a carpenter, crept to the edge of a balcony over the windows, *saw in hand*, I divined the nature of the operation.

A few experiences like this dull the edge of nervous dread and almost reconcile the expectant subject to his own coming fate. If nothing thus far has been so formidable as his imagination would have it, why may not the rule hold good to the end of the chapter? He is reassured, too, by the observation of other subjects going up and coming down, to rally and gain. He is won to an ever-increasing confidence in the merciless mercy of surgery, the cruel kindness that stabs to heal. He is almost impatient for the day to come, and half inclined to welcome it. All will soon be over, now. The inmates of the ward are also gently agitated. They have not been told that he is "going up," but they feel the nerve, it is in the air. When nothing but a bowl of coffee is given him for breakfast, the fact is established. He hears the Staff enter and go upstairs. He hears the running to and fro which portends an operation here. At last, and it seems an age, someone says "Come," and he walks unsteadily or is pushed in a wheel-chair through the ward and toward the elevator, his mates looking pityingly or encouragingly after him. Once in the elevator with John, he says to himself, "Well, I'm in for it!" and tries to talk jestingly with his companion. A door opens above and the resident physician appears, with a smile. He conducts the patient into a large room lit by a skylight, and helps him up on the table. Some "spiritus frumenti," as the doctors like to call it, is offered him, a sort of *stirrup-cup*, and rarely refused. The pale fellow down-stairs, husband to the watery-eyed woman, refused it, but he had his reasons. "No, thank you," he said, turning away his head, "I've just kissed my wife good-by!"

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"Chloroform or ether, doctor?" asks someone in the rear. "Start him with chloroform" is the response, if such a substitute for the smothering cone has been requested. A handkerchief moistened with the sickening-sweet fluid is placed to the patient's nostrils. "Long breaths!" calls the surgeon, and the patient tries to answer "All right!" but his voice seems to him to *step high*, like the legs of a drunken man. Now he hears an elevated train coming. It is run by electricity. Its roads are of white light. Every now and then it dashes past a station, when a bell rings. He is rushed aboard and on they go, faster and faster. The bells ring closer together. "Happy?" inquires the surgeon. "Ye-es," answers the patient, with an effort. "Happy?" the surgeon asks again, and there is no answer. . . . A blank, it may be of minutes, it may be of hours, then softness, warmth, comfort! He is in the little country graveyard which he knew when a boy. He is sitting by his own body there. It is a sunny, summer afternoon. The birds are singing. And he can smell the odor of the pines as they stir in the breeze. Is this death? Then death is a pleasant experience after all. But what is the nausea, the excruciating pain? "Spit it out!" urges someone in a friendly tone. Spit out what, death? Ah, the pain! and he is off into blankness once more. A moment of quivering and again the balance strikes. This time he half opens his eyes. "He's 'playing possum,'" whispers a doctor, and the patient resents the irreverence of the remark. He is too fresh from the graveyard vision to tolerate joking familiarity, and, there! he may be dead after all! The pain again, and the blank, not so blank as before! There are scattering thoughts striving to assert themselves. He recognizes them, slowly, as a child stammers when it reads. "Yes, —it is all right—it is all right!" he says to himself; and then, as if he saw it written in great capital letters, the thought confronts him, "*This must be* COMING TO!" How painful life is, and yet to be *alive*—that brings a thrill of joy. The clatter of the supper dishes, the friendly dialogue between the patients, even the undisciplined thrumming of a guitar in the street are all delightful, as sounds of life. The blank is

The Convalescent.

bridged by consciousness. It is over. He is safe in his own bed, among jugs of warm water, which, unromantic reason tells him, account for the pretty fancy of the warm, sunny graveyard. He is the hero of the hour. Whispered questions of his welfare he hears outside his curtains, and realizes that he has a place in the hearts of his companions. A snug, home-like feeling comes over him. He is among friends and where all that can be done for his recovery will be done. The unity of the institution, its organized strength, its applied skill recur to his mind again and again, inducing deep gratitude and a lively enthusiasm. The singing and the services soothe him. The talk in the ward amuses and diverts him. He thinks the place has come to meet him, but he has really advanced to a better understanding of the place and its workings. Time does not lag, and at last comes a holiday, celebrated by a visit to the children's ward.

(O you little folks of St. John! I dare not do more than mention you. For at thought of bonny Celia and winsome Johnny, of saucy "Brown Eyes" and quaint, sweet Lucy Ann; of tiny, author-

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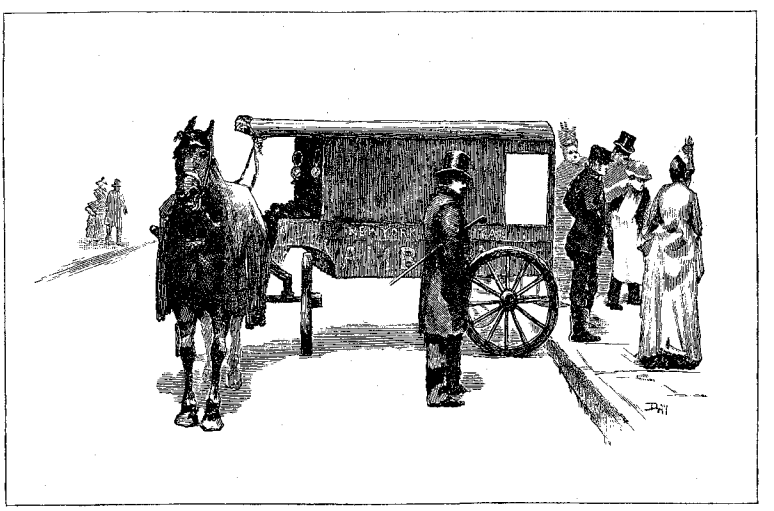
itative "Grandma," and of all the rest whose busy brains and eager tongues charmed away aches and transformed lonely hours into *bona fide* merry-makings for us restless fellows in the hospital cots, at the mere hint of you my pen gives an ambitious leap which promises folios at least. Some other time, children, you shall have a volume to yourselves, as you deserve.)

After the holiday the discharge! You look around upon the text-hung walls, upon the friendly faces of the patients, upon the white-curtained bed where you have suffered and rested and recovered strength. The place holds so many associations, dark and fair, that something very like a regret seizes you. The Sisters and nurses utter kind farewells. The fellows are all sympathizing with your "good luck" and wishing you better still. Rob is gathering up his few traps, also. "You going home, too, boy?" "No," says the youngster, whimsically, "I can't. I haven't got one. I'm going *out*." It dawns upon you, with a sudden rush of feeling, what an ark this must be for the homeless, and how sad their leave-taking must be. It does not seem so, however. The restless boy is eager for another plunge into the world, and even more gladly than you does he say good-by.

As for you, my invalid, you have lost your burden of pains and have gained the power to take your place in this give-and-take world, where whoever cannot pay for his lodging runs the risk of getting kicked out into the cold. And you have dismissed from your mind the repulsive picture of the Hospital which was formed there. You have learned how false it is, as false as to say that the benignant figure of Charity is repulsive, because the beggar who lies upon her knees is full of sores. Above him, the bending brows are holy with a watchful tenderness, and the mouth firm and true with silent blessings.



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THE COMFORTER.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

HOW dost thou come, O Comforter?
In heavenly glory dressed,
Down floating from the far off skies,
With lilies on thy breast?
With silver lilies on thy breast,
And in thy falling hair,
Bringing the bloom and balm of heaven
To this dim, earthly air?

How dost thou come, O Comforter?
With strange, unearthly light,
And mystic splendor aureoled,
In trances of the night?
In lone, mysterious silences,
In visions rapt and high,
And holy dreams, like pathways set
Betwixt the earth and sky?

Not thus alone, O Comforter!
Not thus, thou Guest Divine,
Whose presence turns our stones to bread,
Our water into wine!
Not always thus—for thou dost stoop
To our poor, common clay,
Too faint for saintly ecstasy,
Too impotent to pray.

How does God send the Comforter?
Ofttimes through byways dim;
Not always by the beaten path
Of sacrament and hymn;
Not always through the gates of prayer,
Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rite, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm.

How does God send the Comforter?
Perchance through faith intense;
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense.
Haply in childhood's laughing voice
Shall breathe the voice divine,
And tender hands of earthly love
Pour for thee heavenly wine!

How will God send the Comforter?
Thou knowest not, nor I!
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high.
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendor, night its calm,
To give thy pain surcease!

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FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A COACH AND FOUR COUPLES.

SEVERAL days passed by in much the same way; and truly a pleasant way enough it was. Arthur went now and then to town; but it was easy to get vacations in Townley & Tamms's office, and the inmates were mutually conceding upon this point, particularly when the absence was known to be connected with people likely to be valuable, as clients, to the firm. And perhaps Arthur had a secret notion that his visit at Mrs. Levison Gower's was an advancement more speedy and notable than anything that was likely to come to him in the office while he was away. For, after all, in her society he was getting the ultimate result of all labors, seeing what it was that people realized when they were successful here on earth.

Townley urged Arthur strongly to avail himself of Mrs. Gower's hospitality to its utmost limit. It was a principle of his philosophy of life that it was the part of a clever man to take things directly rather than attain to them gradually; to grasp the fruits, and not cultivate the tree. "Any country bumpkin, any ordinary mechanic, can do that," he would say. "But we in New York, in Wall Street, sit at the counter on which is poured the net earnings, the savings, the symbols of the title to all the creations of a mighty nation. Ten thousand men may work to build a railroad, for instance, and ten thousand more to run it; and the clean result of all their toil and trouble, free of all dross and surplusage, is turned into our hands, portable and convenient, in the shape of a few engraved certificates of stock, or bonds, or bank-notes. Presto! change! and some of them are in my pocket, and some in yours, and perhaps a new bit of paper issued by us for the balance." Arthur found Charlie a much more intellectual fellow than he had thought at first.

Guests came and went at Mrs. Gower's, all with some charm of person, or of fashion, or of successful mind; applied intellect, not perhaps the pure kind. Arthur spent a few days in town, to prepare for his longer absence on the coaching trip; Tamms was moving down to his summer quarters near Long Branch, and old Mr. Townley hardly ever came to the office now. He had a private room up-stairs, where he used to spend some two or three hours a week, looking after his trusts. Charlie was neglecting his business more than ever, but seemed to make up for it by his devotions to Mamie Livingstone, which were almost getting, for him, exclusive. That young lady was "coming out" the next autumn, and already making elaborate preparations for it. Arthur saw her when he went to call on Gracie Holyoke, who was going, with Miss Brevier, to the old place at Great Barrington for the summer.

Mrs. Malgam had gone away, and Haviland, and Miss Lenoir; and the party had gradually settled down to those who were invited for the drive. As their numbers were narrowed, a feeling of increased intimacy sprang up among the party, who were to go through so much together; and they were fond of talking of it and consulting maps as to roads and stopping-places; and they grew confidential about outsiders. "But I thought Mrs. Malgam was to go with us, too," said Mrs. Hay one day to Daisy; the two women were sitting on a new-mown hay-rick on the lawn, that had been cut for ornamental purposes, too soon to make good hay. Arthur was lying, with a volume of poetry, at their feet.

"Oh, dear, no," laughed innocent Miss Duval. "Flossie and Baby never could abide each other. You must know Mrs. Malgam is a very dangerous person, for all she looks like a pan of cream."

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"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Hay, compressing her rich lips. She had recognized in Mrs. Malgam her American counterpart, and was slightly afraid of the violet-eyed brune, to whose deeper beauty her own made but a tinsel foil.

"Yes, indeed," said Daisy. "You know, a man shot himself for Mrs. Malgam, once, they say. Isn't it exciting?"

"What, really?" put in Arthur. He had been forgotten for the moment; and Mrs. Hay drew up her red satin brodequins with a start. "Here comes Mrs. Gower," said she, "suppose we ask her?"

"Oh, don't," put in Daisy, rather frightened; but Mrs. Hay was not to be repressed. Flossie Gower barely raised her eyebrows at the question. "There was a man, a Mr. Vane, who shot himself," said she. "But it was from overwork, and not for Baby Malgam, I suspect. He was nothing but a money-making machine."

It was a glorious day, when it finally arrived. Nature seemed, as usual, to smile on Flossie Gower's plans. The party met at breakfast, all the women radiant in the neatest of dresses, with the gayest of coaching umbrellas; Caryl Wemyss and Van Kull in brown frock-coats with rosebuds in their silk lapels, and Derwent and Birmingham informally in knickerbockers. It was hard to say which woman was the handsomest; perhaps Mrs. Gower was the most fascinating, but the palm for beauty pure and simple lay certainly between Kitty Farnum and Mrs. Wilton Hay. Breakfast was a longer meal than usual; and the warm June air came in through the windows, laden with roses. Then the crisp and rapid sound of many horses' feet was heard upon the ground, and they all ran to the door to inspect the coach, which bore about the same relation to the one, familiar to Arthur, which met the quick train in his old home that a new dress-coat does to the quaint and dilapidated garment worn by an Irish peasant.

The women ran away to get ready, and the servants were busy packing every conceivable kind of a wrap, shawl, waterproof, mackintosh, rug, cloak, cape, ulster, or other similar garment yet devised, together with various little leather and silver travelling-bags, contents to Arthur as yet unknown. Of course, there was no room for real luggage in the coach; this went behind in the wagonette. But the inside of the coach was quite choked up, as it was, with some bales of these and similar trifles; so that when any lady had a headache and had to ride inside she had to lie upon the cargo, the seats being lost some two feet deep beneath it. Behind stood the wagonette, with four extra horses, in case of need, loaded with the luggage; and besides all this there was an extra servant, or postilion, riding a "cock-horse," or tow-horse, for the pulls uphill.

At last all was ready; on top of all inside was thrown a bundle of the morning's papers, which were to lie there unopened through many sunny days; the light steel ladder was brought out, and Miss Duval and Kitty Farnum were inducted with much ceremony to the highest seat, Derwent and Lord Birmingham their companions. Mrs. Hay went behind with Arthur and Caryl Wemyss, in front of the pair of servants—an old stout one and a thin young one, both well trussed up in their plum-colored broadcloth. But these were not there yet, and only their neatly folded coats, showing the two brass buttons with the well-known crest of Levison-Gower, betokened their future presence. Mrs. Gower herself climbed lightly into the box-seat, scorning a ladder; Van Kull took the reins beside her, and with a rapid leap the four horses took the road. As they passed out from the great *porte-cochère*, the coachman and groom came climbing up behind; the latter seized the horn, and a long and joyous peal of coaching music woke the echoes of the sleeping woods and lawn.

It seemed this gay *fanfare* had loosed their tongues, for at once a clatter of laughter and merry voices began. Van Kull, the horses being fresh, was busied with his driving; but Mrs. Gower turned to talk with the four behind her, and soon Miss Duval's flow of animal spirits was set off and exploded in shrieks of shrilly laughter. Miss Farnum, too, said something to make Birmingham roar his catastrophic bass guffaws, and Wemyss took up the cue with Mrs. Hay.

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Only the two servants sitting facing them maintained the severe aspect which decorum of them demanded.

They were already sweeping down the dewy ravine in the forest, and in a minute more had come to the gate of Mrs. Gower's demesne; it flew open, the porter bared his head, the porter's wife and children bobbed up and down behind him; and between the armorial pillars they rolled out upon the common road. A dusty, sleepy road it was, giving no hint of its much use; for, early as it was for them, the people that travelled by the highways, the morning tradesmen's carts and factory operatives, had long since passed over it to their daily station in life. You would be surprised if you knew how busy this same road could be in the hour or two that followed sunrise.

But now it stretched away in silence through the broad green country, and its dust lay heaped in ridges undisturbed. The horses trotted smartly down its gentle slope; and then, breaking into a joyous gallop, rushed them up the other for a mile or more. Here was the factory village; and they swept through it triumphantly, but almost unseen, for all the world was now indoors. A few dogs barked; a few street-children, too young to work in the mills, cheered at them, or jeered, it were hard to say which. There was a great whirring of wheels from the mills, however; and the two free leaders took fright at them, and almost broke away from Van Kull, who held them hard, the big veins swelling in his throat. The coachman facing Arthur leaned far out and looked forward at them anxiously; but no one else minded. Such was the exhilaration of the air and motion, they might have run away and Daisy Duval have but sung her song the louder, while the others laughed the more. At last Van Kull pulled up his smoking team on the face of a big hill, the town a mile or so behind them. It was a very steep hill, or they would have carried it by assault; but now the groom on the cock-horse rode up and hooked his harness to the whiffletree, and the five horses set their necks into the collar, and took the summit slowly, as by siege. As they rose up, the country all behind them was unfolded, ridge by ridge, like a map; Arthur from his back seat faced full toward it. Gradually the chimneys of the factory village sank down into the bosom of the valley; the hills breasting it rose up behind them, until they overlooked their highest ridge; now the village was nearly hidden in the green floor of the valley, and all beyond were faint blue films of mountains; then, as they rose still higher, the rift of luminous air between the near hills and the distant mountains was seen to be paved with the blue flood of the river. The horses paused a moment to take breath; it was marvellously still; now and then the cackle of a hen came up from the valley; a train was crawling along its other side, but it moved as noiselessly as the white specks of sails upon the river.

The sunlight began to be hot, and Wemyss was sent within to fetch the larger sunshades from the "cabin," as Miss Duval pleased to call it.

"Now you men," said Flossie, "may go behind and smoke; and Mrs. Hay can take a place in front. You have none of you had your morning cigars, I am sure." They had not; and after due demurrage, the change was made. Four blue clouds arose to heaven from the after seat; the four fair women grouped together in front; and Van Kull looked now and then askance and backward, as if in envy. And surely if ever an approach to godlike Nirvana is realized on earth, it is when one is moving rapidly through a broad June morning, looking down upon the roundness of the world, and blowing clouds upon it dreamily.

When Lord Birmingham took Van Kull's place upon the box, giving the latter his seat in the smoke-room, as he termed it, most of the party felt, if they did not show, a delightful drowsiness, which was only dispelled by their arrival at a town and rumors of luncheon. A wild burst of the coaching horn electrified the main street, and they drove up before the principal "hotel," a vast and ill-aired wooden structure, quite inappropriate to a coaching party, or even to the more civilized usages of life, as Mr. Wemyss with much particularity pointed out. But a private room had been engaged for them, and in this, with

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some local chickens and the resources of Mrs. Gower's cellar and grapery, they made out not so badly.

After luncheon the men smoked, and the women retired to their especial quarters, where, it is to be presumed, some took a nap, and others, having sent for the little travelling-bags before mentioned, performed mysterious rites therewith. Wemyss, Lord Birmingham, Miss Duval, Miss Farnum, and Arthur went to walk about the town, and became the subjects of considerable admiring comment. In the country, on the contrary, such had not been the case; *nil admirari* was a motto faithfully practised, and the old farmers would hardly hitch their trousers and turn about for the loudest horn or the most rattling pace. When they came back to the hotel and found the coach drawn up to the door there was assembled a considerable concourse of immature populace, who had already passed from the open-mouthed stage to the derisive one, and were making sarcastic and injurious comments upon the coach and its equipment, with that tendency so noteworthy in young America to deride or decry what it does not itself possess.

Off went the horses—the two wheelers were nearly fresh, having only been in the wagonette in the morning—the coachman wound a small and rapid symphony upon his horn, attended by an obligato of small boys, and they swayed and swung through the winding street of the hot little town, out into fields and hedgerows again. The hedges were in front of the lawns and villa residences that surrounded the town; and the road was well arched over with elms just breaking into leaf, under which the afternoon sun slanted.

It seemed to the party almost the perfection of life, as the little disconnected comments and the absence of any effort of conversation indicated. Simple being was enough; there was no sicklying over that day's air and sunlight with any pale cast of thought, as Derwent said. Again they were high up on the slope of the country side; but the great golden bay of the Hudson had become a river here, and close beyond it the blue mountains of the highlands loomed up bold and near.

Now they came down close by the shore of the river; its salted waters were lapping, lapping on the round, weedy shore-stones, and over against them, in the skirt of the hills, lurked already the night. The stream's broad bosom glowed motionless, bearing here and there a bark or boat; but no Sidney Sewall spoke of these to-night, or cared to trouble with intellectual speculation. Arthur remembered with unconcern that in the past there had been such things as the city, business, hour of duty; what mattered this to them, the chosen ones, bright beings in a world apart? And certainly everyone of the party had a charm our hero had not realized before; even Mrs. Hay, with her strong, sensuous beauty, lent a richness and a color to the grouping.

"It is lovely, after all," said Miss Farnum, dreamily, voicing his thoughts. Here they were entering a high hanging wood; on the lower side of the road a lofty hewn-stone wall, all overgrown with moss and ivy, surmounted with old-fashioned stone urns now chipped and crumbling away. Over it they could see the winding leaf-heaped walks of a forgotten garden, untended lawns, and old stone garden-seats swathed in moss and mould. "It must be the grounds of some gentleman's old country-seat," said Miss Farnum. "Everyone goes farther from the city nowadays." There was a something begetting thought in this suggestion; the warm sunlight sank sleepily down in the cup there between the woodlands, and the old garden looked like a place where one might take a nap for half a lifetime—say from youth to early old age. It was evidently a place of the old Idlewild, Ik Marvel, Porte-Crayon days, when people lived in their country, wrote of Dobb his ferry, and were as yet unacquainted with Englishmen and other foreigners. There must have been a strong home-fragrance in our life in the forties or thereabouts, before the few found out that we are provinces, or the many that we are all the world. . . . Now they came out by a little water-bay, or lagoon, reaching inland, where the water lay still and a salt crust was on the long plashed grasses. "I suppose the people who live here go to Mount Desert, nowa-

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days," said Miss Farnum. "I wonder why they left here?"

"Malaria," suggested Wemyss.

"There always seems something unreal, impossible about malaria here," said Arthur. "Malaria is languid, tropical, unsuited to our bleak Northern, Puritan, hard-worked hillsides and meadow bottoms. Consumption, not malaria, is the typical disease."

"It is only lately creeping into New England," said Wemyss, dryly. Just then a merry burst of laughter was heard from the front; Arthur looked behind him, but there seemed to be no one speaking. The laugh had been from Miss Duval; she turned around at the same moment, her black eyes sparkling from her rosy face. "Isn't it delightful?" said she to Arthur. There seemed to be no other reason for her laughing than this; and Arthur laughed in accord with her. It was delightful.

Now they were up in the highlands again, bowling along a hard straight road between the rows of trees. Continually the merry horn was sounded to warn the slow teams ahead to turn aside, or wake the sleepy milkmen, or pedlars in their carts. The sun, across the river, had already set behind the purple mountains; but eastward, to the right, the hills were light.

They entered into a high wood, filled already with gray shadows; along the edge of the road still lay the last year's leaves, thick-matted, making the sound of the wheels soft. What light there was came from the violet sky above the tree-tops; and against it Kitty Farnum's profile shone pale and clear-cut. Arthur was humming a German song to himself, and looking at her and wondering about her: what she was, what was her secret of life.

So the night came on them, in the wood. It was evening when they came out of it and rolled along, low by the river-shore; opposite, the great black mass of the Storm King Mountain, and beyond it, farther to the north, the mountains sank into a long low line, and above the dark ridge the sky was saffron, and in it hung and trembled one large liquid star, reflected larger and softly in the calm river. And they all looked at these things and were silent.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHARIOT OF THE CARELESS GODS.

THE coach drew up at the little wharf at Garrison's, and the party got into the ferryboat and were carried across the river. The great hotel at West Point had been opened; the waiters were spick and span; the wooden floors were varnished, and slippery like glass. In the hall were two or three pretty girls, overdressed in white tulle dresses, low-necked, with their cavaliers who served for the nonce and their noisy younger brothers. This bright company crowded to the porch, curious, when the carriages drove up; and Arthur heard one of the pretty girls say to another, "It's the coaching party—from New York."

They went out and wandered on the cliffs above the river; the beautiful moon-washed mountains stood about them, and below them slept the Hudson with its salt flood, deeper, nobler than any Rhine. But there were no castles here, nor Lorelei; and the sunken gold had long since been robbed from its depths and was circulating in the hands of men.

Arthur fell to Miss Duval's share, a position he always found a somewhat uncomfortable one; for how could he replace another man like Jimmy De Witt, and that one her acknowledged lover? But, had he known it, Miss Daisy, who was looking forward with intense and hungry anticipation for the joys of worldly pleasure and a fashionable marriage, and regarded this coaching party as an earnest of them, would have blushed at herself if she had been so out of the mode as to be unable to flirt with anyone but her future husband. It must be owned, therefore, that she found our hero slow; she tried to talk to him of hunting, and he to her of books, both things of which they were reciprocally ignorant. Then they walked up and down the great piazza, and amused themselves by looking through the windows into the great parlors, where the hotel girls (*puella tabernensis Americana*) were dancing with some tightly-buttoned cadets. Just then Lionel Derwent came up, alone with his cigar. "Let me join you," said he. "I went downhill and I came upon Birmingham, in an attitude

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full of unconscious humor, addressing Miss Farnum; I came uphill and blundered full upon Van Kull and Mrs. Hay. From these I retreated in disorder only to make myself *de trop* with Mr. Caryl Wemyss and our charming hostess. Shall I be so here?"

Miss Duval laughed. "I was just going to bed, Mr. Derwent; so you and Mr. Holyoke can fight it out alone. Good-night—good-night, Mr. Holyoke." And she left them in the doorway and took her way up the great staircase. Arthur and Mr. Derwent looked at one another inquiringly. "Shall we go and smoke?" said the latter, at last. "By all means," answered Arthur. "Where shall we go—out upon the cliff?"

"I am afraid it is too densely populated there for such a wild man as myself, already," said Derwent, laughing. "Come down to the billiard-room." They went down there, and sat at a table, opposite a bar, where they were not, as Derwent expressed it, "troubled by the moon," and here they smoked their cigars and pondered.

"Mr. Van Kull seems rather devoted to Mrs. Hay," said Arthur, at a venture.

"And well he may be," said Derwent, gravely. "He prefers the flowers of evil; and she is a most glorious one."

"Evil?" said Arthur, incredulously. "She seems to me a kind-hearted creature, fond of show, no worse than thoughtless."

"So is a nightshade blossom fond of sunlight, and bright-colored and innocent of harm," said Derwent, with a smile. "Mrs. Hay is a luxuriant animal—a woman of the world, as other women are women of the town; and her life is one continual sermon unto these: 'Look ye; I am rich, happy, high-placed; I have all the opportunities and advantages, all the taste and teaching, that the best can give; and I have not one single taste, or thought, or aspiration that the worst of you have not; nor have I lost one that you have, except, perhaps, the fondness for domestic life which some of the best of you may once have had. I, too, still care for dress and show and the longing glance of many men; these things, that you are foolishly told have ruined you, are just what I, too, prize in life; I, Mrs. Wilton Hay, the great high-born beauty whose photograph you have seen in the shop-windows!' I tell you," ended Derwent, savagely, "but for a little poor fastidiousness, her soul resembles theirs as do two berries on one stem. But consciously, 'tis true she does no harm; possibly she has not even sinned; as well attach a moral guilt to some gaudy wayside weed, growing by mistake in a garden among the sesame and lilies!"

"But Mrs. Gower seems very fond of her——"

"Ah! Mrs. Gower!" answered Derwent, dropping his voice. "She is a different sort of person entirely. Fannie Hay is but a soldier of Apollyon; but Florence Gower is a general-of-division."

"I don't see why you live with them," said Arthur, boldly.

"Ah, Holyoke, I live everywhere; I see these, and others, too. That night when I came back from the factory village, I had been talking with the men, and with some of the young girls there. And I could fancy Mrs. Hay going there, good-naturedly as she might, and saying to them: 'Don't care for dresses, or to lure men's love or women's envy, or to dazzle your neighbor Jenny or break her Johnny's heart; read books, look at pictures, enjoy the beauties of nature, seek the beauty of holiness.'—'Does your ladyship?' say they.—'Well, at all events, be clean,' answers Fannie Hay, shocked.—'But cleanliness costs money, my fine lady.'—Christ solved the question once; but now Christ is forgotten; and the sphinx looks out unanswered over the desert sand."

"Surely you can say nothing against Miss Farnum, at least?"

"She is caught like the others, in their web," said he. "But come, it's late indeed to be troubling ourselves over these two or three. What are they to the million?"

Arthur thought much of Derwent's talk; but he seemed to him a morbid fellow, unpractical and vague. And still more morbid it all seemed in the morning, when he woke and saw the sunlight and blue sky above the mountains of the river. Dressing was a delight, with such an outlook and with such a day before him; and coming down he met Miss Farnum looking fresh as a rose with the dew on it. Caryl Wemyss was

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standing talking to her with that air of distinction of which he was so proud; and just after, Mrs. Hay and Miss Duval came bouncing down the staircase, arm in arm. So they went in to breakfast, without waiting for Mrs. Gower, hungry, and in high glee for want of a chaperone. "Oh, I don't consider you a chaperone," said Daisy Duval to Mrs. Hay. "Nor do I," added Kill Van Kull, hastily.

Theirs was the central table in the dining-hall; and each lady found a dozen roses at her plate. These were from Lord Birmingham, who appeared late, and was duly thanked for them. Every man asked his neighbor for one rosebud as a boutonnière; and just then Flossie came in, dressed in the airiest of summer gowns; and there was a great arising and scraping of chairs among the gentlemen.

Soon they were down at the river, and crossing the river again. Such a wealth of purple sunlight as was in the air! The bold mountains rose up on either side, not soft and purple with heather, as in England, nor brown and sharp with rock, as in Italy, but green and shaggy, as in a new country, with a growth of timber; the deep, swirling waters, brown where you looked into them, shaded off to blue farther from the boat, where they gleamed smooth beneath the cloudless sky. And the sparkle and the stillness of the morning gave one the feeling of a truant schoolboy.

"There is something about an American landscape that reminds one of the pictures in omnibuses," said Wemyss. No one replied to this; for they were nearing the wharf, where the coach and four were standing, as if it were Fifth Avenue. Again there was the shifting of rugs and wraps in the body, and the courtesies of the steel ladder, and the pleasant twinkling of neat ankles as the ladies alertly mounted it. The four men hove themselves up anyhow, with Lord Birmingham and Miss Farnum on the box; and then with a swing the heavy drag was swaying under way, and the four shining chestnuts took the hill at a gallop. They were passing a row of square wooden houses where poor people lived, and Mrs. Hay turned about and called to Wemyss. "One thing I notice, Mr. Wemyss—in America you have tenements, not cottages."

"Yes," said he, "and 'elegant residences' for gentlemen's houses!"

"Now, in Devonshire," said Mrs. Hay, "those cottages would be smothered in roses and fuchsia vines. Don't you have any cottage improvement societies? My cousin, Lady St. Aubyn, at Hartland (near Clovelly, you know), has been most active in them; and one of her tenants took the prize for the county!"

"These people are nobody's tenants," said Wemyss; "and they decorate their houses as they damn please, American fashion; with goats and tomato-cans, if they prefer."

By this time they had entered the forest that clothes the slopes of Breakneck Mountain. The road was none of the best, and the top of the coach careened violently, almost shaking Derwent, who was idly smoking with his face in the sunlight and his eyes half closed, off the back seat. "Come, let's walk," said Daisy Duval; and as the coach halted a moment upon one of those ridges across the road imaginatively designated "thank-ye-marms," she nimbly dropped herself over the side and sprang back into the daisies and buttercups. Arthur, Mrs. Hay, Flossie, Van Kull, and Wemyss followed; Derwent Mrs. Gower ordered to remain upon the coach and play propriety; whereupon that gentleman stretched himself quite lengthwise upon the warm back seat, pulled his cloth hat over his eyes, and to all appearance went to sleep.

"We can cut off a mile," said Van Kull, "by cutting straight through the woods to where the road strikes the river again. Now then! each his own way, and the coach will wait for us there, if it gets in first." So they disappeared; Van Kull with Mrs. Hay making for a pine grove on the high land, Wemyss and Mrs. Gower going lower, where there seemed evidences of a path, and our hero with Miss Duval taking a middle course through a rocky pasture, sweet-scented with fern and heathery blossoms, and dotted with dwarfed and obsolete apple-trees. This gave Lord Birmingham a chance of devoting himself entirely to his driving and his companion upon the box. For an hour or more the coach lumbered on; its driver

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talked incessantly, but drove very badly, and Lionel Derwent slumbered in the rear.

In the woods, the day was a very warm one. What breeze there was could not be felt. It would take too long to follow the devious ways of every party in all their wanderings; suffice it to say that shortly before noon Arthur, with Daisy Duval, came out upon the road close by the Hudson, where they sat upon a fence and waited. Arthur was getting every day more used to her society; and Mr. De Witt was no longer so continually upon his mind. Here they were met by the other two couples; and finally, when the coach came thundering down the hill with a wheel in a shoe, the whole six were sitting on the fence, *à la mode du pays;* and Wemyss was even whittling.

"Well, you *have* been long," said Van Kull.

"Ah, you can't make up for lost time with cracking of whips and horn-blowing!" laughed Mrs. Gower.

"What have they been doing all this time?—without prejudice, now, Mr. Derwent?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Hay—I've been asleep," said that gentleman.

"Come, now, I'd like to know how long all of you have been here—that's all," growled his lordship, blushing obviously. "Get aboard there—I'm hungry as a bear. Where do we stop for lunch, Mrs. Gower?"

"At Fishkill," said that lady. "It's only a few miles ahead." And in an hour or so they stopped before a sleepy old inn, low and rambling, with a Rip-Van-Winklish look about it. There is a lazy luxuriance, a sort of slatternly comfort, and a Southern coloring about these old New York villages, bespeaking material ease and an absence of moral nervousness; perhaps nervous morality would better express it. "I never look at a place like this," said Wemyss, "without thinking that the most vigorous-sounding word in the Dutchman's language was Schnapps!"

After luncheon the day was warm, and the ladies inclined to sleep. Only Derwent wished for a walk, and Arthur went with him, while the others smoked. They sauntered through the little town's unkempt, painted streets; and Derwent sent a telegram. Then at three they returned, and found the party for the most part wrapped in dreams.

They put to and were off, but the order was changed, as usual, and Daisy Duval rode with Derwent on the box. Caryl Wemyss would not drive, for he never did anything that he thought he did not well; so he and Mrs. Gower and Birmingham sat on the back seat, with Arthur, Van Kull, Mrs. Hay, and Kitty Farnum on in front. The drive to Poughkeepsie was straight and uneventful. The long hours were only diversified by Mrs. Wilton Hay's uncertain efforts on the coaching-horn.

Poughkeepsie is a brick-built city, with horse-car lines, an opera-house, and a court of justice all its own. Here they had a suite of rooms, with long lace curtains, black-walnut furniture, and Brussels carpets, equipped "before the dawn of taste, in poor imitation of a poorer thing," said Wemyss; "how different from an English inn!" The rest of the adornment consisted, in each room, of a steam-heater and a pitcher of ice-water. "I believe they even bathe in ice-water!" said he. "Dear me!" said Birmingham, simply. "I rang and could not get a tub at all."

They had dinner in Mrs. Gower's parlor, and a telegram was brought in to her during the dessert. "Oh, I am very glad," said she, as she laid it down. "It is from Mr. Haviland; and he says he can join us to-morrow." The others expressed a polite gratification, and then the question came up what they were to do in the evening. Already a great intimacy had sprung up among the party, and a certain feeling of youth, born of much outdoor air and freedom from care. Some proposed ghost-stories, others, games. "I bar kissing games," said Daisy Duval, with much aplomb, "in the absence of Mr. De Witt." Kisses were debarred, being, as Van Kull expressed it, too serious things to be made game of; but forfeits, twenty questions, even dancing, was indulged in. When all these failed to satisfy their souls, it was rumored that Mr. Derwent was "up" in palmistry. "Oh, do tell us our fortunes!" was the cry. "We must have a regular gypsy tent."

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"Now," said Mrs. Hay, "it's no fun unless we all tell. Agree all of you to tell us what he says!"

"Girls, girls" (the women of Mrs. Gower's set had a way of still addressing each other joyously as "girls")—"suppose he reveals the secrets of your hearts?"

"'Pon my soul!" cried Mrs. Hay, "I've quite forgotten what they are! Who'll go in first?"

A shawl had been hung across an open door, behind which Derwent took up his position. No one seemed anxious to make the first try; and at last the voice of the company fell upon Arthur Holyoke, "as having," said Mrs. Gower, "the most future before him."

Arthur went in and came out laughing. "I have had," said he, "a very terrible horoscope, as Derwent says. Everything that I really wish for is to happen to me!"

"I don't see what there is so very terrible about that," said they all; and the others were emboldened. Mrs. Gower went in next. "Speak aloud, Mr. Derwent," cried Mrs. Hay, "so we all can hear—we can't trust the garbled statements of the culprits."

Derwent's voice was heard, in sepulchral tones, from behind the screen. "I see the hand of a woman who has done whatever she has meant to do——"

("Dear me," interjected Mrs. Hay, "how successful we all are!")

"She may come near doing more than she meant to do; but her will shall conquer everything."

"How delightfully enigmatic!" laughed Daisy Duval.

"You must go in next, Miss Daisy—you spoke," said Van Kull. But Daisy wouldn't; and the choice fell upon Kitty Farnum. She disappeared, and there was several moments' silence. At last—

"Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen Andern erwählt;
Der Andre liebt eine Andre
Und hat sich mit Dieser vermählt.

"Das Mädchen heirathet aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei——"

"Good heavens!" laughed Flossie. "Come, you go in, Mr. Van Kull."

"I can tell more of this man's past than his future," said the voice.

"There has been a voyage across the water—perhaps to Brighton, or to Cannes. And there is a fair maiden and a dark maiden; and both have had but little influence on his life. And there is to be another yet, I see——"

"There, there," interfered Flossie, "if you make poor Van such a Don Juan, we shall have to send him home again, in our own protection. Mrs. Hay, you go in."

But this the beauty flatly refused to do. And after much chaff at her expense, the party betook themselves to their several slumbers.

The next day was Sunday; but, as Wemyss said, to leave Poughkeepsie was a work of necessity and mercy; and they were early under way. Here they left the river, and they struck inland; the country grew more rural and primitive, and their spirits rose proportionately. Haviland appeared by the early train, and shared the back seat with Birmingham, Mrs. Gower, and Kitty Farnum. He brought the news of the day, which no one cared to hear; and some gossip of the town, which interested everybody. "How can you have the heart to bring him up?" Wemyss had said at breakfast; and Flossie had laughed, and said that she expected a very entertaining day. "He must go back Monday evening, you know," she added.

They had another perfect day, and by this time all of them, even to Caryl Wemyss, were charged with ozone and overflowing with animal spirits. Even practical joking was in order; and Arthur had caught an instantaneous photograph, which he exhibited with much applause, of Van Kull assisting Mrs. Hay over a stone wall. Conversation was unnecessary; it was quite enough to live and laugh. Much amusement was caused by a rustic, at a farm-house where they stopped for milk, who first insisted that they were the advance-guard of a circus, and then would have it that they were "travelling" for something—"jerseys" and men's clothing, he first suggested, and then parlor organs and patent medicines. And all the women

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were so pretty, and so stylish, and so sweet-tempered, that Arthur began to feel a little bit in love with every one of them.

"But one gets tired of women, after a while," said Caryl Wemyss to Arthur, at Washington Hollow, where they lunched. The inn was an old roadside one, at the "four corners," smelling of dusty leather and the road, with a large bar-room, fit political centre of the surrounding district; but the country was robed in beautiful green forests, into which the others had plunged, and came back loaded with wild flowers, Mrs. Gower with Lord Birmingham, and Haviland and Kitty Farnum last of all. For a wonder, Derwent had done the polite, and wandered off with Mrs. Wilton Hay. Van Kull and Miss Duval came back laughing over some quaint epitaphs they had discovered in what he termed a "boneyard" opposite. "What a jolly place this must have been in the old days!" said Flossie. "Look at the splendid great chimney-places and the old ball-room!" And Arthur's memory suddenly went back to the ball-room at Lem Hitchcock's. But it was summer now, and the place was civilized; some stranded woman-boarder was playing, upon an old piano overhead, one of Beethoven's sonatas.

But, after all, no stops were like the rapid riding; the sense of freedom and delight of sweeping high over the rolling country, making a panorama of it, and being in a little republic of their own. Two small roans were leaders today, and the chestnuts, being a little used up, were in the lighter baggage-wagon, in "spike team" with the cock-horse; for no great hills were expected that afternoon.

Arthur settled himself again to the pure delight of life, gazing joyously from sky to forest and from forest to the wide green carpet of the fields, sweeping by them with the changing angles of the long Virginia fences. Arthur and Daisy Duval were the least *blasé* of the party; and both drank in the very moments with enthusiasm. And when he was tired of looking at the swelling hills and spaces of the sky, it was pleasant to look in her fair face—or, for that matter, at any other of the beautiful women about him. As for Miss Duval, the world was like an opening treasure-house to her; she saw before her all she wanted, and had only to grasp her fill with full hands. Ah! saints and cynics to the contrary, this world has happiness for some—thought Arthur. But what he said was, "How lovely that long edge of the forest is, Miss Duval! See how boldly the high trees rise out of the meadow; I suppose it's what the poets call a 'hanging wood.' *La lisière* they call it in French; I have always thought it was such a pretty name for Mrs. Gower's place."

"But you weren't really thinking of that, Mr. Holyoke," said she. "You weren't looking at it."

"I was looking at your eyes, Miss Duval, if you will have it," said Arthur. It will be seen that our hero was making progress.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Hay, who overheard this speech, "I shall certainly write to Mr. De Witt. Why don't *you* say such intense things to me, Mr. Van Kull?"

"Because I daren't," said Van Kull, meaningly.

"Please—I'll promise not to write to Wilton," retorted she. "Poor Wilton! he must find it so hot in Washington."

How pleasant it is to feel ourselves moving above the world like gods! How pleasant it is, like gods, to make of our own rules of conduct our laws of good and evil! And what responsibility have we for the rest of humanity? They should not all attempt to be in fashion. Fashion is for us alone—us few, who transcend common laws.

Yet it is relying on the many abiding by the humdrum rules of gravity that the few can flutter and glitter freely on the surface. In the evening there was a moon (which shineth alike upon the just and on the unjust; particularly the latter, for moonlight has no conscience), and the warm night attracted them forth from the dreary hotel parlor. They wandered up the hill, through pastures, to where there was a cliff, above huge chasms of a quarry, carven deep into the living rock. Here they met some Italian laborers; they were living in little wooden huts about the quarry, with their womankind, richly, upon seventy cents a day. Their views of life were much the

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same as their own, thought Derwent, looking at the merry party; with only, perhaps, a little less morality, a little more religion, these day laborers, than had they.

Caryl Wemyss conversed with them a little in their own language, at which they were greatly pleased. They were citizens, and had come over to make their portion of our great democracy; but they sighed for the sunny skies of Sicily as yet.

Wemyss was walking with Mrs. Gower, and as they turned back they found Haviland sitting with Kitty Farnum on a stone wall in the long grass; the moon lit up her fair face, and all about them lay the petals of a rose that she had pulled to pieces. "How like Faust and Marguerite!" said Mrs. Gower.

"Say, rather, Psyche with her Dipsychus," said Mr. Wemyss.

"Who is Dipsychus?" said Flossie Gower.

"Have you never met him, then?" said Wemyss. And coming back, she took his arm across the fields.

Wemyss pressed it gently, and began to analyze himself, whether he was in love with her or not. It rather flattered him to think he was.

CHAPTER XX.

ARTHUR GOES HOME.

The days were growing unnumbered by this time, measure of time being only necessary when one has daily petty duties, and existence is not a continuous, untroubled joy. Arthur positively bloomed; even Derwent seemed a shade less anxious for the souls of men, and Mr. Wemyss a point less analytic. And the morning was one to bring a bit of fresh color to the cheek of a very Tannhäuser who had been long years jaded with Venus's joys, his dull eyes dazzled with the lights of earth again, his ear soothed by notes of spring and human love. The land was beautiful with bud-promise, the air steeped with joyous light of life. And the girls came down to breakfast, looking each and all a Hebe.

How the will of the world comes out in this—that all that has to do with life, new life, charms and attracts us; that all that speaks of over-thought, of over-soul, if you will, is wan and weird—either positively uncanny, or laughable, like the chorus of old men in Faust! Instinctively, we all turn to the flower, to the fresh looks of the young girl, to the rosy lips, full of the promise of future life. No wrinkled wisdom, no sorrowful lines of character, can make up for this. The first thoughtless girl we meet shows her *beauté du diable* more than a match for all the crow's-feet of the intellect. And this is the magnetism of vitality; it is your full-blooded man that the masses of the world delight to follow. The unthinking are repelled by too much consciousness, as by disease.

We all have known such sunny mornings, when we that are living live, and the dead lie dead in their churchyards. Gayly the party mounted; and the strong horses galloped over the roads. They were still in the broad valley of the Hudson; far behind them lay the river, unseen, but farther still was visible yet the blue film of the Catskills. They crossed a broad intervale, and ahead of them was a gap in the hills, over which the road wound in a sort of pass. And now as they galloped up it in the shadow of the elms it was as if they had gone through a narrow door into a different country; the scene changed, the hills grew small, rugged, and broken; the vegetation was less rich; they were in New England. So marked was it that Wemyss pointed out the change; even the color of the houses was not the same, nor the look of the barns. They were small and neat, and painted sternly white; the very gates were better hung, and the sidewalks more neatly trimmed; the squalid, unkempt look was gone, and with it the greater luxuriance. One no longer felt the vastness of the Continent, but seemed to be in an older corner of it, the bars not yet let down, where elbow-room was less, and ideas and conventions artificially preserved. The hills were smaller, and the trees looked stunted; human habitations had a look like an old dress which the wearer in her penury still struggled to keep neat. Arthur was reminded at once of the look of the land about the hill-town to which he had driven on that day with Gracie. They

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had crossed the line into Connecticut, and the boundary was more marked than is usual in political divisions. Even in New York there had been a suggestion of the Western prairies; here was none. But there was a greater vigor in the air, which had a sort of moorland sparkle in it; and the talk was livelier than ever. They had a long and breezy drive of it, and the cock-horse was used many times in pulling up the grassy old road, which led uncompromisingly up the barren, ferny hills. For lunch they stopped at a little place called Lakeville, nestling in the hills between two clear blue ponds; and here John Haviland had to leave them to take his train back to the city. In the afternoon Arthur was allowed to try his hand at driving, having professed to be a skilful whip; he sat on the box-seat with Miss Farnum, who was very silent, and Mrs. Gower and Wemyss had the rear seat to themselves. Kill Van Kull was allowed to get into the "cabin" and go to sleep, a refreshment which he averred the country air made most needful to him. Behind him on the middle seat the party were very noisy, and Arthur had much ado to keep his attention on the horses, who seemed also to feel the tang of the keen soft air. As they were going down a crooked hill, longer than he had expected, so that no shoe had been put on, the horses got almost beyond his control. He gathered the four reins together and pulled his best, and just managed to keep them in the road. The people behind were laughing and talking, unconscious of what was going on; and Arthur had already begun to congratulate himself upon his escape, when, as they were nearing the bottom, he got too far on the outer curve, and the heavy wheels sank deep in the gravel, still wet with the spring rains. One awful moment of suspense, and then the ponderous vehicle swayed heavily, rolled majestically over on its side. A shrill scream resounded behind him—it is not the custom for American girls to scream—and Mrs. Hay threw her arms wildly around Lord Birmingham, with the feminine instinct to embrace something in emergencies. But it was of no avail; and they all sailed gracefully off into the long grass, Arthur still devotedly hanging to the reins.

No one was hurt; and after a bare pause for reflection, everybody burst forth in a roar of laughter. Loudly and long they laughed, holding their sides; they were laughing too much to get up; one horse was down, and the others rearing and plunging. Van Kull put his head ruefully out of the window of the coach that was uppermost and contemplated the scene. His hat was crushed, he was nigh smothered with shawls and veils, and his hair hanging down over his eyes, and his head protruded slowly, like a disabled jack-in-the-box, amid the merriment of the company.

"Perhaps, when some of you damned fools get through laughing," said he, without undue emphasis, "you'll find time to attend to those leaders."

Van Kull's remark, though over-forcible, was undeniably just; and Derwent was already at their heads. The groom was also there; and in a few moments the horses were taken out, the coach set upright again, and all damage repaired. Everyone agreed that the accident was in nowise due to Arthur's driving, but entirely to the soft bit in the road.

"These things will happen, you know," said Birmingham, good-naturedly.

"It's half the fun, I think," said Daisy Duval.

"I thought you'd 'a dumped 'em, sir," said the groom, "when I see that ere soft bit in the road." And as a mark of special confidence, Arthur was allowed to drive the coach the rest of the way into Great Barrington, where they were to stop for the night.

The merriment consequent on their disaster did not cease during the afternoon, and Arthur was many times maliciously thanked for the diversion he had afforded the party. But Miss Farnum, who was still his companion on the box, seemed fortunately as much inclined to silence as he was himself. Indeed, she had been strangely silent all the day.

The country roads gradually drew themselves together and made themselves into the broad, straight avenue that is Great Barrington's main street; and up this they swept gayly, about an hour before sunset. They did not pass

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the Judge's old place; but as Arthur heard Mrs. Gower's light laughter behind him, the old scene in the garden recurred to him at once. It was not yet a year ago; and he remembered now that the man she had been driving with was Wemyss.

They drew up merrily before the village hotel—it seemed so odd to Arthur to be there in his own town; he had never associated it with so gay a party—and after a few minutes of preparation they started out to see the place. Miss Farnum made pretext of a headache and did not go; but the others sauntered along beneath the overarching elms. To the left the setting sun lay across the intervale in broad gold bars. Arthur was walking with Lord Birmingham and Mrs. Hay.

Coming back, they met Mrs. Gower at the dinner-table. "I am sorry," said she, "Miss Farnum has to go home."

"Dear me, I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Hay, politely.

"What, you don't mean she's going to leave us?" said Lord Birmingham, blankly. He looked from one to the other of the party, as if asking an explanation. "She said nothing to me about it," he added, naïvely.

"I have telegraphed to Mrs. Malgam to ask her to join us," said Mrs. Flossie, hurriedly checking the general inclination to laugh that had succeeded his lordship's last speech. "You need not look so blank, you men—no Jack shall be left without a Jill."

"*A* Jill," said Wemyss, maliciously, accentuating the indefinite article, and looking at Mrs. Hay.

"'Pon my word, I think you're very insulting," broke in Mrs. Hay, savagely. No one could exactly see why; whereupon Van Kull, with much social dexterity, looked upon Mrs. Hay and sighed. Further comment was checked by the arrival of Miss Farnum herself, who bore her fine face quite as unconsciously, a shade more coldly, than usual. And then the finer emotions gave place to food.

Arthur was honored by a seat on Mrs. Gower's left; but he was silent through the meal, a fact which was maliciously attributed to the events of the afternoon. "Don't look upset, Mr. Holyoke, please!" cried Miss Duval. "We have quite regained our composure." Arthur had not been thinking of the accident at all; but he did color again, to be reminded of it. "It was a soft spot in the road, you know," said he.

"A soft spot in your heart, I much suspect," laughed Mrs. Gower. "Miss Farnum, you should not have sat with him."

"Who?" said the beauty, bringing her gaze to a focus. "Oh," she added, indifferently, "I?"

"'Pon my word," screamed Mrs. Wilton Hay. "You two are too delicious! But you're positively too absent-minded to be trusted together. Aren't they, Mrs. Gower? They might not have presence of mind enough not to elope, you know."

Soon after this Miss Farnum left the table; and when Arthur followed, he found her out upon the doorstep, talking with Lionel Derwent. The sun had gone down now, and its last radiance came down upon them from some scarlet clouds. Miss Farnum went in almost immediately, leaving him with Derwent alone.

"A lovely evening," said he. "Will you take a tramp?"

Arthur hesitated. Then he spoke with decision. "Yes. I have a call to make—won't you come with me? Miss Livingstone, you know, and my cousin, Miss Holyoke, are here—do you know them?"

"No," said the other; "but I shall like to."

"Come along, then," said Arthur. And they went up the long village street until the road began to twist among the apple-orchards and they got into the dusk that was already at the base of the wooded hills. Derwent pulled out a brierwood pipe and smoked it, and they walked in silence.

At last they came in front of the dignified old house, wearing, like a wig, its high pitched roof and white balustrade, with its terrace for silk stockings and its dressed front of quaint old flowers as a ruffle of old lace. The gate creaked in its wonted way; and they walked up the familiar gravel-walk. "The ladies were at home;" and the two went into the large living-room, and found Gracie

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and Mamie Livingstone together. Arthur shook hands with Mamie, and then, after introducing Mr. Derwent, sat down by his cousin, leaving Mamie to his friend, a proceeding which the latter noticed. Derwent talked nearly all the time to Mamie, whose little self he read at once, but his eyes wandered more than once to Gracie and her cousin. Now, Gracie Mamie thought a character far simpler than herself. They all sat so near that when either pair was silent the other's conversation could be heard. Their call had lasted nearly an hour, when Miss Brevier came in, who was there matronizing the young people, for a few days only. Then the conversation became more general, save that Derwent talked some half an hour, at the end, with Miss Holyoke. It was after ten before they rose to go.

"So you are going to Lenox to-morrow," said Gracie. "And after that?"

"After that, I don't know; perhaps I shall come here?"

"I don't think you could bear being at the Barrington Hotel," said Gracie, with a laugh. Arthur bit his lip.

"Well, I suppose a fellow can go somewhere," said he. "I may have to go back to the shop. Where do you go, Derwent?"

"I am going out among the Rockies of British Columbia, hunting," said he. "I wish you'd come," he added, turning to Arthur suddenly, as if the thought had then first struck him.

"Thanks," said Arthur, ill-naturedly. "Unfortunately, *I*'m nothing but a broker's clerk." But his *amour propre* was soothed by the evident increased consideration that Miss Livingstone had shown him; and even to the last moment she pressed him with questions, and hung admiringly upon his history of the trip.

"Who did you say was with you on the box when you upset?" she said, as they lingered at the doorway. The moon was up by this time, bleaching all the colored roses of the terrace in its yellow light.

"Miss Farnum," said Arthur. "But I believe Mrs. Malgam takes her place to-morrow," he added, carelessly.

"Oh!" said Mamie. "I'm fearing you'll be quite too grand to speak to me when I'm a bud." And she gave him a look—one of her practised looks—out of her very pretty eyes, a look that Gracie never could have compassed. Arthur returned it, with the skill of a year's experience; meantime, Derwent was taking leave of the others, and they soon were walking home together—that is, to the Great Barrington Hotel.

"A charming girl," said Derwent.

"Who?" said Arthur, curtly.

"Miss Livingstone," said the other, after a pause. "Your young New York girls are such delicate flowers—and yet so hardy, too. And they can be trained to almost anything."

Arthur did not sleep well that night; but the morning was a lovely one again. They had to wait until the New York train arrived, which was not until the afternoon, for Mrs. Malgam. Kitty Farnum had started off quietly, early in the morning, and Derwent had gone with her, meaning to see her safely to New Haven, where her maid would meet her, and then take the return train back with Mrs. Malgam. Lord Birmingham had been too dull to think of this proceeding, and was in a vicious humor all the day in consequence. Arthur was in two minds about going to see Gracie in the morning. But as Birmingham sulked all day, there were not men enough without him; so he went to walk with Mrs. Hay instead. Mrs. Hay was one of those women whose flirting was less intellectual than the American type; she delighted chiefly in appealing to men's senses; and her company was not ennobling.

But in the afternoon appeared Mrs. Malgam, clothed in the loveliest of smiles and spring dresses. If she had any grudge against Flossie, she did not show it; but spoke to her caressingly, and with a certain deference, as from a giddy young girl to her chaperone. And then, as if her conscience were safely in Flossie's charge, she inaugurated a most audacious and ostentatious love-affair with the peer; that is, she caused him to inaugurate it. Baby Malgam never inaugurated anything; she only looked as if she understood it. A pan of cream, indeed; not milk and water; opaque, unfathomable to the eye, and yet, perhaps, not deep. Wemyss

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talked with Arthur about it. "You are the only fellow left whom one can talk to," said he. "Birmingham's too dull, and Derwent's not a man of the world." Arthur's heart warmed to him at once. "Baby Malgam," said he, "means to beat Mrs. Gower on her own ground."

This was said on the way to Lenox. At five the horses were brought up to the door; the brilliant party were again in their familiar seats, and bowling briskly over the well-made roads. And our hero was himself again; and the exhilaration of the motion, and the bright eyes and pretty dresses, and the trained flattery of their most desirable owners, and the admiration of the populace—to him as to them, was the breath of his nostrils.

> "A woman's looks
> Are barbèd hooks,
> That catch by art
> The strongest heart,"

says the old Elizabethan poet; but they swallowed the hooks in those days.

So they came to Lenox; Lenox, which till lately was the Nirvana known only to the elect; Lenox, where alone (said Wemyss) of all American summer resorts did they recognize a gentleman; Lenox of the sleepy hills, and sweet wild roads, and shady green seclusion. Here were the first good roads they had seen since they left Mrs. Gower's home; and Van Kull "let out" the horses, and they galloped like a summer storm. And the gayety seemed redoubled since Mrs. Malgam's arrival; her merry laugh rang incessantly—a laugh which (even without a look from her dark eyes) was enough to shrivel up one's questionings and blow away the doubts and thoughts of solitude, or twilight musings, like cobwebs in a dark place now open to the summer wind. "After all," said Daisy Duval to Arthur, "Miss Farnum is a very pretty girl; but she is not one of us." And they all felt as if a certain constraint was removed by her departure—all, that is, except Lionel Derwent, and perhaps Lord Birmingham. But his lordship was evidently drinking in Mrs. Jack Malgam, like some new sort of wine; Derwent alone was silent and abstracted. So they were none of them sorry when he told them that he, too, must leave at Lenox. In the evening, he got a long walk with Arthur, and spoke most bitterly about them all. "As for Mrs. Hay," he said, "she's hardly worth considering; she only injures men, and men who are her mates. But Mrs. Gower is a woman who has successively sought and successively attained, or appeared to attain, every height, every good thing, and every great place in turn, in order that she might vulgarize it. She has mounted every summit but to make it hers. Do you see how Mrs. Malgam, and Miss Duval, and all the others ape her?"

Arthur thought him very ill-bred and rude to this most charming hostess, and almost dared to say so. Derwent pulled out his brierwood pipe, and they walked on in silence.

"Now," the other went on, "take another sort of girl—a girl like your friend Miss Holyoke, for instance——"

"I don't see what Miss Holyoke has to do with the case," said Arthur, goading himself into a passion. And the walk ended—purposely, so far as Arthur was concerned—in a sort of quarrel. Coming back, he found Mrs. Malgam walking in the lawn of Mrs. Gower's cottage, and joined her, and found solace after the Englishman's asperity.

Mrs. Malgam was dressed in a faultless summer gown, and her white neck shone through its lace covering like a snow-bank in the moonlight. Arthur revenged himself by repeating to her all Derwent's conversation.

"I am glad he's going," said she. "He's the most cynical person I ever met; and I hate cynicism."

"Who's that you're talking of?" said Wemyss, coming up.

"Derwent," said Arthur. "We're both glad he's going."

"Oh, Derwent is quite impossible," said Wemyss. "He's well enough at a dinner where they feed the lions, but quite out of his place in society. The fellow's a crank, too; just the sort of a man who ends by marrying a woman of the demi-monde."

"By way of reformation, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Malgam. Arthur walked with her some time, as Wemyss left upon this last *bon mot;* and the next day,

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when they came together after breakfast, there was no trace of Derwent.

"Do you know he's a friend of Chinese Gordon?" said Lord Birmingham.

"I should think, quite possible," said Wemyss. "I hope we'll get a better fellow in his place—a gentleman, at least," he added, *sotto voce*.

"They say he belongs to one of the oldest families in Northumberland, do you know," said Mrs. Hay.

"All rot," said Wemyss; "I believe him to be a mere adventurer—nothing more."

"Well," said Flossie, "I've written to Tony Duval in his place."

"Oh, dear!" cried Daisy. "I hate to go about with Tony; or, rather, he says he hates to go about with me. He says he can't have any fun while I'm around."

"He hates to flirt before his little sister," laughed Mrs. Gower. "Never mind, dear—I think you'll soon be even with him." And when Tony Duval arrived, all his simple soul went out to Mrs. Hay. "She is the finest woman I ever saw," he would say to Arthur, almost with a sigh. And he sent to Long Island for his two best blooded horses; and the first day they rode out he spilled Mrs. Hay over a four-barred fence, just as they were returning, and brought the fair burden home in his brawny arms. Her eyes unclosed soon after she was in the house; and she was not seriously injured. And Arthur, who had indited a telegram to Wilton Hay at Washington, sensibly put the despatch in his pocket.

So the days went by delightfully. Arthur had fears that he was sometimes the odd man; but after all, they seemed to like him pretty well; and if even Daisy Duval failed him, there were other fair in Lenox with no cavaliers imported, like the fruit in the hampers, from the city. So June waned toward July, and everyone almost cheered at Flossie Gower's proposal that they should have one more drive—to Lake George—before they parted. This new excursion was duly chronicled in all the newspapers, where Mamie Livingstone, eager, and perhaps a little envious, saw it. "Mrs. Levison Gower's brilliant coaching party—the Earl of Birmingham—Arthur Holyoke, Esq." Arthur wrote and got his leave of absence extended at the office. They were easy-going people at the office.

Meantime, Derwent was "hunting big game" out in the Rockies, and Charlie Townley was sweltering in the city—"working like a dog, by Jove," he would say—at the affairs of Messrs. Townley & Tamms.

DESPONDENCY.

By A. Lampman.

SLOW figures in some live remorseless frieze,
The approaching days, escapeless and unguessed
With mask and shroud impenetrably dressed;
Time whose inexorable destinies
Bear down upon us like impending seas;
And all the presence of this world, at best
A sightless giant wandering without rest,
Aged and mad with many miseries:

The weight and measure of these things who knows?
Resting at times beside life's thought-swept stream,
Sobered and stunned with unexpected blows,
We scarcely hear the uproar. Life doth seem,
Save for the certain nearness of its woes,
Vain and phantasmal as a sick man's dream.

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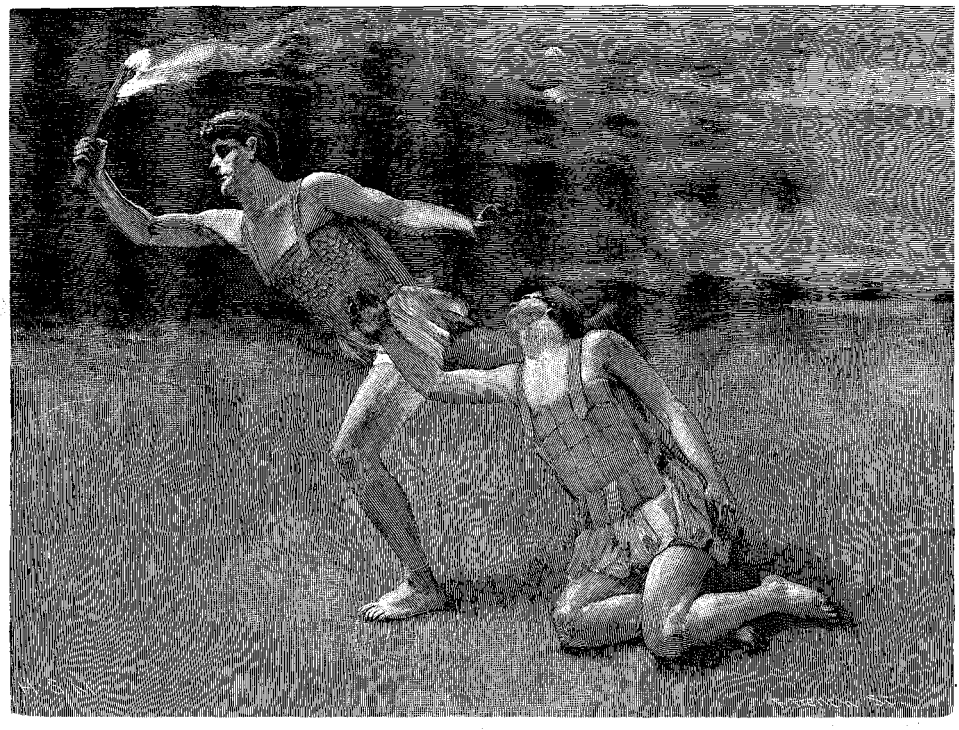

THE TORCH-RACE.

By Helen Gray Cone.

BRAVE racer, who hast sped the living light
With throat outstretched and every nerve a-strain,
Now on thy left hand labors gray-faced Pain,
And Death hangs close behind thee on the right.
Soon flag the flying feet, soon fails the sight,
With every pulse the gaunt pursuers gain;
And all thy splendor of strong life must wane
And set into the mystery of night.

Yet fear not, though in falling, blindness hide
The hand that snatches, ere it touch the sod,
The light thy lessening grasp no more controls:
Truth's rescuer, Truth shall instantly provide:
This is the torch-race game, that noblest souls
Play on through time beneath the eyes of God.

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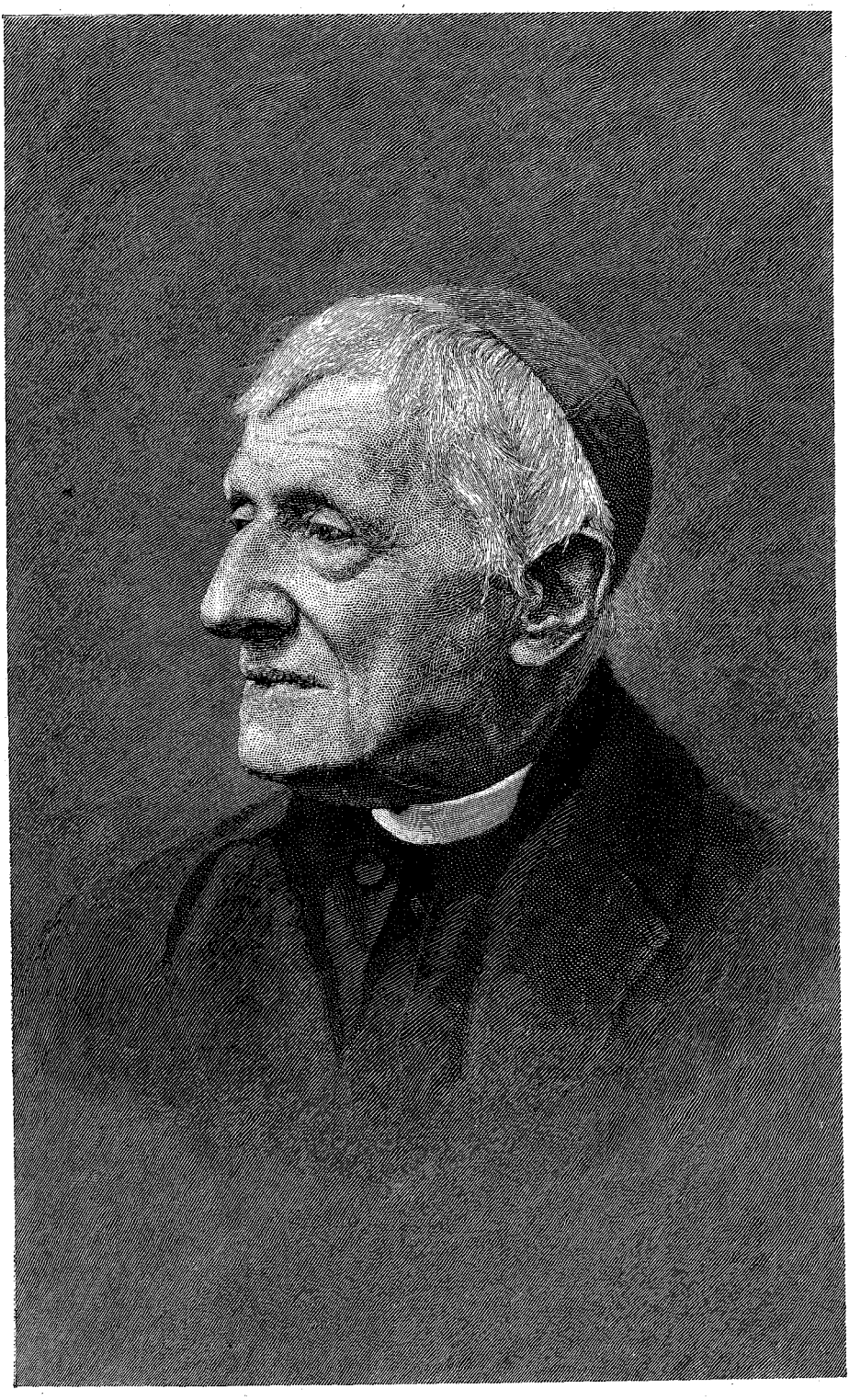

John Henry, Cardinal Newman.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By Augustine Birrell.

THERE are some men whose names are inseparably and exclusively associated with Movements; there are others who are forever united in human memories with Places; it is the happy fortune of the distinguished man whose name is at the top of this page to be able to make good both titles to an estate in our minds and hearts; for whilst his fierce intellectual energy made him the leader of a great Movement, his rare and exquisite tenderness has married his name to a lovely Place. Whenever men's thoughts dwell upon the Revival of Church Authority in England and America during this century, they will recall the Vicar of S. Mary's, Oxford, who lived to become a Cardinal of Rome, and whenever the lover of all things that are quiet and gentle and true in life and literature visits Oxford he will find himself wondering whether snap-dragon still grows outside the windows of the rooms in Trinity where once lived the author of the "Apologia."

The Rev. John Wesley was a distinguished man, if ever there was one, and his name is associated with a movement certainly as remarkable as, and a great deal more useful than, the one connected with the name of Newman. Wesley's great missionary tours in Devon and Cornwall and the wild, remote parts of Lancashire lack no single element of sublimity. To this day the memories of those apostolic journeys are green and precious, and the source of strength and joy; the portrait of the eager preacher hangs up in almost every miner's cottage, whilst his name is pronounced with reverence by a hundred thousand lips. "You seem a very temperate people here," once observed a thirsty pedestrian (who was, indeed, none other than the present writer) to a Cornish miner, "how did it happen?" He replied solemnly, raising his cap, "There came a man amongst us once, and his name was John Wesley." Wesley was an Oxford man, but he is not much in men's thoughts as they visit that city of enchantment. Why is this? Surely because, great as he was, he lacked charm. As we read his Diaries and Letters, we are interested, we are moved, but we are not pleased. Now Oxford pleases, charms, and therefore it is that when we allow ourselves a day in her quadrangles we find ourselves thinking of Dr. Newman and his Trinity snap-dragon, and how the Rev. William James, "sometime in the year 1823," taught him the doctrine of Apostolical Succession in the course of a walk round Christchurch Meadow, rather than of Wesley and his prayer-meetings at Lincoln, which were proclaimed by the Authorities as savoring of sedition.

A strong personal attachment of the kind which springs up from reading an Author, which is distilled through his pages, and turns his foibles, even his follies, into pleasant things we would not for the world have altered, is apt to cause the reader, who is thus affected, to exaggerate the importance of any intellectual movement with which the Author happened to be associated. There are, I know, people who think this is notably so in Dr. Newman's case. Crusty men, are to be met who rudely say they have heard enough of the Oxford movement, and that the time for penning ecstatic paragraphs about Dr. Newman's personal appearance in the pulpit at S. Mary's is over. I think these crusty people are wrong. The movement was no doubt an odd one in some of its aspects—it wore a very academic air indeed, and to be academic is to be ridiculous, in the opinion of many. Our great Northern Towns lived their grimy lives amidst the whirl of their machinery quite indifferent to the movement. Our huge Non-conformist bodies knew no more of the University of Oxford in

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Cardinal Newman. (From a recent photograph.)

those days than they did of the University of Tübingen. This movement sent no missionaries to the miners, and its Tracts were not of the kind that are served suddenly upon you in the streets like legal process—but were in fact bulky treatises stuffed full of the dead languages. London, of course, heard about the movement, and, so far as she was not tickled by the comicality of the notion of anything really important happening outside her cab-radius, was irritated by it. Mr. Henry Rogers poked heavy fun at it in the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Isaac Taylor wrote two volumes to prove that Ancient Christianity was a drivelling and childish superstition, and in the opinion of some pious Churchmen succeeded in doing so. But for the most part people left the Movement alone, unless they happened to be very clerically connected or Bishops. "The Bishops," says Dr. Newman, "began charging against us." But Bishops' charges are amongst the many seemingly important things that do not count in England. It is said to be the duty of an Archdeacon to read his Bishop's

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Charge, but it is undoubted law that a *mandamus* will not be granted to compel him to do so.

But notwithstanding this aspect of the case, it was a genuine thought-movement in propagating which these long-coated parsons, with their dry jokes, strange smiles, and queer notions were engaged. They used to drive about the country in gigs from one parsonage to another, and leave their tracts behind them. They were not concerned with the flocks—their message was to the shepherds. As for the dissenters, they had nothing to say to them except that their very presence in a parish was a plenary argument for the necessity of the movement.

The Tractarians met with the usual fortune of those who peddle new ideas. Some Rectors did not want to be primitive—more did not know what it meant, but enough were found pathetically anxious to read a meaning into their services and offices, to make it plain that the Tracts really were "for" and not "against" the times.

The great plot, plan, or purpose, call it what you will, of the Tractarian movement was to make Churchmen believe with a personal conviction that the Church of England was not a mere National Institution, like the House of Commons or the Game of Cricket, but a living branch of that Catholic Church which God had from the beginning endowed with sacramental gifts and graces, with a Priesthood apostolically descended, with a Creed, precise and specific, which it was the Church's duty to teach and man's to believe, and with a ritual and discipline to be practised and maintained with daily piety and entire submission.

These were new ideas in 1833. When Dr. Newman was ordained in 1824 he has told us he did not look on ordination as a sacramental rite nor did he ascribe to baptism any supernatural virtue.

It cannot be denied that the Tractarians had their work before them. But they had forces on their side.

It is always pleasant to rediscover the meaning of words and forms which have been dulled by long usage. This is why etymology is so fascinating. By the natural bent of our minds we are lovers of whatever things are true and real. We hanker after facts. To get a grip of reality is a pleasure so keen—most of our faith is so desperate a "make-believe," that it is not to be wondered at that pious folk should have been found who rejoiced to be told that what they had been saying and doing all the years of their lives really had a meaning and a history of its own. One would have to be very unsympathetic not to perceive that the time we are speaking of must have been a very happy one for many a devout soul. The dry bones lived—formal devotions were turned into joyous acts of faith and piety. The Church became a Living Witness to the Truth. She could be interrogated—she could answer. The old Calendar was revived, and Saint's Day followed Saint's Day, and Season Season in the sweet procession of the Christian Year. Pretty girls got up early, made the sign of the Cross, and, unscared by devils, tripped across the dewy meadows to Communion. Grave men read the Fathers and found themselves at home in the Fourth Century.

A great writer had, so it appears, all unconsciously prepared the way for this Neo-Catholicism. Dr. Newman has never forgotten to pay tribute to Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter's work has proved to be of so permanent a character, his insight into all things Scotch so deep and true, and his human worth and excellence so rare and noble, that it has hardly been worth while to remember the froth and effervescence he at first occasioned; but that he did create a movement in the Oxford direction is certain. He made the old Catholic times interesting. He was not indeed, like the Tractarians, a man of "primitive" mind, but he was romantic, and it all told. For this we have the evidence not only of Dr. Newman (a very nice observer), but also of the delightful, the bewitching, the never sufficiently to be praised George Borrow—Borrow, the Friend of Man, at whose bidding Lassitude and Languor strike their tents and flee, and Health and Spirits, Adventure and Human Comradeship take up the reins of life, whistle to the horses, and away you go!

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Borrow has indeed, in the Appendix to the "Romany Rye," written of Sir Walter after a fashion for which I hope he has been forgiven. A piece of invective more terrible, more ungenerous, more savagely and exultingly cruel, is nowhere to be found. I shudder when I think of it. Had another written it, I could easily have brought myself to spit upon his tomb. Nothing he ever wrote should be in the same room with the "Heart of Midlothian," "Redgauntlet," and "The Antiquary." But I am not going to get angry with George Borrow. I say at once—I cannot afford it. But neither am I going to quote from the Appendix. God forbid! I can find elsewhere what will suit my purpose just as well. Readers of "Lavengro" will remember the man in black. It is hard to forget him, the scandalous creature, or his story of the ironmonger's daughter at Birmingham "who screeches to the piano the Lady of the Lake's hymn to the Virgin Mary, always weeps when Mary Queen of Scots is mentioned, and fasts on the anniversary of the death of that very wise martyr, Charles I. Why, said the man in black, I would engage to convert such an idiot to popery in a week, were it worth my trouble. O Cavaliere Gualtereo, avete fatto molto in favore della Santa Sede."

Another precursor was Coleridge, who (amongst other things) called attention to the writings of the earlier Anglican divines—some of whom were men of primitive tempers and Catholic aspirations. Andrews and Laud, Jackson, Bull, Hammond and Thorndyke—sound divines to a man—found the dust brushed off them. The second-hand booksellers, a wily and observant race, became alive to the fact that though Paley and Warburton, Horsley and Hoadley, were not worth the brown paper they came wrapped up in, seventeenth-century theology would bear being marked high.

Thus was the long Polar Winter that had befallen Anglican theology broken up, and the icebergs began moving about after a hap-hazard and even dangerous fashion—but motion is always something.

What has come to the Movement? It is hard to say. Its great leader has written a book of fascinating interest to prove that it was not a genuine Anglican movement at all; that it was foreign to the National Church, and that neither was its life derived from, nor was its course in the direction of, the National Church. But this was after he himself had joined the Church of Rome. Nobody, however, ventured to contradict him, nor is this surprising when we remember the profusion of argument and imagery with which he supported his case.

A point was reached, and then things were allowed to drop. The Church of Rome received some distinguished converts with her usual well-bred composure and gave them little things to do in their new places. The Tracts for the Times, neatly bound, repose on many shelves. Tract No. 90, that fierce bomb-shell which once scattered confusion through clerical circles, is perhaps the only bit of Dr. Newman's writing one does not, on thinking of, wish to sit down at once to re-read. The fact is that the movement, as a movement with a terminus *ad quem*, was fairly beaten by a power fit to be matched with Rome herself—John Bullism. John Bull could not be got to assume a Catholic demeanor. When his judges denied that the grace of Baptism was a dogma of his faith, Bull, instead of behaving as did the people of Milan when Ambrose was persecuted by an Arian government, was hugely pleased, clapped his thigh and exclaimed, through the mouth of Lord John Russell, that the ruling was "sure to give general satisfaction," as indeed it did.

The work of the movement can still be seen in the new spirit that has descended upon the Church of England and in the general heightening of Church Principles—but the movement itself is no longer to be seen, or much of the temper or modes of thought of the Tractarians. The High Church Clergyman of to-day is no Theologian—he is an Opportunist. The Tractarian took his stand upon Antiquity—he labored his points, he was always ready to prove his Rule of Faith and to define his position. His successor, though he has appropriated the results of the struggle, does not trouble to go on waging it. He is as a rule no great reader—you

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may often search his scanty library in vain for the works of Bishop Jackson. Were you to ask for them it is quite possible he would not know to what Bishop of that name you were referring. He is as hazy about the Hypostatic Union as are many laymen about the Pragmatic Sanction. He is all for the People and for filling his Church. The devouring claims of the Church of Rome do not disturb his peace of mind. He thinks it very rude of her to dispute the validity of his orders—but then foreigners are rude! And so he goes on his hard-working way, with his high doctrines and his early services, and has neither time nor inclination for those studies that lend support to his priestly pretensions.

This temper of mind has given us peace in our time and has undoubtedly promoted the cause of Temperance and other good works; but some day or another the old questions will have to be gone into again and the Anglican claim to be a Church, Visible, Continuous, Catholic, and Gifted, investigated—probably for the last time.

Cynics may declare that it will be but a storm in a teacup—a dispute in which none but "women, priests, and peers" will be called upon to take part—but it is not an obviously wise policy to be totally indifferent to what other people are thinking about — simply because your own thoughts are running in other directions.

But all this is really no concern of mine. My object is to call attention to Dr. Newman's writings from a purely literary point of view.

The charm of Dr. Newman's style necessarily baffles description: as well might one seek to analyze the fragrance of a flower, or to expound in words the jumping of one's heart when a beloved friend unexpectedly enters the room. It is hard to describe charm. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is a poet, gets near it:

> "And what but gentleness untired,
> And what but noble feeling warm,
> Wherever seen, howe'er inspired,
> Is grace, is charm?"

One can of course heap on words. Dr. Newman's style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it oftener glows with a fervent heat; it employs as its obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary, and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the bookworm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory. Dr. Newman's sentences sometimes fall upon the ear like well-considered and final judgments, each word being weighed and counted out with dignity and precision; but at other times the demeanor and language of the Judge are hastily abandoned, and substituted for them we encounter the impetuous torrent—the captivating rhetoric, the brilliant imagery, the frequent examples, the repetition of the same idea in different words, of the eager and accomplished advocate addressing men of like passions with himself.

Dr. Newman always aims at effect and never misses it. He writes as an orator speaks, straight at you. His object is to convince, and to convince by engaging your attention, exciting your interest, enlivening your fancy. It is not his general practice to address the pure reason. He knows (he well may) how little reason has to do with men's convictions. "I do not want," he says, "to be converted by a smart syllogism." In another place he observes "the heart is commonly reached not through the reason—but through the imagination by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history and by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, books subdue us, deeds inflame us." I have elsewhere ventured upon a comparison between Burke and Newman. Both men, despite their subtlety and learning and superrefinement, their love of fine points and their splendid capacity for stating them in language so apt as to make one's admiration breathless, took very broad, common-sense, matter-of-fact views of humanity, and ever had the ordinary man and woman in mind as they spoke and wrote. Politics and Religion existed in their opinion for the benefit of plain folk, for Richard and for Jane, or, in other words, for living bundles of hopes and fears, doubts and certainties,

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prejudices and passions. Anarchy and Atheism are in their opinion the two great enemies of the Human Race. How are they to be frustrated and confounded, men and women being what they are? Dr. Newman, secluded as has been his life, has always got the world in his eye; its unceasing roar sounds in his ear as does the murmur of ocean in the far inland shell. In one of his Catholic Sermons, the sixth of his Discourses to Mixed Congregations, there is a gorgeous piece of rhetoric in which he describes the people looking in at the shop-windows and reading advertisements in the newspapers. Many of his pages positively glow with light and heat and color. One is at times reminded of Fielding. And all this comparing, and distinguishing, and illustrating, and appealing, and describing is done with the practised hand of a consummate writer and orator. He is as subtle as Gladstone, and as moving as Erskine; but whereas Gladstone is often clumsy and Erskine is sometimes crude, Newman is never clumsy, Newman is never crude, but always graceful, always mellowed.

Humor he possesses in a marked degree. A quiet humor, of course, as befits his sober profession and the gravity of the subjects on which he loves to discourse. It is not the humor that is founded on a lively sense of the Incongruous. This kind, though the most delightful of all, is apt, save in the hands of the great Masters, the men whom you can count upon your fingers, to get to wear a slightly professional aspect. It happens unexpectedly, but all the same we expect it to happen, and we have got our laughter ready. Newman's quiet humor always takes us unawares and is accepted gratefully, partly on account of its intrinsic excellence, and partly because we are glad to find that the

"Pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound"

has room for mirth in his heart.

In Sarcasm Dr. Newman is pre-eminent. Here his extraordinary powers of compression, which are little short of marvellous in one who has also such a talent for expansion, come to his aid and enable him to squeeze into a couple of sentences pleadings, argument, judgment, and execution. Had he led the secular life, and adopted a parliamentary career he would have been simply terrific, for his weapons of offence are both numerous and deadly. His sentences stab—his invective destroys. The pompous high-placed imbecile, mouthing his platitudes, the wordy sophister with his oven full of half-baked thoughts, the ill-bred rhetorician with his tawdry aphorisms, the heartless hate-producing satirist would have gone down before his sword and spear. But God was merciful to these sinners: Newman became a Priest, and they Privy Councillors.

And lastly, all these striking qualities and gifts float about in a pleasant atmosphere. As there are some days even in England when merely to go out and breathe the common air is joy, and when, in consequence, that grim tyrant, our bosom's lord

"Sits lightly in his throne,"

so, to take up almost any one of Dr. Newman's books, and they are happily numerous—between twenty and thirty volumes—is to be led away from "evil tongues," and the "sneers of selfish men," from the mud and the mire, the shoving and pushing that gather and grow round the pig-troughs of life, into a diviner ether, a purer air, and is to spend your time in the company of one who, though he may sometimes astonish, yet never fails to make you feel (to use Carlyle's words about a very different Author) "that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom, not ill and disgracefully as in brawling tavern supper-rooms with fools and noisy persons."

The tendency to be egotistical noticeable in some persons who are free from the faintest taint of egotism is a tendency hard to account for—but delightful to watch.

"Anything," says glorious John Dryden, "though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself—in my opinion, is still too much." A sound opinion most surely, and yet how interesting are the personal touches we find scattered up and down Dryden's noble prefaces. So

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with Newman — his dignity, his self-restraint, his taste, are all the greatest stickler for a stiff upper lip and the consumption of your own smoke could desire, and yet the personal note is frequently sounded. He is never afraid to strike it whenever the perfect harmony that exists between his character and his style demands its sound, and so it has come about that we love what he has written because he wrote it, and we love him who wrote it because of what he has written.

I now approach by far the pleasantest part of my task, namely, the selection of two or three passages from Dr. Newman's books by way of illustrating what I have taken the liberty to say are notable characteristics of his style.

Let me begin with a chance specimen of the precision of his language. The passage is from the prefatory Notice the Cardinal prefixed to the Rev. William Palmer's "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841." It is dated 1882, and is consequently the writing of a man over eighty years of age: "William Palmer was one of those earnest-minded and devout men, forty years since, who, deeply convinced of the great truth that our Lord had instituted, and still acknowledges and protects, a Visible Church—one, individual, and integral—Catholic, as spread over the Earth, Apostolic, as coeval with the Apostles of Christ, and Holy, as being the dispenser of His Word and Sacraments—considered it at present to exist in three main branches, or rather in a triple presence, the Latin, the Greek, and the Anglican, these three being one and the same Church, distinguishable from each other by secondary, fortuitous, and local, though important characteristics. And whereas the whole Church in its fulness was, as they believed, at once and severally Anglican, Greek, and Latin, so in turn each one of those three was the whole Church; whence it followed that, whenever any one of the three was present, the other two, by the nature of the case, was absent, and therefore the three could not have direct relations with each other, as if they were three substantive bodies, there being no real difference between them except the external accident of place. Moreover since, as has been said, on a given territory there could not be more than one of the three, it followed that Christians generally, wherever they were, were bound to recognize, and had a claim to be recognized by that one; ceasing to belong to the Anglican Church, as Anglican, when they were at Rome, and ignoring Rome, as Rome, when they found themselves at Moscow. Lastly, not to acknowledge this inevitable outcome of the initial idea of the Church, viz., that it was both everywhere and one, was bad logic, and to act in opposition to it was nothing short of setting up altar against altar, that is the hideous sin of schism, and a sacrilege. This I conceive to be the formal teaching of Anglicanism."

The most carefully considered judgments of Lord Westbury or Lord Cairns may be searched in vain for finer examples of stern accuracy and beautiful aptness of language.

For examples of what may be called Newman's oratorical rush, one has not far to look—though when torn from their context and deprived of their conclusion they are robbed of three-fourths of their power. Here is a passage from his Second Lecture addressed to the Anglican Party of 1833. It is on the Life of the National Church of England.

"Doubtless the national religion is alive. It is a great power in the midst of us, it wields an enormous influence; it represses a hundred foes; it conducts a hundred undertakings. It attracts men to it, uses them, rewards them; it has thousands of beautiful homes up and down the country where quiet men may do its work and benefit its people; it collects vast sums in the shape of voluntary offerings, and with them it builds churches, prints and distributes innumerable Bibles, books, and tracts, and sustains missionaries in all parts of the Earth. In all parts of the Earth it opposes the Catholic Church, denounces her as anti-christian, bribes the world against her, obstructs her influence, apes her authority, and confuses her evidence. In all parts of the world it is the religion of gentlemen, of scholars, of men of substance, and men of no personal faith at all. If this be life, if it be life to impart a tone to the court and

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houses of Parliament, to ministers of state, to law and literature, to universities and schools, and to society,—if it be life to be a principle of order in the population, and an organ of benevolence and almsgiving towards the poor,—if it be life to make men decent, respectable, and sensible, to embellish and reform the family circle, to deprive vice of its grossness and to shed a glow over avarice and ambition,—if indeed it is the life of religion to be the first jewel in the Queen's crown, and the highest step of her throne, then doubtless the National Church is replete, it overflows with life; but the question has still to be answered, Life of what kind?"

For a delightful example of Dr. Newman's, humor, which is largely if not entirely a playful humor, I will remind the reader of the celebrated imaginary speech against the British Constitution attributed to "a member of the junior branch of the Potemkin family," and supposed to have been delivered at Moscow in the year 1850. It is too long for quotation, but will be found in the first of the "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." The whole book is one of the best humored books in the English language.

Of his sarcasm, the following example, well known as it is, must be given. It occurs in the Essay on the "Prospects of the Anglican Church," which is reprinted from the "British Critic" in the first volume of the "Essays Critical and Historical."

"In the present day mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half-a-dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms, who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself from being supposed to exclude the contradictory, who holds that Scripture is the only authority—yet that the Church is to be deferred to, that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works, that grace does not depend on the sacraments, yet is not given without them, that bishops are a divine ordinance—yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have—this is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons to guide it through the channel of No-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No. But, alas! reading sets men thinking. They will not keep standing in that very attitude, which you please to call sound Church-of-Englandism or orthodox Protestantism. It tires them, it is so very awkward, and for the life of them—they cannot continue in it long together, where there is neither article nor canon to lean against — they cannot go on forever standing on one leg, or sitting without a chair, or walking with their legs tied, or grazing like Tityrus's stags on the air. Promises imply conclusions—germs lead to developments; principles have issues; doctrines lead to action."

Of the personal note to which I have made reference—no examples need or should be given. Such things must not be transplanted from their own homes.

"The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearl to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam
And brought my sea-born treasures home:
But the poor, unsightly noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild
uproar."

If I may suppose that this paper may be read by someone who is not yet acquainted with Newman's writings I would advise him, unless he is bent on theology, to begin not with the "Sermons," not even with the "Apologia," but with the "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." Then let him take up the Lectures "On the Idea of an University" and on "University Subjects." These may be followed by "Discussions and Arguments," after which he will be well disposed to read the Lectures on the "Difficulties felt by Anglicans." If after he has despatched these volumes he is not infected with what one of those charging Bishops called "Newmania," he is possessed of a

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devil of Obtuseness no wit of man can drive out.

Of the strength of Dr. Newman's philosophical position, which he has explained in his "Grammar of Assent," it would ill become me to speak. He there strikes the shield of John Locke. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* But it is difficult even for the most ignorant of us not to have shy notions and lurking suspicions even about such big subjects and great men. Locke maintained that a man's belief in a proposition really depended upon and bore a relation to the weight of evidence forthcoming in its favor. Dr. Newman asserts that certainty is a quality of propositions and he has discovered in man "an illative sense" whereby conclusions are converted into dogmas and a measured concurrence into an unlimited and absolute assurance. This Illative Sense is hardly a thing (if I may use an expression for ever associated with Lord Macaulay) to be cocksure about. Wedges, said the mediæval mechanic to his pupils, split wood by virtue of a wood-splitting quality in wedges—but now we are indisposed to endow wedges with qualities, and if not wedges—why propositions? But the "Grammar of Assent" is a beautiful book, and with a quotation from it I will close my quotations: "Thus it is that Christianity is the fulfilment of the promise made to Abraham and of the Mosaic revelations; this is how it has been able from the first to occupy the world and gain a hold on every class of human society to which its preachers reached; this is why the Roman power and the multitude of religions which it embraced could not stand against it; this is the secret of its sustained energy, and its never-flagging martyrdoms; this is how at present it is so mysteriously potent, in spite of the new and fearful adversaries which beset its path. It has with it that gift of stanching and healing the one deep wound of human nature, which avails more for its success than a full encyclopædia of scientific knowledge and a whole library of controversy, and therefore it must last while human nature lasts."

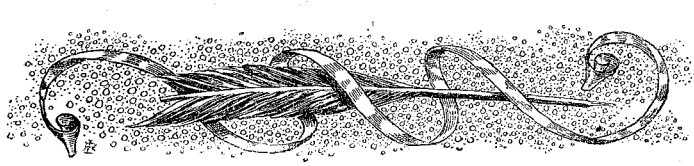
It is fitting that our last quotation should be one which leaves the Cardinal face to face with his Faith.

Dr. Newman's poetry cannot be passed over without a word—though I am ill-fitted to do justice to it. "Lead, kindly Light" has forced its way into every hymn-book and heart. Those who go, and those who do not go to church, the fervent believer and the tired-out sceptic here meet on common ground. The language of the Verses in their intense sincerity seems to reduce all human feelings, whether fed on dogmas and holy rites or on man's own sad heart, to a common denominator.

"The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

The Believer can often say no more. The Unbeliever will never willingly say less.

Amongst Dr. Newman's "Verses on Various Occasions" (though in some cases the earlier Versions to be met with in the "Lyra Apostolica" are to be preferred to the later) poems will be found by those who look, conveying sure and certain evidence of the possession by the poet of the true lyrical gift—though almost cruelly controlled by the course of the poet's thoughts and the nature of his subjects. One is sometimes constrained to cry "Oh, if he could only get out into the wild blowing airs, how his pinions would sweep the skies," but such thoughts are unlicensed and unseemly. That we have two such religious poets as Cardinal Newman and Miss Christina Rossetti is or ought to be matter for sincere rejoicing.



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AN EVENING FANTASY.

By William A. Leahy.

I THINK my spirit is in the wild sea-bird
That o'er the wave flies foraging. I bathe
My bosom in the surf. Strange phantoms gird
My phantom flight. Strange forms my forehead swathe.
Amid the waters in the everglooms
Dim, dim below, dwelleth the race of man,
Poor coral-builders in the sea of time,
Whom wrathful doom, or that ancestral ban
The moss-hid legends say, amid this slime
With death in hideous revelry entombs.

In vain, O Death! they cease not. They bequeath
Themselves, insculptured in eternal stone,
To be the pillars of new lives that breathe
And flourish o'er them. Thus from zone to zone
The godlike temple of their race they rear.
Oh, Atlas on his heavy shoulders held
No grander burden than a man inwrought
Into that tower the generations build
Skyward to their hoped heaven, where Death, outfought,
Shall vanish, and Pain break his wounding spear.

The day is near. The winds' invisible hands
O'erstrew the ledge with soil. Sweet showers and spray,
Descending, do enrich the barren sands
To banks thick-grown and floral with the May.
Now hillsides and the wavy-bosomed lea
Pour forth a magic bloom. Nor lack clear lakes,
Nor woodlands green, nor arches for the bower
Of virgin love, nor songsters in the brakes,
To make most fair this odorous ocean flower,
That blossomed from the bottom of the sea;—

This island-garden of the sweet to-morrow,
(Who are the cowards that gaze ahead with fears?)
Whose only sorrow is the dearth of sorrow,
That Love no more can melt away its tears;
Where, never older than the roses are
That through the green their ripeness just unfold,
Men dwell with Good and Beauty, and still chase
The flying woodland footfall to behold
Amid the glooms, at last, Truth's heavenly face
Revealëd, like the bursting of a star.

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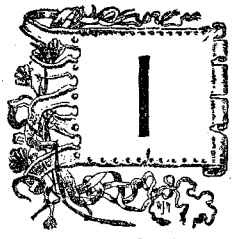
LALOR ABBOO SINGH.

By George H. Jessop.

I.



I HAD snatched a fortnight's vacation, a few days before Christmas, and was on my way to spend it with Tom Kavanagh, perhaps the oldest and dearest friend I had on earth. We had been school-boys together, and had kept up our intimacy to more purpose than is usual in such friendships. When I was at Oxford, Tom's regiment was quartered at Aldershot, and we saw a good deal of each other, visited Epsom together and lost more money than either of us could afford. As boys, we had both made up our minds to go into the army; Tom carried out his programme, but circumstances forced me to the University and afterward to the bar. The army, as my father was never tired of informing me, was no provision, and I could not afford it. To tell the truth neither could Tom; but he had only a widowed mother to deal with—dear old lady, it must be eight years since she died;—besides Tom had expectations, and I had none. I have often acknowledged since that my governor was right. I have not the figure for a cavalry officer, and I had rather face the Lord Chancellor any day than an Afghan or a Zulu; but at the time I thought myself hardly used. Nevertheless I ate my dinners at the Inner Temple with very fair appetite, got through my work at a conveyancer's office, and contrived to see a good deal of Tom Kavanagh in the meanwhile. He kept a spicy little trap, I remember, however he managed it, and we never missed a pigeon day at Hurlingham.

Then Tom's regiment was ordered to India, and I saw nothing of him for—let me see—ten years, every day of it. How the time slips away when a man has passed five and thirty! In all those years I never met my old pal, and I heard of him but seldom. His name was in orders once or twice, but he did not return to England. I followed his career with interest, however, and was as much pleased the day he got his troop as if I had taken silk myself. Then his ship came home—metaphorically, actually—in every sense of the word. The "expectations" which had been used as an argument in favor of his superior fitness for a military life took shape at last, and characteristically enough, Captain Kavanagh thereupon promptly left the service. He came home, settled down, and married. He looked me up in London every day during his brief stay in town, was sincerely and unaffectedly glad to see me, and insisted on my stealing a week to visit him at Christmas.

I should have mentioned that the "expectations" which had done so much to shape my friend's career came from a misanthropic and eccentric uncle whom Tom had never seen. This old gentleman had lived a life of celibacy and strictest retirement in the wilds of Galway, and had announced his intention of leaving Master Tom everything if that young officer should make no attempt to see him during his life—an obviously easy condition which the heir-expectant implicitly observed. "I wouldn't worry my dear uncle for the world, Ned," he has often said to me with a grin; "the old gentleman objects to legacy-hunters; I'll take him at his word; this is a match that plays itself; and the only kind of game that's worth bagging without stalking it, is a fortune."

Old Peter Kavanagh was as good as his word, and his death the year before had left Tom master of some six thousand pounds a year, a house in London, and an estate in Connemara.

And that is how I, Edward Leslie, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, came to be crossing the Irish Channel on that extremely disagreeable December night.

A fine, misty rain was blotting out the

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vaunted prospect of the Wicklow hills as we steamed up the Liffey. I have heard Dublin Bay described as one of the most beautiful in the world, but though I have entered it three times, I cannot say I have ever seen it. Poor Erin has her woes, as she is fond of telling the world, and no doubt that is the reason why she generally welcomes her visitor with tears.

I was not inclined to be captious, however. The Violet moved along on an even keel, and I ventured to creep out on deck with my fellow sufferers. But my patience was subjected to a severe trial on landing. The boat was unusually crowded, and the facilities for handling luggage struck me as entirely inadequate. Before I could rescue my modest belongings from the general confusion, and bestow them on a cab, my watch told me that I had already missed the train I had intended to take. There was nothing for it but to drive to a hotel and wait for the next with such patience as I could command.

A few minutes later I was sheltered from the rain that had never ceased falling since we had sighted the Irish coast, and my ill-humor was rapidly thawing out under the influence of a good breakfast.

A consultation of time-tables showed that the first train available for my purpose left at one P.M., so I had a long forenoon on my hands. I sent a telegram to Tom Kavanagh, stating that I had been delayed and would come on by the one o'clock express. I wandered to the door of the hotel every half-hour or so and searched the sky in vain for some prospect of clearing; I anathematized my travelled friend who had suggested the North Wall route, as often as I reflected that the mail boat would have landed me in time, and that was not seldom; and, on the whole, passed as dreary a morning as any I remember. It was with no small feeling of relief that I climbed into my vehicle and resumed my interrupted journey to the Broadstone.

Irish trains, as a rule, are not rapid travellers, and the country was flat, dull, and uninteresting. I afterward learned that the first half of my journey lay through the bog of Allen—a monotonous district at best, and not rendered livelier by the prevailing hue of the overcast skies, and the incessantly falling rain. It was not till we approached the Shannon at Athlone that the dead level gave place to rolling hills and the scenery began to take on a pleasantly diversified aspect. By that time it had grown too dark for sight-seeing, and I leaned back in the corner of the carriage discontentedly enough. Still, I was nearing my journey's end, and the thought of the hearty welcome that was awaiting me was enough to dissipate a legion of even bluer devils than my mismanaged trip had conjured up. Tom Kavanagh would be there—jolly, hearty, and handsome, and his wife—I wondered what she would be like. To one thing I had made up my mind. I would take the utmost possible enjoyment out of my fortnight's vacation; I would leave all thoughts of briefs and latitats in my locked-up chambers; I would have a hot corner at the cover-shooting to-morrow, and see if my hand had lost all its former cunning. Of late, I had had little practice, but ten or a dozen years ago I was considered more than a fair shot. Never to be compared to Tom Kavanagh, to be sure, who was one of the deadliest marksmen with any species of fire-arm I have ever seen; but then Tom was accustomed to be king of his company where sporting matters were concerned. I had no doubt but that I should acquit myself at least respectably, for I was thoroughly fond of a good day with the beaters. As I quitted the train at the little rural station to which I had been directed to take my ticket, life looked far rosier than it had seemed to me in Dublin.

A smart-looking groom touched his hat to me as I stepped on the platform.

"Gentleman for Tullybeg, sir?"

I answered in the affirmative and saw my light luggage transferred to a handsomely appointed dog-cart which stood, with lighted lamps, in the miry road behind the station. A tall, rakish-looking bay horse was between the shafts, and as he tossed his head and rattled the silver-mounted harness, I thought to myself that ten years of Indian tats had not vitiated my friend's judgment of horse-flesh.

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"Beg pardon, sir; I'll see if there's anything for Captain Kavanagh," and the groom crossed over to where the station-master was standing. I saw the latter hand him a telegram in its reddish-brown envelope. Then the servant swung himself up to his seat.

"Like to drive, sir?" he said.

"No," I answered, "I'd rather keep my hands warm; and besides I don't know the way."

He gave the horse his head and we bowled along at a slashing pace into the darkness, for the light of the lamps only extended a few feet, and beyond their influence the night stood like a wall. I had a misgiving that the telegram I had seen the groom receive was the same I had sent in the morning.

"When was that telegram received here?" I asked.

"Some time this forenoon, sir," he answered; "you see it's twelve miles out to Tullybeg and no way of sending them, so they just lie there till somebody happens to call for them."

I laughed inwardly. I was beginning to realize how far I was from London.

"Have you been waiting long?" I resumed; "I expected to have come down by an earlier train, but missed it."

"Oh, no, sir; I only came for this train. Captain Kavanagh, he said, sir, when you wrote you was a comin' by North Wall, that you'd never make the nine o'clock and there was no use a thinkin' of it."

Here was an opportunity to breathe another blessing on the friend who had laid out my itinerary, and I availed myself of it.

"Ga-a-ate!" sang out the groom, and the tall bay was checked, restless and pawing, till the broad iron gate swung back, and we dashed forward into the dark avenue. The wheels crunched on the gravel of the drive; the horse, recognizing the vicinity of his stable, strained at the bit. I drew a long breath of relief. The twelve miles were passed, and they had been nothing like as bad as I had expected. If people will live a dozen miles from the nearest station, the least they can do is to keep good horses, and Tom was never likely to fail in his duty in that respect.

A sort of portico, with pillars, projected from the front door, and under that shelter we pulled up. It struck me as a particularly good arrangement for driving parties in a moist climate. I had been able to see but little of the house as I approached, but that little impressed me favorably. It was large, and apparently well filled, to judge by the number of lighted windows, and it had a substantial, comfortable, hospitable air as it confronted the tired traveller, outlined against the blackness of a rainy winter night.

And a perfect glow of greeting poured from the broad hall door, which was flung open the instant we drew up. Tom was standing on the upper step, framed and backed in the light behind him. Very handsome and soldierly he looked, with his tall, erect figure, his frank Irish blue eyes, and clearly-cut face, with the heavy, dark cavalry mustache shading the upper lip.

"Welcome to Tullybeg, old man!" he said, running down and almost lifting me from the dog-cart. "You're froze entirely I suppose, but we'll soon set that right. Jones, you'd better give Faugh-a-Ballagh a bran mash after you rub him down, and when you've done come round and I'll send you a glass of punch. You all must have got a cruel wetting; this way, Ned—" by this time I was in the hall and divesting myself of my outer garments, while a footman carried in my luggage. Tom went on without giving me a chance to speak. "Take that portmanteau up to Mr. Leslie's room. You brought your gun, I see. You needn't; I could have let you have your pick of a dozen—leave it here. McTaggart will look it over for you in the morning. Well, old man," with another grasp of the hand—"and how's every inch of you?"

"Fair to middling," I answered, "a little wet and a trifle tired, that's all. I missed the first train——"

"Of course you did; come along and I'll show you your room. We're old-fashioned here, but we try to be comfortable. What's this, anyhow?" he added, opening the telegram the groom had handed him as we were moving toward the broad, shallow-stepped oaken stairs.

He read the message with a laugh.

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"It's your own, Ned; you might have brought it yourself and saved your sixpence—no one ever wires down here. It's waste of time. The post is quicker."

"So I perceive," I answered; "and now, how is Mrs. Kavanagh?"

"Eva? She's just— Oh, come now, none of your Old Bailey tricks on me. That's not a fair question to ask a man and he less than a year married. Now, here's your room, jump into dry togs and come down and judge for yourself."

What a picture to put before a man fresh from the miseries of the Irish Channel, fresh from a rainy forenoon in Dublin; fresh from six hours of the bog of Allen, fresh from twelve long miles of Galway hill and hollow—a good-sized room with two curtained windows facing the door as you entered; a bed that seemed, like an innocent defendant, to crave an immediate trial; some half a dozen chairs of various patterns, all comfortable; a soft thick carpet on the floor, and several well-chosen engravings and etchings on the walls. Last but not least, a pair of lighted candles on the dressing-table and another pair on the broad mantlepiece, beneath which blazed and roared and cracked and sputtered one of the most glorious wood-fires it has ever been my good fortune to keep company with. Breathing a sigh of ineffable content, I kicked off my boots, sank into an easy chair and extended my chilled extremities toward the comforting blaze.

"Like it, eh?" said my host after contemplating me for a moment. I could only signify my acquiescence by a nod. "Well, thaw out," he went on, "and then get into your duds. It's only twenty minutes to dinner, and everyone's dressing I suppose by this time."

The footman had unstrapped my portmanteau and was now laying out my evening clothes. I cast a very wistful look at the brightness and comfort around me, and rose to my feet, stifling a sigh. Tom's quick eye noticed and interpreted my reluctance.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Ned," he began cheerily, "you're tired and done up and all that, you know; you're not as young as you used to be—oh, yes, we're both the same age, of course," he pursued, anticipating my unspoken protest, "but you lawyers age faster among your sheepskins than we Indians do among our tigerskins. By the way, I'll show you some beauties to-morrow; but what I mean now is this: We're rather a houseful, and if you don't feel equal to meeting them all to-night after your journey, don't come down at all. Get into dressing-gown and slippers, throw a log on the fire, and I'll send you up a bit of dinner."

"Tom, you've saved my life," I exclaimed enthusiastically. "The picture you draw is Elysium itself."

"What a lazy beggar you are," he said with a laugh, as I proceeded to don the garments he had suggested and settle myself once more before the fire. "Well, I can't be with you always; I'll try to steal half an hour somehow before bed-time and come up and have a cigar with you." The door closed and he was gone.

I threw another log on the fire and, blessing Tom for his hospitable consideration, I lay back with, I do not doubt, much the same feelings that inspire a cat to purr herself to sleep in the sunshine. Presently the "bit of dinner" promised by my host appeared—some clear soup, a slice of the hard side of a noble salmon, a cutlet, the wing of a pheasant, cheese and celery. Tom remembered my tastes and had consulted them. It was just such a dinner as I should have chosen, and I was exactly in the frame of mind to enjoy it. The claret was good too, but the Madeira—I don't know where the rogue could have come by it. Perhaps old Peter Kavanagh had laid in a stock in his youthful days, but, certain it is, we never get such wine now. I made a capital meal and then, pouring out a third glass of that unparalleled Madeira, I pushed the tray aside, lighted a cigar, and gave myself up to the pleasant thoughts inspired by a good digestion and an easy conscience.

II.

I MIGHT have been smoking and ruminating five minutes or more when the door opened and Tom Kavanagh put

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his head into the room. After looking round to see that I was alone, he beckoned me to follow him. I rose in some bewilderment, but, before I could ask him what was the matter, he laid his finger on his lips, commanding silence with a most impressive gesture. When I reached the door he grasped my right wrist in his left hand, holding it in a vice-like grip, and drew me after him, out of the room and along the passage that ran past it, walking rapidly but with elaborate caution. Involuntarily I imitated him. Whatever this mysterious conduct of Tom's might mean, it was evident that he did not wish us to be overheard.

Another passage led at right angles out of the one we were traversing. The turning was to the left and we followed it. After a few paces we came to a descent of two steps. The corridor was dimly lighted, and Tom held my arm tighter as if to assist me, but he did not utter a word. A few feet beyond the steps was a door. This my conductor opened and pushed me forward into the room. Whether he accompanied me or not I could not say, for all my attention was enchained and my senses held spell-bound by the scene before me.

The apartment was large and handsome, and furnished like a drawing-room, in solid, substantial style, but relieved by an abundance of those little feminine knick-knacks which testify to a lady's care. To the left of the door were three tall windows draped in some dark stuff, and despite the wintry weather, the grate at the further end was innocent of fire ; it was almost hidden by a mass of flowers. Abundant light came from a large, old-fashioned chandelier which hung in the centre, and reflected the blaze of scores of wax candles from the facets of its cut-glass ornaments.

This was all I noticed about the room, and I wonder that my observation went even so far, in view of the terrible tableau which at once riveted my attention as I entered. A lady, in fashionable evening dress, had sunk on one knee near the centre of the floor. The myriad lights from the chandelier threw her beautiful figure out in bold relief ; her hair was unbound—magnificent auburn hair that swept in a generous volume over her shoulders and touched the ground as she knelt. Her hands were raised as if in terror, and her whole attitude expressed the extremity of horror. Her head was thrown back and she was gazing upward, but her face was turned from me. With his left hand clutching her shoulder and his right hand raised, stood a young man—his age I might guess to be four or five and twenty. His face, which in repose would probably be strikingly handsome, was drawn and disfigured by an expression of the most devilish passion. It looked to me like the face of a madman. Though clad in the ordinary evening dress of a gentleman of the day, he seemed to be a foreigner and nearly akin to those races which we are accustomed to consider semi-barbarous. His swarthy complexion, black eyes, and serpent-like configuration of head led me to set him down as an East Indian. Glittering in the right hand was a long, extremely thin dagger. The hilt, as it showed above his grasp, sparkled with precious stones, and I distinctly caught the green light reflected from a large emerald. The blade, toward the point polished, blue, and murderous-looking, was arabesqued toward the haft with a strange, intricate pattern which I easily traced as I looked at it, but which I would try in vain to describe. This was the tableau that met my eyes as I passed the door, and the strange weirdness of it, coming in such a place, its unexpected horror, froze the blood in my veins and turned my limbs to stone. I strove to cry out, but I could not articulate ; my voice would go no further than my throat, where it died away in a hoarse murmur. For a moment I was as helpless as a statue, frozen into silence and inaction by the sight.

A moment was enough ! I do not believe I was a second in the room. All the details of the picture burned themselves into my brain as if stamped by a brand. Then, and it was at the instant of my entrance, I saw the man's features contract ; I closed my eyes involuntarily, for I felt that the blow was coming, and at the instant, with a frantic effort, I mastered the horror that had chained me silent. I sprang forward

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into the room, shrieking "Help, help!" at the top of my voice.

With the first step I was conscious of a change. I stopped and rubbed my eyes. I was in my own well-lighted apartment, the fire blazing away merrily in front of me, and the arm-chair in which I had been sitting overturned at my feet. Was it possible that it was only a dream? I was not conscious of having slept, or even of having felt drowsy, and the cigar I had been smoking was still alight between my fingers, though crushed and broken in my spasmodic grasp. If I had dozed at all, my slumbers must have been of the shortest, and I was conscious of none of the sensations which usually herald our return from dreamland. All the scene that I had witnessed and have attempted to describe was as vividly before my eyes, and present in my mind to its minutest detail, as if I had actually seen it. I would have known that young Oriental, with his serpentine head and handsome, passionate face, among a thousand. I would have sworn to the lady's hair and the curve of her shoulders, though I had not seen her face. I would even have recognized the jewelled dagger, and as for the room—it had as much reality and distinctness and character as the room I stood in. This being so, how could I have dreamed it all? and yet it was impossible to fancy that a young Indian should have stabbed a lovely lady in Tom Kavanagh's Galway house; and stranger yet that Kavanagh should have known of the crime and brought me upon the scene just in time to witness it. But at any rate, here I was in my own room and I had no consciousness of how I got there. Realistic as the whole vision had been, this fact was enough to stamp it what it was—rather horrible, and a good deal out of the common, but only a night-mare after all, bred of a fatiguing day and Irish salmon and Madeira.

Now, all my life I have been unusually free from those torments of the darker hours—indeed, if I have ever dreamed at all, the impression made upon me has been so evanescent that my waking has retained no memory of the unsubstantial fancies of my sleep. This made it the more difficult for me to believe that the whole of that murderous, fantastic scene had been merely the figment of a drowsy imagination; yet what was I to think? At all events, even granting that the tragedy was only an unusually substantial piece of "the stuff that dreams are made of," I was fully persuaded that my agonized cry for help had been uttered aloud and I wondered if I had disturbed anybody. I opened the door and listened. Not a sound. No doubt everyone was at dinner, and the servants most likely were in the lower regions. As I looked out I could not but notice that the passage ran past my room exactly as it had done in my dream. I was not conscious of having observed this when I first came up-stairs with Tom, but no doubt I had noticed it; now, as everything was quiet, it seemed a good opportunity to prove the fallacy of my strange vision by discrediting it at the very outset. I had never been in Tullybeg House before, therefore it was clear that the various corridors I had seemed to traverse under my host's guidance must be as much figments of my distempered fancy as the Indian, the lady, or the dagger. I remembered every inch of the ground I had passed over on my way to the chamber of horrors; now I would see what this part of the house was like in reality.

Tullybeg had no gas and the passages were not lighted. I remembered that, as I had imagined them, they were not altogether dark, though far from brilliantly illuminated. This reassured me, and returning to my room, I took one of the candles from the mantlepiece and started on my tour of inspection. Strange! The very passage I had traversed intersected the other at the identical spot as I remembered it. I turned to the left and kept on. Two steps, placed just as those were which I had descended. These strange confirmations threw my mind into disorder again. I advanced. There was the door—the very door that Tom had thrown open for me—the door behind which I had seen that terrible tragedy enacted. I caught my breath. There was certainly something very curious about all this—something uncanny, it seemed to me. I tried the door; it was fastened. I knocked, but there was no response. Shading the light I stooped down and

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peeped through the keyhole. Only darkness. If this chamber had a ghastly secret, it shrouded its secret well. I returned to my own room, set the candle on the mantlepiece, and threw a fresh log on the fire. Then I lit a cigar and smoked myself into a condition of quieter nerves. A night-mare it must be; it could be nothing else; and as for the strange identity of the corridors—it was easier to assume that I had walked in my sleep and actually traversed them, than that a murder had been committed in the house under such extraordinary circumstances.

Tom came in presently with a hearty greeting and a particular cigar which he insisted on my trying. He was full of his arrangements for to-morrow's cover-shooting. We were to try Altedioul—that is the best attempt I can make at spelling the name he told me—and I was to have a particularly hot corner, where, as he said, if I didn't shoot more woodcocks and pheasants than I ever saw together before, I need never look McTaggart in the face again. Passing on from this to more general conversation, Tom, who was in love if ever a man was, told me how he had met his wife. She had been the belle of Simla it seemed, the summer he was there, and run after by every man in the place from the governor-general's aides-de-camp to the best of the Baboos themselves. "How she ever came to think twice about a fellow like me, I'll never tell you," he said, but I thought I could hazard a guess as I looked at his tanned, manly face lighted up by the big, blue-gray eyes—I have always told Tom his eyes were much too handsome for a man. However, it seemed, to use his own phraseology, when he took up the running, he cut down the field in no time, and they would have been engaged in three months only her father wouldn't hear of it. "You see, I hadn't a shilling," said Tom, "and the old boy naturally thought a girl like Eva should make a good match. However, just in the nick of time, dear old Uncle Peter died and then it was all plain sailing, and here we are."

I congratulated him heartily and promised myself a great deal of pleasure in making his wife's acquaintance; and before we said good-night—for my dream still weighed on me a good deal, I took occasion to ask my host who was the occupant of the room at the foot of the steps on the corridor.

"Hullo, have you been out foraging? Now, what have you been looking for, I'd like to know?"

I parried his badinage and brought him back to the question as soon as possible.

"The room at the foot of the two steps," he repeated. "Confound those two steps; I nearly broke my neck down them the first time I went over the house. That's the red room, as we call it. It's not occupied just now, and it's kept locked up, or it ought to be."

"It isn't furnished as a drawing-room, is it?" I asked.

"As a drawing-room, no, of course not. It's a bedroom, like this, only not quite as good. I'll show you over the whole house on Sunday—no shooting Sunday you know, and you can pick out a Bluebeard's Chamber to suit yourself, if you can't live without romance."

And with a hearty good-night he left me.

So the room was not as I had seen it. There was a sensible consolation in that, and the fact that my impressions had been correct only as far as the outside of the locked door seemed to confirm my idea that the whole thing was a simple case of somnambulism. Still I could not help acknowledging to myself that it was a very remarkable dream.

There is not much in the record of a week's cover-shooting, varied by two days' hunting, and that was the history of my vacation at Tullybeg. I acquitted myself fairly well, and if I did not win golden opinions from the game-keeper, McTaggart, that functionary admitted that I "shot vara weel for a Lunnoner." But in truth it would have required a Carver or a Bogardus to show to advantage beside Captain Kavanagh at the cover side. Literally every cartridge told, and he confessed to me one evening, at the close of a long day, that he would have to invent some other kind of sport, for woodcocks were too easy. This to me, who accounted myself lucky if I could bag one in three in the thick cover! Another day, my last at Tully-

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beg, I came upon him seated at the back of a ditch, in company with the under-keeper who was manipulating a pair of ferrets. Tom had a revolver in his hand, and was actually shooting at the rabbits with it as the ferrets bolted them—and not only shooting at them, but killing them three times out of five. He hailed me with his usual cordiality.

"Come along, Ned; I've hit on a sport at last that gives the game half a chance. I'll send Pat up to the house for another revolver for you if you'd like to join me."

I declined with thanks. Shooting bolting rabbits with a breech-loader has always appeared to me difficult enough to satisfy a man of moderate ambition, and I did not believe I could put a pistol-bullet in the same field with one of the nimble little creatures.

Tom did not press me. He went on with his sport, and the results filled me with awe and admiration. Commenting on his offer to lend me a second revolver, I asked how many he had.

"Oh, I don't know. Quite some. I always had a fancy for guns and things you know," he answered.

Then we drifted over our old lives; I told a few of the adventures and good stories which every barrister picks up on circuit. Tom told Indian stories—mostly Shikar, and presently our talk went back to old school-days and old school-mates; how poor Fred. Vernon went under at Candahar, how Neil Ferguson had gone to the bad altogether—something about a woman—"how men can be such fools!" Benedict Tom interjected—and was living a shady sort of existence on the Continent. Jack Prentiss had gone to America; he was on a cattle-ranch out West somewhere, and was the only one who had given any sign of life, having written to Tom congratulating him on his inheritance. "I've answered the letter," my host remarked, laughing, "and told him I was married. I wonder what he'll say to that?" And so the conversation came round, as it often did between us, to Mrs. Kavanagh. Tom was anxious to know how I liked her now I had met her. "You two seem to get on uncommonly well together," he said. "She always vowed that she was going to hate my bachelor friends; I told her she'd better not, if she wanted me to be civil to hers."

"To her bachelor friends?" I asked, thinking that Tom had made a slip of the tongue, and I would trip him up, like the clever lawyer I believed myself.

"Certainly," he answered with the utmost coolness. "Do you suppose I was first in the field? Not I! I started late, though I did get the cup. She had scores of adorers before ever she saw me."

"Indeed," I said. A good non-committal answer I have always found that same "indeed."

"Girls in India are different from here, you know," he went on. "There are comparatively few of them, and they're made much of accordingly. They're on dress parade, too, most of the time, what with the band and the tiffin and the gup-gatherings. Oh, I tell you, an attractive girl gets a great deal of attention in India."

"From the Baboos I suppose," said I, laughing.

"Some of them do, and let me tell you a good, rich, high-caste young Hindoo isn't a fellow to be sneezed at. Lots of English girls would snap up a chap like that if they got the chance."

"I should think the chance would hardly be wanting," I said.

"That shows all you know about it. You hardly ever hear of one of those real high castes taking notice. Why, there was one at Simla, Lalor Abboo Singh, and his devotion to my wife was a nine days' wonder at the garrison. Everybody said it was an isolated case."

"You don't seem to mind?"

"Why should I—especially as she wasn't my wife; she was Miss Dundas then."

"What was this Lalor, etc., like? Young and handsome?"

"Quite a young man, I believe, and good-looking I dare say. That kind are apt to be."

"Oh, you don't know him then?"

"No, I never saw him. I tell you I took up the running late, but better late than never—look out!" and the sharp crack of the revolver rang out as a bunny rolled over dead in his tracks.

"Well, I'll never make love to your

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wife after witnessing that sample of your shooting," said I, rising, with a laugh. "Have you committed rabbicide enough for one day, do you think?"

"Yes, I'm with you," replied Tom, drawing the cartridges from his revolver, "especially as that brown ferret seems to have sulked again and Pat will have half an hour's work getting him out."

And we strolled toward the house arm in arm.

Mrs. Kavanagh was a very pretty woman, not beautiful, not handsome—but most undeniably pretty. She had violet eyes—at least I think she had; I never saw the color before, and it came nearer to the purple-blue shade of the violet than anything else I can liken it to. She had a petite figure, but it was perfection in miniature, and the most lovely neck and arms that ever a modern dinner dress afforded a glimpse of. Then she had bright auburn hair, and plenty of it; dainty little hands and feet—in fact, she was perfectly pretty on a small scale. Her husband used to look her over patronizingly—he was a very tall man—and remark that her points were all good, but that it did not pay to breed ponies. Then she would pretend to pout and sometimes pull his mustache—standing on his foot to reach it. There was not much depth to her, but she had a quick wit and abundance of rather shallow repartee. That accomplishment would have been inevitably acquired by General Dundas's daughter, with her Indian breeding and military training. For the rest, she was fond of admiration, and if I had met her anywhere else than at dear old Kavanagh's fireside, I am afraid I should have set her down as a flirt. She was fond and proud of her husband, though; anyone could see that; and if she was a little partial to admiration and attention, they were only what she had been used to all her life. Such as she was, it would be difficult to imagine a more charming hostess for a big country house.

I need scarcely say I had told her nothing of my dream—neither to her nor to Tom nor to anyone in the house had I breathed a syllable of the strange experience that I had encountered during my first evening at Tullybeg. It was only a night-mare, I told myself, and I was unwilling to give it even the importance of a circumstantial narration; but it weighed upon me nevertheless with a persistence which I could neither resist nor explain.

It was weighing upon me now as we walked up the broad gravel sweep before the door. Mrs. Kavanagh, looking bewitching as usual, stood on the steps swinging a pair of skates. The weather had changed the day before, and a hard, black frost had succeeded the weeping skies and November weather that had welcomed me to Ireland. To skate or not to skate was evidently the question of the moment in the little lady's mind.

"How's the ice, Tom?" she began, as soon as we were within hearing.

"Slippery, I fancy," replied her husband, without moving a muscle of his face.

"Oh, what a tease you are!" she said impatiently. "Mr. Leslie, you have some sense; will the ice bear to-day?"

"Really, I am so ignorant where country matters are concerned"—I began, but Tom broke in.

"Give it another day, Eva, and there'll be no doubt about it. You needn't be in a fidget, for this frost's going to hold," he added with an upward glance at the sky.

"Well, to-morrow, then," she assented, with ready acquiescence; "I'm going to take lessons, Mr. Leslie. I don't know how to skate. That's the one thing we can't do in India. Tom's going to teach me."

"I expect I'm pretty rusty; I've been in India too. Better put yourself under Ned Leslie's instruction," said Kavanagh, maliciously; "he cuts figures of eight and spread eagles on the Serpentine, you know."

"Oh, Mr. Leslie, if you only will," and the wonderful eyes shot down a wonderful glance at me from the temporary elevation of the door-step.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Kavanagh, but as I was telling your husband yesterday, my happy visit here is drawing to a close. I shall have to leave you to-morrow."

"Not really?" She spoke as if I had hinted at some horrible and vague impending calamity, and she was hanging

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on my lips in the hopes that my next words would dispel the dread I had created. But that was only a trick of manner.

"Yes, really," I repeated laughing; "but I can assure you that no business has ever seemed so distasteful to me as that which compels me to cut short my pleasant visit."

"Now that's very prettily said," she replied, with a little nod of approval, "and since you have found your way into the wilds of Connemara, I hope you will run over and see us whenever you have a few days to spare."

With an inward shudder at the thought of the channel, I made a suitable reply to this gracious invitation.

"We'll see you sooner than that, though," broke in Kavanagh; "Eva insists on a London season as a compensation for all this rusticity."

"London seasons are vague," I answered. "Some people begin them in February; some wait till May. Under which category am I to include you?"

"We shall be early this year," said Mrs. Kavanagh; "oh, you needn't look like that, Tom," she pursued, in answer to a despairing gesture of her husband; "we must get to town in good time this year at any rate. I know that old house in Portman Square will want everything done to it before we can ask a soul to enter the doors. Portman Square! Did anyone ever hear of such a locality?" she asked, with a glance at me.

"Our grandfathers considered it ultra fashionable," I replied, unable to repress a smile, "and I am sure the houses there are as roomy and well built as any in London."

"It's all the house we have at any rate," said Tom, "and I suppose it has the respectable traditions of a family mansion. Other people live there too, no doubt. I can't be the only man in the world who has inherited a town and country house from an antediluvian like old Peter Kavanagh."

So it was settled that I was to call on my friends when they came to town—"in a month or so," Tom said vaguely; "in three weeks at most," his bride said decisively, and I had little doubt which would carry the point. At Tullybeg, if nowhere else in Ireland, Home Rule was evidently an established fact.

Tom drove me to the station next day and beguiled the way pleasantly with his abundant flow of anecdote and unflagging spirits. The vitality of that man was amazing. I never could realize that we were contemporaries till I had been in his company for an hour; by that time I generally felt at least ten years younger than my age.

He parted from me as the train moved off, with a hearty hand-shake and a recommendation to go back by way of Kingstown. This I had long since determined to do. The very recollection of that odious little "Violet" made me ill.

III.

The journey back to Dublin was pleasant enough; it was daylight, for one thing, and the landscape was bathed in a cold wintry sunshine which sparkled back brightly from the hoar frost on tree and hedge-row—all in marked contrast to the lowering skies and misty rain that had greeted my arrival. Still my spirits were below par—lower even than they had been amid the disheartening conditions that had attended my journey down. I was leaving a pleasant country-house and returning to foggy, smoky London. I was turning my back on a thoroughly enjoyed vacation, and facing the wearisome grind of a busy lawyer's daily life. Good-by to rocketing pheasants, wily woodcocks, and tantalizing snipe. In their places I had to confront the vision of briefs, opinions, and consultations—not by any means so exhilarating a prospect. And there was another thought which, though I did not acknowledge it, contributed to dampen my spirits. Ever and anon, like a spectre that would not down, the memory of my extraordinary vision would pass like a shadow across the wintry sunshine, and I would catch my thoughts going over its details, still as fresh as ever, despite the lapse of days, in all their curious exactitude. The handsome face of the young Oriental, all drawn and distorted by vindictive passion—the hopeless, dishevelled attitude of the victim—I went over the whole scene repeatedly, rousing myself at intervals and forcibly wresting my mind from the subject; but all in vain; it invariably returned.

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Nevertheless the journey, as a journey, was enjoyable. I arrived in Dublin in good season, dined comfortably, and then, eschewing the persistent "jarvey," drove in a cab to Westland Row, where I took the train for Kingstown. The crossing was most successful; the channel, for once in its existence, was as smooth as a mill-pond; and I stepped ashore at Holyhead with a feeling of wondering gratitude that I had not been sick—I, who had never before crossed a body of water more considerable than the Thames without suffering.

I slept fairly well on the train, and it was with a feeling of considerable refreshment both of body and mind that I entered a hansom at Euston and gave the address of my chambers. Since I left Ireland my dream had not once risen up to torment me. Nothing, at the moment, was further from my thoughts, which were occupied, as a busy man's ought to be, in running over the list of my appointments and engagements and apportioning the work of the day. Nothing, I repeat, could have been further from my thoughts than my first evening at Tullybeg and all its weird accessories, when they were suddenly brought up in a manner as vivid as it was unexpected. Just as my cab turned out of the Euston Road, which was tolerably crowded with vehicles, early as was the hour, another hansom, going in the opposite direction, dashed past. I had but a momentary glimpse of the occupant, but that glimpse was enough to change the whole current of my meditations and to bring me to my feet panting, wondering, horrified. Framed in the opening above the door of the passing hansom, I saw, as plainly as I ever have seen anything in my life, the face of my dream—the face of the young Oriental. The same olive complexion, the same dark, lustrous eyes, the same serpent-like configuration of brow—the same man in short. I could not be mistaken. The features were in repose as I saw them—no trace of the passion that had animated them in my dream was there—but it was the face I had seen. There could not be two such in the world. The cabs passed very close, and our eyes met. Whether he read the startled expression in mine or not I cannot say, but in his I saw only the calm indifference of a well-bred stranger. But beneath the dreamy, sensuous languor of those dark eyes I fancied I could detect the possibilities of a passion which would fire them with the lurid light I had once seen there. For that they were the same eyes, and that this was the same man who had been so mysteriously revealed to me at Tullybeg, I was as certain as I was of my own identity.

It was all over in a moment. The two cabs, rapidly driven, dashed past each other. The shock of the surprise had brought me to my feet, and I pushed open the trap above my head. The hansom stopped and I sprang out and looked back. There were a dozen cabs in view along the Euston Road, and any of them might have contained the man I was interested in. Speedily recognizing the futility of pursuit, I climbed back into my seat, and bade the man drive on. I could hear his muttered comment before the trap was closed, "Seems a suddint sort o' a gent; wonder if 'e's often took so," but I paid no attention to the impertinence. The dream was back in my mind with tenfold intensity, and this time I found it had come to stay.

It was about a fortnight after my return to London that business took me to the offices of Buller, Kickham & Cleary in the Gray's Inn Road. They were a firm of solicitors with whom I had been associated a good deal in the past, and through Mr. Cleary a large amount of Irish business found its way into the office. Indeed, it was some affair of my friend Tom Kavanagh's—something about cancelling a mortgage on the Tullybeg estate, that took me there that morning. The clerk, who knew me well, asked me to step directly into Mr. Cleary's private office. I entered, and found the solicitor in friendly conversation with the man of all others who had occupied my thoughts for many days and nights, the mysterious East Indian.

To say that I was astonished at this meeting but faintly expresses my state of mind. I was thunderstruck, and if it had not been for the chance circumstance of having seen the man in a cab

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a couple of weeks before—if this were the first time I had met him in the flesh, I feel convinced that I should have said or done something which would have raised in Mr. Cleary a permanent doubt of my sanity. As it was, I believe I managed to control myself indifferently well; at any rate, my behavior excited no comment.

Mr. Cleary introduced the stranger to me as "Mr. Lawler." I was surprised at the commonplace English name, for now, on close and leisurely inspection, the man was more Oriental-looking than ever. His appearance I need not describe. Point for point, feature for feature, he was as I had seen him in my dream, save that he wore a frock coat instead of evening dress, and the look of murderous passion in his face was replaced by one of languid indifference.

Very speedily, however, this expression gave place to one of eager interest. We were speaking of Captain Kavanagh. Mr. Cleary, who knew Tom well, was aware that I had been visiting Tullybeg, and had not seen me since my return. He had many questions to ask about Tom—about the place, and above all about Mrs. Kavanagh, whom he had never met. I could not help observing that Mr. Lawler's face evinced extreme interest in these questions and answers, although he took no part in the conversation. Indeed, he had spoken very little since I entered the room, but the few words he had used were well chosen and uttered without a trace of foreign accent. Presently he took his leave with a courteous excuse. He knew we were two busy men, and had business to talk over; he would not interrupt us longer; and so he bowed himself out.

"Who is that man, Cleary?" I asked eagerly as the door closed behind him.

"Who is he?" repeated Cleary; "well, he's a young Indian Rajah, or something of that sort. He is immensely wealthy at any rate, and he was recommended to us by a firm in Calcutta. He intends to settle in England, and is transferring his property to English securities under our advice."

"I thought he must be an Oriental," I answered. "How, then, does he come to have such an everyday name as Lawler?"

"Lawler isn't his name," said Mr. Cleary, "but it sounds something like it, so he has adopted it for convenience sake. He wants to Anglicize himself as much as possible, and I think he is pretty successful. You found him orthodox enough, I have no doubt, in dress, in manner, in conversation—in short, in everything but his face."

I assented briefly, but I thought to myself that the passions that belong to such a face cannot be so readily denationalized. The tamed tiger may seem as gentle as the house cat; but sooner or later something will occur to arouse its savage nature, and then the jungle-bred instinct to slay and rend will declare itself. I thought of that evening at Tullybeg and shuddered.

"Now, with reference to that mortgage," said Mr. Cleary, in a sharp, business-like voice, "the points on which I desire your opinion are these."

I recalled my wandering thoughts with an effort, and we were soon deep in the knotty questions which had arisen out of old Peter Kavanagh's eccentric business methods.

As may easily be imagined, my unexpected meeting with Mr. Lawler had been a severe shock to me. First I had seen the man in a dream—if dream it were—then I had met him accidentally face to face. Now, I had been introduced to him. Events were evidently marching on and dragging me with them. I had procured the young gentleman's address from Mr. Cleary, with no intention of calling, but simply that I might know where to find him if anything happened; though what was to occur, and how I was to act if anything did occur, were problems beyond my power of solution.

It was about a week after I had encountered him at the solicitor's that, to my unbounded astonishment, I received a visit at my chambers from Mr. Lawler. The young fellow was very polite and very apologetic. He was an idle man himself, he said, but he knew the value of the time of busy people, and he would not have presumed to trouble me, if he had known where else to turn. For he had come to ask me a favor; a great favor. He had spoken to Mr. Cleary on the subject, and that gentle-

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man had said he was sure I would be happy to oblige him—and much more in the same strain, which puzzled me wofully. I cut him short.

"Anything I can do to oblige any friend of Mr. Cleary's," I said with rather ill-natured emphasis, "I shall, of course, do with pleasure; but I am at a loss to understand how you can stand in need of my services."

This was honestly true; I had a vague notion that he might wish for my advice on some legal point; since I had heard of his wealth, it was absurd to suppose he had come to borrow money. Despite his elaborate preparation I was sure the whole thing was a mere trifle, so, when he propounded his request, I was silent at first from sheer amazement.

"Mr. Leslie, you are an intimate friend of Captain Kavanagh's. He is coming to London next week. I want you to introduce me at his house."

Before he had finished I had collected myself sufficiently to make up my mind to refuse. What! Introduce this man, the principal in that hideous tragedy, to my friend's family circle. I would as soon have introduced a rattlesnake; yet I was conscious that I must assign some reason for my refusal, and I certainly could not assign a dream.

Lawler went on. "I am a stranger in London, you see, Mr. Leslie, and that must be my excuse for presuming to trouble you with a request upon so short an acquaintance——"

"Might I ask why you are so anxious to meet Captain Kavanagh?" I asked, recovering my speech with an effort.

"Certainly," replied Lawler without a moment's hesitation. "I am a Hindoo, you know. My real name is Lalor Abboo Singh. Captain Kavanagh, who has been a distinguished Indian officer, as his intimate friend must be aware"—this with a bow to me—"rendered an inestimable service to my family some years ago. Now that I am in England, I am most anxious to know him and express my gratitude."

An unexceptionable reason certainly, but I was hardly listening to him. He had given my mind a new problem. "Lalor Abboo Singh." Where had I heard that name before? Was it a part of the dream?

Lawler paused a moment, but seeing my answer slow in coming, he went on. "Some years ago I had the pleasure of meeting in India the lady who is now Mrs. Kavanagh," he said. "I should be pleased to renew an acquaintance which I once valued deeply."

I was watching him as he spoke, and I fancied his lips tightened and his color changed as he mentioned Mrs. Kavanagh's name, but my own embarrassment was too great to admit of accurate observation. I was fully determined that I would not be in any way instrumental in bringing this man and the Kavanaghs together. That he would obtain the introduction he sought from some other quarter I did not doubt; but at least my conscience would acquit me.

"Captain Kavanagh is not in town yet," I said, "and he is not expected for some time, I believe."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, eagerly. "He will arrive on Tuesday."

So he was better acquainted with my friend's movements than I was myself. There was something very strange about the whole affair. I determined to cut the interview as short as possible, for I was not greatly concerned to be polite to him, and my determination was immovable.

"I regret very much, Mr. Lawler," I began, "that reasons, which it will not profit to enter into, forbid my having the pleasure of bringing you and my friend together. I have no doubt, however, that you can easily obtain the introduction you seek from others, less hampered than I am; and, indeed, considering the circumstances, I should think you would be justified in waiving formality and calling yourself."

Mr. Lawler did not seem much put out by my refusal.

"Thank you, Mr. Leslie," he said. "I would prefer to be properly introduced. I am sorry you cannot grant me this favor, but no doubt you have good reasons. I will wish you good-morning, with many apologies for having trespassed on your time. I am sure Mr. Cleary will present me to Captain Kavanagh. He only referred me to you as being a more intimate friend of the Captain's, and—and—don't rise, I beg.

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Good-morning," and Mr. Lawler was gone.

"On Cleary's head be it, not mine," I said to myself as I resumed my seat. At that moment the office boy entered with some letters. It was the hour for the distribution of the Irish mail, and I found a note from Tom Kavanagh—short as his letters always were, for he disliked a pen as much as he liked a gun.

Tullybeg, Jan. 24th.

DEAR NED:

The Missis has her own way as usual, and we clear out of here bag and baggage to-morrow. I made a fight for it, but my resistance gave out last night after dinner. We'll spend a day or so in Dublin and cross Monday night, so we'll be in Lunnon town bright and early Tuesday. Look us up as soon as you can. Yours,

TOM KAVANAGH.

P.S. You're not to come *too* soon, the missis says, for she's going to the house at once, and expects to find it rather at sixes and sevens. As soon as we're shipshape I'll let you know.

So this East Indian had been apprised of Tom's movements so accurately that a plan, made only two days since at Tullybeg, was already known to him. Strange, very strange; and, coupling the circumstance with the locality of my dream, I was tempted to add, "horribly strange!"

Consideration for Mrs. Kavanagh's household arrangements at first, and a pressure of business afterward, combined to force me to give a very liberal interpretation to Tom's hint against too early a call. The Kavanaghs had been in town nearly a fortnight before I found my way to Portman Square. Tom met me in the hall and nearly wrung my arm off in the exuberance of his welcome, and then conducted me to the back of the house, where he had fitted up a little snuggery, the walls of which were garnished with all kinds of weapons, modern and antique, and the atmosphere of which was redolent of tobacco. Here we found a bright fire and comfortable chairs, and after I had undergone a scolding for my tardy appearance, we settled down for a good chat over old times—a faculty for which made Tom, in my eyes, one of the most gifted conversationalists that ever lived. By and bye, I inquired for Mrs. Kavanagh, with an apology for not having done so sooner.

"Oh, she's all right," said Tom with a laugh, "she's having her innings now, and I'm bowled out. Down in the country I had things all my own way, and I often felt sorry for the poor little woman at home while I was off at the cover side. But bless your heart, it's her turn now, and don't she make the feathers fly, that's all. Dinners, balls, what not; and she says London is very dull too, and will be for a month to come. I'm holding on my hair with both hands, waiting to see what it'll be like when it turns lively."

"Is she at home now?" I asked.

"I expect so. She often is at this hour! She generally has tea on draught about five o'clock and then her friends drop in and see her. You can make your apologies and get absolution over a cup of tea. By Jove," he added looking at his watch. "How the time flies. It's after five now. Suppose we adjourn."

And following Tom's lead I entered the drawing room. At first I supposed the room was empty, and I had a moment's leisure to recover myself, and in truth I needed some such respite. As my host opened the door and half ushered, half pushed me into the apartment, he recalled vividly his similar action in my dream when he had introduced me to the scene of the murder, and what I saw as I passed the door was not calculated to dissipate the impression. The same long, lofty room stretched before me with its three tall, draped windows, with its solid antique furniture, diversified and relieved by such trifles as a lady's work basket, a half finished crayon head lying on a table, and various other little articles testifying that the place was used by a woman of refinement and culture. But it was absolutely the same room as I had seen in my strange, half waking vision at Tullybeg. The heavy cut glass chandelier hung from the centre of the ceiling, not lighted, it is true, but in every other

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respect identical. The apartment was somewhat faintly illuminated by two lamps, each with a modern shade of colored paper. A Japanese screen at the further end shut out the view of the fireplace; with these exceptions the room was exactly as I had seen it.

I drew a long breath, but somehow I was not so much startled as I might have been—I even wondered at my self-possession when I came to think the matter over in solitude afterwards, but the truth was I had expected something of the sort. Ever since I had met the young Hindoo I had been prepared to see the other details of my vision meet me in real life—when and where I did not know, but I felt that they were all in existence somewhere. So, when Tom laid his hand on my shoulder and pushed me forward into the room with a half friendly, half reassuring gesture, I was in a measure ready for what I was going to see—and I saw it.

As the door closed, Mrs. Kavanagh came forward with outstretched hand and cordial greeting. Her movement displaced the screen, and I saw a bright fire was burning in the grate. Chilly, like many of our Indian exotics, she was fond of drawing this screen in front of the blaze, so as to shut off every possible draught, and basking behind it. She welcomed me warmly and scolded me prettily for my delay in calling. Then she ensconced herself once more near the fire and offered me a cup of tea. "You are the second man who has called on me to-day!" she remarked, busying herself daintily with the pretty tea equipage, that stood on a little table within easy reach. "I have just been administering the cup that cheers, etc., to —— Do you take sugar?" she broke off suddenly.

"If you please; one lump."

"And cream—of course; I've just dismissed an old admirer of mine—Lalor Abboo Singh!"

"Mr. Lawler, do you mean," I asked. "He has found his way here then?"

"Oh, certainly; he is one of my most assiduous tea-drinkers," she answered with a light laugh. "Do you know him?"

I muttered something about having met him, but my thoughts were busy. So Lawler had renewed the acquaintance he once valued so deeply. I looked at Tom. He was busily engaged with a little skye terrier that had followed us into the room, lifting it up by the ears and otherwise caressing it after a fashion that the most good tempered of dogs will only tolerate from intimates. I determined to hazard a question.

"You know this Lawler pretty well, I suppose, Tom?"

Tom desisted from his amusement to answer me. "So, so," he replied, "Eva knew him in India; I've met him here. I think it was Cleary introduced him to me. Seems a decentish sort of a fellow."

"Didn't you save the lives of his father and mother—or maybe some of his aunts, years ago in India?" I inquired, with a desperate attempt to frame the question lightly and jocularly.

"No, what put that idea into your head?" said Tom, laughing; "I never saved anybody's life in India but my own, and that was no trifling feat, with brandy pawnee as plenty as it used to be."

"Tom, you're horrid," interjected his wife, petulantly, apropos of nothing particular that I could see. I stood, silent and pensive, stirring my tea. "Is it sweet enough, Mr. Leslie?"

"It's a downright lie," I said aloud—an answer which so startled the little lady that she gave vent to a miniature scream, while Tom exploded with laughter.

I apologized for my blunder as best I could, and submitted to Tom's raillery in silence. My thoughts were busy with the falsehood that Mr. Lawler had told me to secure his introduction into this house. With what object? I could guess but one.

Presently I shook hands and took my leave, promising to be a more frequent visitor in the future. And as I walked to my club through the lamp-lit streets, the sense of impending evil, as foreshadowed and personified in that terrible vision, weighed on me like a physical burden. As I crossed Piccadilly a hansom drove by. Framed above its doors I saw the same dark, beautiful face that I had by this time learned to detest. Mr. Lawler recognized me and waved his hand and bowed politely. I carried

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the memory of that smile and bow home with my other worries to disturb my night's rest.

IV.

The season wore along and the days began to lengthen before anything further occurred which I could at all associate with that evil dream which had begun to be the torment of my life. I was a pretty constant visitor at Portman Square, and saw a great deal of the Kavanaghs. I also saw a great deal more than I liked of Mr. Lawler. He was always very civil to me, but I avoided him as much as I could. Just about this time I fear I must have been anything but pleasant company, for by incessant dwelling on the same subject I was becoming a monomaniac. A hundred times I was on the point of telling the whole story to Kavanagh, and a hundred times I checked myself. How absurd! A dream; he could not realize the coincidences as I did, and he would only laugh at me. So the weeks wore away; I spent many an hour with Tom in his snuggery; and Mrs. Kavanagh poured out many a cup of tea for Mr. Lawler in the drawing room.

The fourth of April was Mrs. Kavanagh's birthday. The fact had come to my knowledge casually in one of my sociable chats with Tom, and I made a mental note of it. That morning I went round by Covent Garden and selected some flowers to be sent to the house in Portman Square, and in the afternoon I called.

Mrs. Kavanagh was greatly pleased at my remembering her and the day. "Of all our friends," she said, "you and Mr. Lawler are the only two who have been rude enough to remember how I am getting along in years."

"Indeed," said I, with some curiosity. "Did Mr. Lawler send you an offering? An Indian Nabob ought to do that kind of thing handsomely."

"That's just it," she said, speaking in a low voice, as if awe-stricken. "He's done it altogether too handsomely. What do you think of this?"

She took something from the table and placed it in my hands. I looked at it. A vertigo seized me; the room seemed to spin round with me. The object Mrs. Kavanagh had handed to me was a very curious dagger of Indian workmanship. The upper half of the blade was damascened with an intricate arabesque pattern. The point was blue, polished, glittering steel. The haft was one mass of precious stones, conspicuous among which gleamed an immense emerald.

"Isn't it beautiful," she said. "I intend to use it for a paper knife, but it's a real Dacoit dagger. I've seen plenty of them, but never one anything like this."

At the very first glance I had recognized the dagger as the murderous weapon that I had seen poised in menace above a fair woman's soft white neck. I could not repress a shudder as I handed it back to her.

"You intend to keep it, then?" I said.

She colored a little, and I feared she might resent my question as an impertinence. However, she answered me pleasantly enough.

"It is so difficult to return a present without seeming ungracious. I spoke to Tom about it, and after he had hummed and hawed a while, he said he supposed I'd better keep it—of course, we'd both of us have much preferred some simpler thing—like your flowers, for instance; this is so dreadfully handsome, and—and costly. I did try to refuse it on the ground that a knife or dagger or anything sharp was an unlucky present, but Mr. Lawler declined to be superstitious, and—and here it is, you see," she wound up with a little hard laugh which sounded as if it might be meant as a defiance to her own conscience.

"Yes, here it is, I see," I answered. "Do you mean to keep it here—to leave it lying about like this, I mean."

"Certainly I do," she answered with some surprise. "The servants are honest, I believe, and I have no intention of locking it up among my particular treasures. I don't want to make Tom jealous."

After this, of course, there was no more to be said, and there, for many a day after, I saw that glittering blade set in its bed of gems, lying on the centre table among uncut magazines and the latest contribution from Mudie's.

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On picture Sunday I was accustomed to accompany an artist friend of mine on a tour of the studios, and it was on the easel of a somewhat eminent R.A. that I found the last link which bound my strange dream into a sequent chain. Since my return to London I had encountered first the villain, then the scene of the tragedy, and lastly the implement of the crime. Only the identity of the victim was hidden from me, and on this Sunday even that doubt was cleared away. I had never really troubled myself to seek an original for the murdered woman, sure that the story would unfold itself in the future as it had done in the past; nor was I very certain that I would recognize her if I were to see her. Her face had been turned from me, and beyond the impression of a fair-haired girlish form, with an extremely beautiful neck and shoulders, I had no very distinct features to guide my memory. She had all along been the only obscure figure in the vision, and yet I recognized her—not face to face, but on the artist's canvas. It was a picture of "Titania" with flowing auburn hair, and head half turned away from the spectator; and every line and curve of the half-length portrait, the arms, the neck, the poise of the head, were familiar to me. I saw on the canvas the woman of my dream.

And this was not the worst of the shock. I had no need to ask the painter who had sat as the model for his beautiful picture. Of course, I had never seen Mrs. Kavanagh with her hair unbound, or in the studied negligence of Titania's costume, but I recognized her easily. Indeed, I remembered that I had heard something said of her picture; she was being painted in character; I had not asked what character, nor had I paid much attention to the conversation. But I saw it all now. The original of the "Titania" was Mrs. Kavanagh, and Mrs. Kavanagh was the lady of the Tullybeg vision.

The chain was complete now and I determined to lose no more time in telling Tom the whole story. He might laugh at me if he wished; but if evil were to arise from my reticence I could never cease to blame myself.

I called at Portman Square early the following morning, but both Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh were out. However, I was to dine there that evening—a small party, I understood—so the delay was unimportant. I had waited so long that surely no harm could happen from my waiting a little longer.

The dinner was solid and good, and not dull. Dulness was a vice from which both Tom and his wife were singularly free. We were a party of eight, including the host and hostess, and all were strangers to me with the exception of Mr. Lawler. I fancied, before dinner, that he was manœuvering to take down Mrs. Kavanagh, but he was too young a man for that honor. He was duly paired off with one of the Miss O'Malleys, and sat silent and sullen all through the meal in consequence; he hardly took his eyes from his hostess's face.

After the ladies had retired Tom pushed the decanters briskly for a few minutes, but we were none of us drinking men, except Sir Matthew O'Malley, a country neighbor of the master of the house. He religiously "took his whack" as he would have said himself, as the bottle passed him, and prosed on to Lawler about turnips and sub-soil drainage and other topics equally uninteresting to the East Indian. Tom's eyes were twinkling with amusement as he watched the young fellow grow sullener and more silent, without in the least interrupting the flow of Sir Matthew's eloquence. Meanwhile we chatted together. Tom had that morning received a letter from our old school-mate, Jack Prentiss, who had settled down in one of the Western Territories of North America and had gone into the business of cattle raising.

"He calls himself a cow-boy," said Tom with a chuckle, "and he has sent me a regular cow-boy derringer. I have it down in the snuggery. Slip away with me a minute. Oh, they're enjoying themselves first-rate," he added, in reply to my glance at his guests; and as it really did not seem that our presence was essential to the hilarity of the occasion, I rose with Tom, and, excusing ourselves for a moment, we made our escape.

The fact was, I was really anxious to have a quiet moment with my friend to

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unburden my mind, but when I was alone with him, the task did not grow easy. I thought over several openings, but none of them satisfied me, and the first that suggested itself, "I had a curious dream a few months ago," somehow did not seem to rise to the dignity of the occasion. I tried it, however, in default of anything better, but was abruptly cut short by Tom.

"Oh, bother your dream. Keep that till morning. I want to read you Jack's letter," and read it he did, interspersing the text with queer comments of his own, till twenty odd years seemed to be annihilated, and I fancied we were all boys at school together again.

"Jolly little pistol, this, isn't it?" he asked, showing me the accompanying present. "Good sort is Jack to remember I have such a weakness for this kind of thing. I wonder if I have a cartridge to fit it—" and he rummaged in a drawer; "yes, this is just the ticket. I'll go down to a shooting gallery to-morrow and try the thing. That's the worst of living in London; if I was at home I'd have a pot shot at an owl out of the window."

I had been very merry a few minutes before, but even as Tom was speaking, an unaccountable weight seemed to fall on my spirits. The influence of my prevailing idea had full sway over me; I had never felt it more strongly than at that moment. The impression grew upon me, and would not be shaken off. I sprang to my feet.

"What's the matter, old boy," he asked, looking up from the pistol which he was turning over and over and examining in every possible light, as if it were a gem. "What's up?"

"Where's Mrs. Kavanagh," I asked. "Is she alone in the drawing-room?"

"I suppose so; unless the O'Malley girls are with her. No, they're sure to be in the billiard-room. Those girls are regular whales for billiards! Very likely Eva's alone, but why?"

"Because I'm afraid she's in some difficulty—in some danger perhaps—don't ask me any questions. It's—it's that dream you wouldn't let me tell you—come."

"Ned, my dear fellow, are you out of your senses? What dream? What could happen to Eva? Aren't we here within call, almost; aren't O'Malley and Lawler just across the hall in the dining-room——"

"How do we know that Lawler is in the dining-room still?" I interrupted. "He may have left O'Malley and gone into the drawing-room. It is Lawler I fear."

I had carried my point, though it was evident that Kavanagh attached a different meaning to my words from that which I intended; but this did not matter, if I could only induce him to act. During the last few minutes an access of unreasoning terror had seized me. I had only to close my eyes to see every circumstance of my vision reproduced before me. I was wild to move—anything to end this suspense.

"Come," said Tom. He rose to his feet. His face had grown hard and set at my last words. He did not look like a man whose anger it would be good to face. "Come," he repeated; and gripping my arm, he led me to the door.

The snuggery was reached by two steps from the level of the hall. How forcibly Tom's action, as he almost lifted me over this impediment, recalled his action in my dream.

We traversed the hall rapidly. "This way," said Tom, dragging me aside into the library, so called—a room which in reality was little more than an alcove of the drawing-room, without windows of its own, and only separated from the larger apartment by heavy hangings.

Kavanagh drew the curtain aside, and side by side we stood and looked upon an exact reproduction of the scene I had witnessed at Tullybeg.

There stood the Oriental—his handsome face disfigured by passion, and raising aloft the jewelled dagger in act to strike. At his feet crouched Eva Kavanagh, her beautiful hair, which had become unfastened in the struggle, streaming over her neck and shoulders and resting on the ground as she knelt. Over their heads, the massive chandelier reflected the lustre of the wax lights. Every detail of the scene was complete, and no human power could avert the awful dénouement, for the muscles of the young savage were strained to strike; we had chanced upon the moment when the blow was

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poised—the very instant of the murder, and even as I looked the change passed upon his face which I had before noticed as the herald of the impending doom. Before a man could cover a single step of the half dozen that separated us, it would be too late.

The sharp report of a pistol ringing out at my side shattered the silence and awakened my dazed senses. A blue smoke, mixed with a sulphurous odor, curled up around me. The jewelled dagger flew from Lawler's grasp with a convulsive jerk. The ball from Kavanagh's derringer had passed through the murderer's hand, shattering the fingers, and tearing, as we afterward discovered, several of the gems from their setting in the dagger-haft.

Tom never looked at him. He was beside his wife in a moment, and raising her half-fainting form in his arms. "Water, Ned, water!" he cried. I turned to look for some; at the same moment I heard the street door close. I never saw Lawler again.

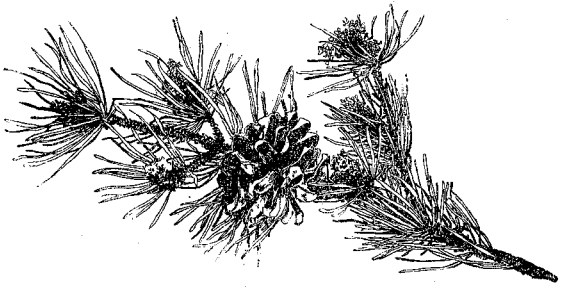
From the little that Kavanagh told me afterward I gathered that the young Hindoo, presuming upon Eva's kindness, and misunderstanding her freedom, had followed her that night from the dining-room and attempted to induce her to fly with him. Meeting with an indignant refusal and a threat of exposure, he had snatched the murderous weapon that lay on the table ready to his hand, and threatened to stab her to the heart if she did not obey him. From my own opinion of the young Oriental's vindictive nature and violent passions, I have little doubt he meant what he said. Mrs. Kavanagh believes it was only a threat intended to terrify her.

I think, however, the lady feels that she was a little indiscreet in this case, and she will for the future indulge her natural love of admiration within less dangerous limits.

Why I should have been selected as the prophet of this domestic drama, why I should have dreamed of such a strange and improbable event which nevertheless was destined to occur, I know not, and am never likely to know. As a psychological study it is interesting; as a personal experience it is uncomfortable. At Tom Kavanagh's request I have written down the whole thing as it occurred, beginning with my journey to Ireland, including the vision, and ending with the scene in the Portman Square drawing-room, and with what Tom not unjustly boasts of as "a very fair snap shot with a strange pistol."

Captain Kavanagh made no inquiries after Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Lawler made none after Captain Kavanagh. Cleary subsequently informed me that the young gentleman had relinquished his intention of settling in England, had resumed his ancestral name of Lalor Abboo Singh, and had returned to India.

I have not had a dream since.



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SOME GENTLEMEN IN FICTION.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

TO make a character at all—so to select, so to describe a few acts, a few speeches, perhaps (though this is quite superfluous) a few details of physical appearance, as that these shall all cohere and strike in the reader's mind a common note of personality—there is no more delicate enterprise, success is nowhere less comprehensible than here. We meet a man, we find his talk to have been racy; and yet if every word were taken down by short-hand, we should stand amazed at its essential insignificance. Physical presence, the speaking eye, the inimitable commentary of the voice, it was in these the spell resided; and these are all excluded from the pages of the novel. There is one writer of fiction whom I have the advantage of knowing; and he confesses to me that his success in this matter (small though it be) is quite surprising to himself. "In one of my books," he writes, "and in one only, the characters took the bit in their mouth; all at once, they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their backs on me and walked off bodily; and from that time, my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story. When this miracle of genesis occurred, I was thrilled with joyous surprise; I felt a certain awe—shall we call it superstitious? And yet how small a miracle it was; with what a partial life were my characters endowed; and when all was said, how little did I know of them! It was a form of words that they supplied me with; it was in a form of words that they consisted; beyond and behind was nothing." The limitation, which this writer felt and which he seems to have deplored, can be remarked in the work of even literary princes. I think it was Hazlitt who declared that, if the names were dropped at press, he could restore any speech in Shakespeare to the proper speaker; and I dare say we could all pick out the words of Nym or Pistol, Caius or Evans; but not even Hazlitt could do the like for the great leading characters, who yet are cast in a more delicate mould, and appear before us far more subtly and far more fully differentiated, than these easy-going ventriloquial puppets. It is just when the obvious expedients of the barrel-organ vocabulary, the droll mispronunciation or the racy dialect, are laid aside, that the true masterpieces are wrought (it would seem) from nothing. Hamlet speaks in character, I potently believe it, and yet I see not how. He speaks at least as no man ever spoke in life, and very much as many other heroes do in the same volume; now uttering the noblest verse, now prose of the most cunning workmanship; clothing his opinions throughout in that amazing dialect, Shakespearese. The opinions themselves, again, though they are true and forcible and re-enforced with excellent images, are not peculiar either to Hamlet, or to any man or class or period; in their admirable generality of appeal resides their merit; they might figure, and they would be applauded, in almost any play and in the mouth of almost any noble and considerate character. The only hint that is given as to his physical man—I speak for myself—is merely shocking, seems merely erroneous, and is perhaps best explained away upon the theory that Shakespeare had Burbadge more directly in his eye than Hamlet. As for what the Prince does and what he refrains from doing, all acts and passions are strangely impersonal. A thousand characters, as different among themselves as night from day, should yet, under the like stress of circumstance, have trodden punctually in the footprints of Hamlet and each other. Have you read *André Cornélis?* in which M. Bourget handled over again but yesterday the theme of *Hamlet*, even as

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Godwin had already rehandled part of it in *Caleb Williams*. You can see the character M. Bourget means with quite sufficient clearness; it is not a masterpiece, but it is adequately indicated; and the character is proper to the part, these acts and passions fit him like a glove, he carries the tale, not with so good a grace as Hamlet, but with equal nature. Well, the two personalities are fundamentally distinct: they breathe upon us out of different worlds; in face, in touch, in the subtile atmosphere by which we recognize an individual, in all that goes to build up a character—or at least that shadowy thing, a character in a book—they are even opposed: the same fate involves them, they behave on the same lines, and they have not one hair in common. What, then, remains of Hamlet? and by what magic does he stand forth in our brains, *teres atque rotundus*, solid to the touch, a man to praise, to blame, to pity, ay, and to love?

At bottom, what we hate or love is doubtless some projection of the author; the personal atmosphere is doubtless his; and when we think we know Hamlet, we know but a side of his creator. It is a good old comfortable doctrine, which our fathers have taken for a pillow, which has served as a cradle for ourselves; and yet, in some of its applications, it brings us face to face with difficulties. I said last month that we could tell a gentleman in a novel. Let us continue to take Hamlet. Manners vary, they invert themselves, from age to age; Shakespeare's gentlemen are not quite ours, there is no doubt their talk would raise a flutter in a modern tea-party; but in the old pious phrase, they have the root of the matter. All the most beautiful traits of the gentleman adorn this character of Hamlet: it was the side on which Salvini seized, which he so attractively displayed, with which he led theatres captive; it is the side, I think, by which the Prince endears himself to readers. It is true there is one staggering scene, the great scene with his mother. But we must regard this as the author's lost battle; here it was that Shakespeare failed: what to do with the Queen, how to depict her, how to make Hamlet use her, these (as we know) were his miserable problem; it beat him; he faced it with an indecision worthy of his hero; he shifted, he shuffled with it; in the end, he may be said to have left his paper blank. One reason why we do not more generally recognize this failure of Shakespeare's is because we have most of us seen the play performed; and managers, by what seems a stroke of art, by what is really (I dare say) a fortunate necessity, smuggle the problem out of sight—the play, too, for the matter of that; but the glamour of the footlights and the charm of that little strip of fiddlers' heads and elbows, conceal the conjuring. This stroke of art (let me call it so) consists in casting the Queen as an old woman. Thanks to the footlights and the fiddlers' heads, we never pause to inquire why the King should have pawned his soul for this college-bedmaker in masquerade; and thanks to the absurdity of the whole position, and that unconscious unchivalry of audiences (ay, and of authors also) to old women, Hamlet's monstrous conduct passes unobserved or unresented. Were the Queen cast as she should be, a woman still young and beautiful, had she been coherently written by Shakespeare, and were she played with any spirit, even an audience would rise.

But the scene is simply false, effective on the stage, untrue of any son or any mother; in judging the character of Hamlet, it must be left upon one side; and in all other relations we recognize the Prince for a gentleman.

Now, if the personal charm of any verbal puppet be indeed only an emanation from its author, may we conclude, since we feel Hamlet to be a gentleman, that Shakespeare was one too? An instructive parallel occurs. There were in England two writers of fiction, contemporaries, rivals in fame, opposites in character; one descended from a great house, easy, generous, witty, debauched, a favorite in the tap-room and the hunting field, yet withal a man of a high practical intelligence, a distinguished public servant, an ornament of the bench: the other, sprung from I know not whence—but not from kings—buzzed about by second-rate women, and their fit companion, a tea-bibber in parlors, a man of painful propriety, with all the narrowness and much of the animosity of the backshop and the dissenting chapel.

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Take the pair, they seem like types: Fielding, with all his faults, was undeniably a gentleman; Richardson, with all his genius and his virtues, as undeniably was not. And now turn to their works. In *Tom Jones*, a novel of which the respectable profess that they could stand the dulness if it were not so blackguardly, and the more honest admit they could forgive the blackguardism if it were not so dull—in *Tom Jones*, with its voluminous bulk and troops of characters, there is no shadow of a gentleman, for Allworthy is only ink and paper. In *Joseph Andrews*, I fear I have always confined my reading to the parson; and Mr. Adams, delightful as he is, has no pretension "to the genteel." In *Amelia*, things get better; all things get better; it is one of the curiosities of literature that Fielding, who wrote one book that was engaging, truthful, kind, and clean, and another book that was dirty, dull, and false, should be spoken of, the world over, as the author of the second and not the first, as the author of *Tom Jones*, not of *Amelia*. And in *Amelia*, sure enough, we find some gentlefolk; Booth and Dr. Harrison will pass in a crowd, I dare not say they will do more. It is very differently that one must speak of Richardson's creations. With Sir Charles Grandison I am unacquainted—there are many impediments in this brief life of man; I have more than once, indeed, reconnoitred the first volume with a flying party, but always decided not to break ground before the place till my siege guns came up; and it's an odd thing—I have been all these years in the field, and that powerful artillery is still miles in the rear. The day it overtakes me, Baron Gibbon's fortress shall be beat about his ears, and my flag be planted on the formidable ramparts of the second part of *Faust*. Clarendon, too— But why should I continue this confession? Let the reader take up the wondrous tale himself, and run over the books that he has tried, and failed withal, and vowed to try again, and now beholds, as he goes about a library, with secret compunction. As to Sir Charles at least, I have the report of spies; and by the papers in the office of my Intelligence Department, it would seem he was a most accomplished baronet. I am the more ready to credit these reports, because the spies are persons thoroughly accustomed to the business; and because my own investigation of a kindred quarter of the globe (*Clarissa Harlowe*) has led me to set a high value on the Richardsonians. Lovelace—in spite of his abominable misbehavior—Colonel Morden and my Lord M—— are all gentlemen of undisputed quality. They more than pass muster, they excel; they have a gallant, a conspicuous carriage; they roll into the book, four in hand, in gracious attitudes. The best of Fielding's gentlemen had scarce been at their ease in M—— Hall; Dr. Harrison had seemed a plain, honest man, a trifle below his company; and poor Booth (supposing him to have served in Colonel Morden's corps and to have travelled in the post-chaise along with his commandant) had been glad to slink away with Mowbray and crack a bottle in the butler's room.

So that here, on the terms of our theory, we have an odd inversion, tempting to the cynic.

II.

Just the other day, there were again two rival novelists in England: Thackeray and Dickens; and the case of the last is, in this connection, full of interest. Here was a man and an artist, the most strenuous, one of the most endowed; and for how many years he labored in vain to create a gentleman! With all his watchfulness of men and manners, with all his fiery industry, with his exquisite native gift of characterization, with his clear knowledge of what he meant to do, there was yet something lacking. In part after part, novel after novel, a whole menagerie of characters, the good, the bad, the droll and the tragic, came at his beck like slaves about an oriental despot; there was only one who stayed away: the gentleman. If this ill fortune had persisted it might have shaken man's belief in art and industry. But years were given and courage was continued to the indefatigable artist; and at length, after so many and such lamentable failures, success began to attend upon his arms. David Copperfield scrambled

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through on hands and knees; it was at least a negative success; and Dickens, keenly alive to all he did, must have heaved a sigh of infinite relief. Then came the evil days, the days of *Dombey* and *Dorrit*, from which the lover of Dickens willingly averts his eyes; and when that temporary blight had passed away, and the artist began with a more resolute arm to reap the aftermath of his genius, we find him able to create a Carton, a Wrayburn, a Twemlow. No mistake about these three; they are all gentlemen: the sottish Carton, the effete Twemlow, the insolent Wrayburn, all have doubled the cape.

There were never in any book three perfect sentences on end; there was never a character in any volume but it somewhere tripped. We are like dancing dogs and preaching women: the wonder is not that we should do it well, but that we should do it at all. And Wrayburn, I am free to admit, comes on one occasion to the dust. I mean, of course, the scene with the old Jew. I will make you a present of the Jew for a card-board figure; but that is neither here nor there: the ineffectuality of the one presentment does not mitigate the grossness, the baseness, the inhumanity of the other. In this scene, and in one other (if I remember aright) where it is echoed, Wrayburn combines the wit of the omnibus-cad with the good feeling of the Andaman Islander: in all the remainder of the book, throughout a thousand perils, playing (you would say) with difficulty, the author swimmingly steers his hero on the true course. The error stands by itself, and it is striking to observe the moment of its introduction. It follows immediately upon one of the most dramatic passages in fiction, that in which Bradley Headstone barks his knuckles on the church-yard wall. To handle Bradley (one of Dickens's superlative achievements) were a thing impossible to almost any man but his creator; and even to him, we may be sure, the effort was exhausting. Dickens was a weary man when he had barked the school-master's knuckles, a weary man and an excited; but the tale of bricks had to be finished, the monthly number waited; and under the false inspiration of irritated nerves, the scene of Wrayburn and the Jew was written and sent forth; and there it is, a blot upon the book and a buffet to the reader.

I make no more account of this passage than of that other in *Hamlet:* a scene that has broken down, the judicious reader cancels for himself. And the general tenor of Wrayburn, and the whole of Carton and Twemlow, are beyond exception. Here, then, we have a man who found it for years an enterprise beyond his art to draw a gentleman, and who in the end succeeded. Is it because Dickens was not a gentleman himself that he so often failed? and if so, then how did he succeed at last? Is it because he was a gentleman that he succeeded? and if so, what made him fail? I feel inclined to stop this paper here, after the manner of conundrums, and offer a moderate reward for a solution. But the true answer lies probably deeper than did ever plummet sound. And mine (such as it is) will hardly appear to the reader to disturb the surface.

These verbal puppets (so to call them once again) are things of a divided parentage: the breath of life may be an emanation from their maker, but they themselves are only strings of words and parts of books; they dwell in, they belong to, literature; convention, technical artifice, technical gusto, the mechanical necessities of the art, these are the flesh and blood with which they are invested. If we look only at Carton and Wrayburn, both leading parts, it must strike us at once that both are most ambitiously attempted; that Dickens was not content to draw a hero and a gentleman plainly and quietly; that, after all his ill-success, he must still handicap himself upon these fresh adventures, and make Carton a sot, and sometimes a cantankerous sot, and Wrayburn insolent to the verge, and sometimes beyond the verge, of what is pardonable. A moment's thought will show us this was in the nature of his genius, and a part of his literary method. His fierce intensity of design was not to be slaked with any academic portraiture; not all the arts of individualization could perfectly content him; he must still seek something more definite and more express than nature. All artists, it may be properly argued, do the like; it is

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their method to discard the middling and the insignificant, to disengage the characteristic and the precise. But it is only a class of artists that pursue so singly the note of personality; and is it not possible that such a preoccupation may disable men from representing gentlefolk? The gentleman passes in the stream of the day's manners, inconspicuous. The lover of the individual may find him scarce worth drawing. And even if he draw him, on what will his attention centre but just upon those points in which his model exceeds or falls short of his subdued ideal—but just upon those points in which the gentleman is not genteel? Dickens, in an hour of irritated nerves, and under the pressure of the monthly number, defaced his Wrayburn. Observe what he sacrifices. The ruling passion strong in his hour of weakness, he sacrifices dignity, decency, the essential human beauties of his hero, he still preserves the dialect, the shrill note of personality, the mark of identification. Thackeray, under the strain of the same villanous system, would have fallen upon the other side; his gentleman would still have been a gentleman, he would have only ceased to be an individual figure.

There are incompatible ambitions. You cannot paint a Vandyke and keep it a Franz Hals.

III.

I HAVE preferred to conclude my inconclusive argument before I touched on Thackeray. Personally, he scarce appeals to us as the ideal gentleman; if there were nothing else, perpetual nosing after snobbery at least suggests the snob; but about the men he made, there can be no such question of reserve. And whether because he was himself a gentleman in a very high degree, or because his methods were in a very high degree suited to this class of work, or from the common operation of both causes, a gentleman came from his pen by the gift of nature. He could draw him as a character part, full of pettiness, tainted with vulgarity, and yet still a gentleman, in the inimitable Major Pendennis. He could draw him as the full-blown hero in Colonel Esmond. He could draw him—the next thing to the work of God—human and true and noble and frail, in Colonel Newcome. If the art of being a gentleman were forgotten, like the art of staining glass, it might be learned anew from that one character. It is learned there, I dare to say, daily. Mr. Andrew Lang, in a graceful attitude of melancholy, denies the influence of books. I think he forgets his philosophy; for surely there go two elements to the determination of conduct: heredity, and experience—that which is given to us at birth, that which is added and cancelled in the course of life; and what experience is more formative, what step of life is more efficient, than to know and weep for Colonel Newcome? And surely he forgets himself; for I call to mind other pages, beautiful pages, from which it may be gathered that the language of the *Newcomes* sings still in his memory, and its gospel is sometimes not forgotten. I call it a gospel: it is the best I know. Error and suffering and failure and death, those calamities that our contemporaries paint upon so vast a scale—they are all depicted here, but in a more true proportion. We may return, before this picture, to the simple and ancient faith. We may be sure (although we know not why) that we give our lives, like coral insects, to build up insensibly, in the twilight of the seas of time, the reef of righteousness. And we may be sure (although we see not how) it is a thing worth doing.

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